

THE
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An Illustrated Monthly

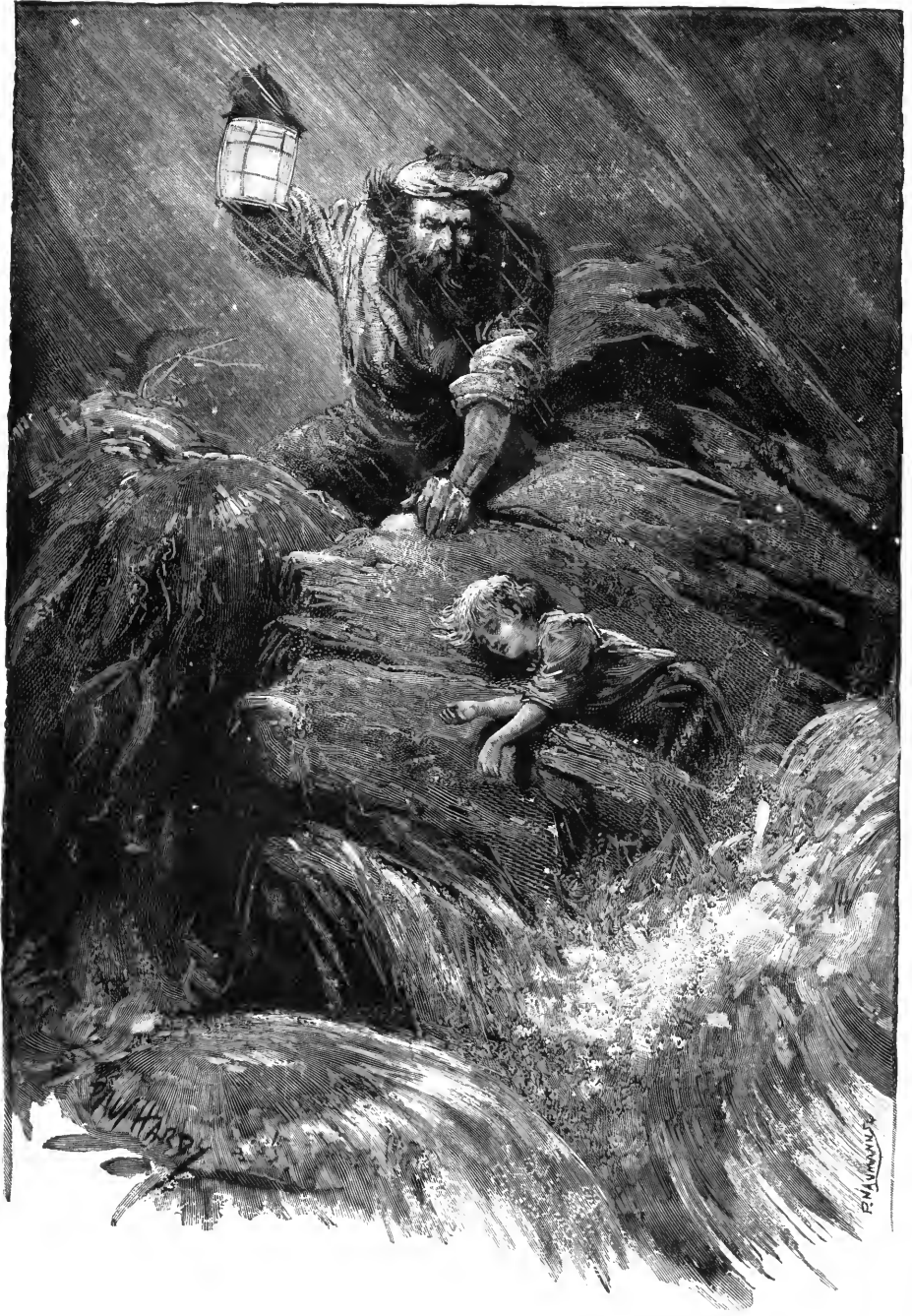
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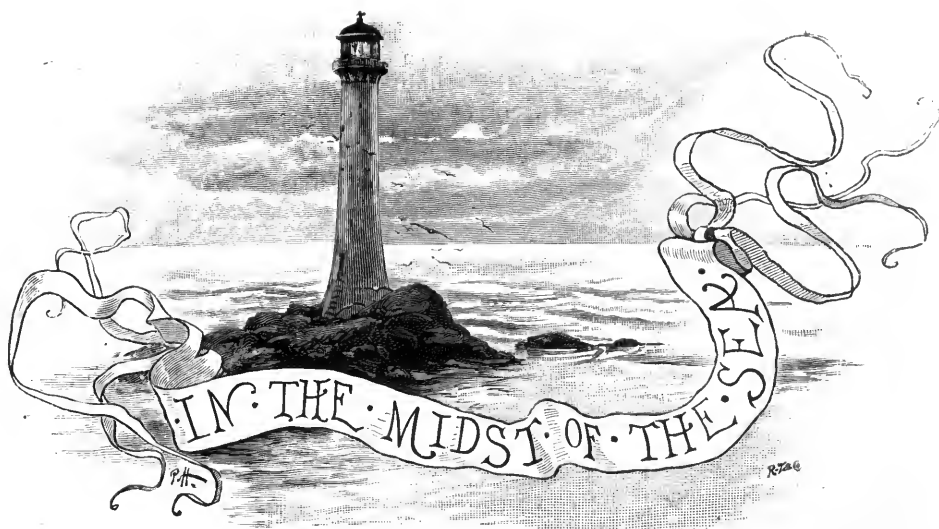


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1892



IN THE MIDST OF THE SEA.



FROM THE ITALIAN OF THE COUNTESS BICE DE BENVENUTI.

I.

“**W**HAT can be the matter with Master Andrea?”
 “Ah! he has not lighted the lamp!”
 “Perhaps he has gone to sleep.”

“Or been taken ill.”

“Good heavens! What if he were to die out there all alone!”

“Oh, no! he can't be dead!”

“Let us hope not. It does not do to be always thinking of misfortune.”

“True; but the light does not appear. We must go and find out what's the matter.”

“It would be impossible to venture out now.”

“We must go to-morrow. It is only right that some one should go.”

This conversation was taking place between a group of fishermen on the coast of Roccamarina, their voices rendered almost inaudible by the roar of the tempest-tossed sea.

It was winter, and the night pitch dark. All eyes were turned from the sea-shore to the spot where rises the majestic lighthouse of Isolotto; for on that late hour of night not a gleam of light had been seen shining.

The lighthouse of Isolotto was not only a beacon to warn the mariner of certain

dangerous rocks which lie beneath the waters around that spot; but it was almost a friend, a kind of star of hope to the residents of Roccamarina. Hence on that night their thoughts were of Master Andrea, the keeper of the lighthouse.

On the following morning although the sea was calmer and the sky less threatening, yet not a sail could be seen on the horizon, nor did a single fisherman venture out from the shore.

Two stalwart sailors silently unfastened a boat from the port of Roccamarina, launched it into the sea and pulled at the oars with might and main across the waves towards the rock of Isolotto. The distance was considerable, and they laboured hard, for the waves rose high, and the cold was intense. But these difficulties were not thought of; for their whole mind was centred on that man who, alone in the midst of the sea and perhaps in some dire trouble, might be wanting help and even wrestling with death.

A strange and unexpected reception awaited them.

“Who are you? What do you want? Where have you come from?”

Such were the questions, uttered in no gentle tones, with which the keeper of the lighthouse greeted the brave seamen.

“We have come for news of you,” they

replied, "but, Heaven be praised, you are safe!"

"News of me!" cried Master Andrea in a voice of thunder. "News, indeed! Are you gone mad, to come out in such weather merely to ask how I am."

"Pardon us, but you did not light the lamps last night, and at Roccamarina people were beginning to fear something had gone wrong."

At this point Master Andrea, who had not moved, and was solely occupied in pulling his long, black beard, should have assisted his friends to come in; but he hesitated, and at length came slowly forward, and with very bad grace and undisguised ill-humour helped them to land.

"So I did not light the lamp!" he growled. "That is not true; but even if it were, is it not allowable to forget for once? Suppose that I were ill, for instance. As for the rest, you are welcome to think what you please; I won't be troubled with you."

The two good seamen of Roccamarina were perfectly dumb-founded at this welcome. However, from motives of prudence, they made no reply to Master Andrea. But when he added, "It will be better for you to return home; I have no need of you," they both resented his language.

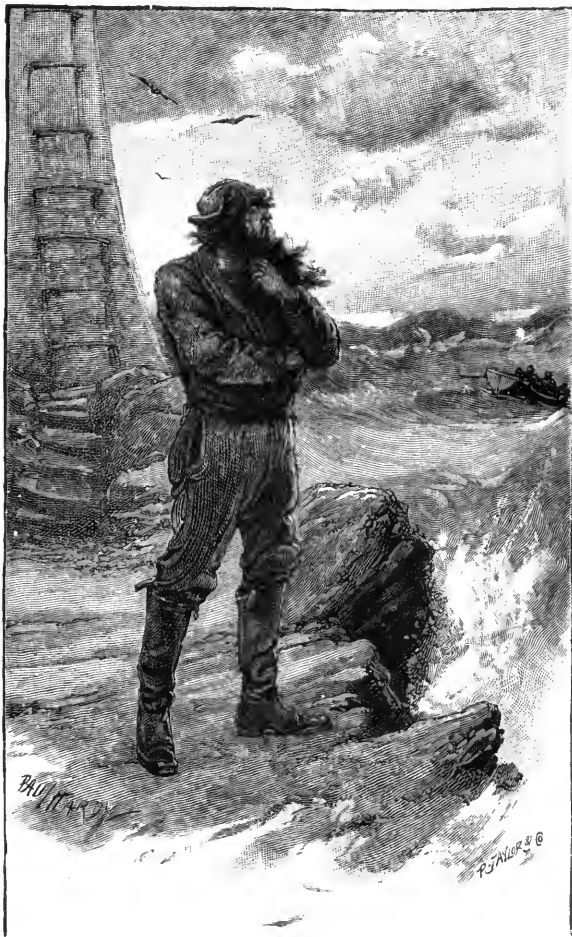
"We shall not return at once," they said, in a loud voice. "If you are so determined to order us away, we prefer to rest a while and warm ourselves at a good fire, and

drink a good draught of wine before we return."

So saying, they resolutely leaped on to the rock, fastened their boat, and entered the little room which served Master Andrea as a kitchen. The latter slowly began to light a small fire, then drew out a bottle of wine, uncorked it, and set it down on the table with two glasses, without uttering a word.

In silence the bottle was drank, the seamen warmed themselves as well as they could while the bits of fire lasted, and then, exchanging a few words in a low tone, they both rose to go, merely observing aloud that the sea had calmed down.

Whilst they withdrew, muttering that Master Andrea was the grumpiest being in the world, and that it was only losing their time to trouble about him, the keeper of the lighthouse stood on the farthest point of the rock, and followed the retreating boat with his eyes. He was well pleased with himself, and perfectly satisfied, and he pulled vigorously at his great black beard, whilst a malicious smile passed across his



"HE FOLLOWED THE RETREATING BOAT WITH HIS EYES."

countenance.

"So, so!" he said to himself. "So they think I am incapable! But what do I care what they think? I have succeeded in my scheme, and that is enough."

When the boat was well out of sight he descended the stairs, quickly lifted the latch of his bedroom, gently opened the door, and stopped to listen attentively.

II.

MASTER ANDREA was one of those unfortunate beings whose life had known no smile. He had been brought up in idleness, yet without love, the child of a selfish, capricious mother, and a father who only knew how to grow rich, and was thoroughly heartless.

By the humble dwellers of Roccamarina, little Andrea was called from his childhood "Master Andrea," for he was the son of Master Antonio, who would, as an only son, come to inherit the busy blacksmith's forge on the shore, which yielded a good income with small trouble. In a word, he was a lad who was much envied, because it was known that, besides the forge, there was a good house and various farms which his father was purchasing in the neighbourhood, and that some day he would be the owner of some thousand *lire*.

How it happened is not known, but one day Master Andrea, who was in the city studying as a gentleman, was summoned in all haste to Roccamarina. It was two years since he had been home, and he now learnt for the first time that his mother had died some months previously, without remembering him, or even leaving him a message, and that his father had just been drowned in the sea. He also found that the vaunted wealth of his father had mysteriously dwindled away, and that nothing remained to him but the duty of paying off his debts. The forge was sold, the beautiful house fared the same fortune, and the farms one by one all passed into other hands.

Two years after this catastrophe, Master Andrea, who had been always reputed a gentleman of means, found himself merely the owner of a small vineyard.

Averse to taking a position less than that of a proprietor, it seemed to him hard to go and seek work. Hence when he made out his calculations and reckoned that out of this little plot of land he could obtain his daily bread, he said to himself: "Well, I am alone! I may have only dry bread and *minestra* to eat, but I shall be independent." And he proceeded to shut himself up in his small estate, fully intending to turn agriculturist.

He was covetous, and of a naturally melancholy character. He saw all things in a dismal light, and though still youthful, yet had no affections, and no hopes, not even a loving remembrance of bygone days, to cheer him. His parents had spent their married life in quarrelling with one another,

and had often made him the innocent victim of their ill-humour. They had rendered his home perfectly unbearable, and therefore when he found himself far from them, and alone, he experienced a sense of peace and rest. And when in course of time this enforced coldness of a desolate hearth seemed to weary him, he had only to evoke the memories of the sad scenes he had witnessed in his childhood for his empty hearth and desolate existence to appear to him not only tolerable, but even pleasant.

But he was truly lonely. Not a relative, not a friend of the family had he to care for him! His parents had formed no friendships; and he himself knew not how to win them. The fact of his being better educated and in easier circumstances than the miserable fishermen of Roccamarina seemed to place a barrier around him; that talkative, active population, engaged in fishing and in traffic, and always in good spirits, could not understand how a young man should not draw his fellow-beings around him, and wrestle with his evil fortunes.

Master Andrea, from a wish to be left at peace, repelled all social intercourse, without taking into account that a man who lives selfishly for himself may free himself of many sorrows and trials, but that he also deprives himself of sharing the joys of human existence. He would not marry, fearing to bring trouble upon himself, and because he judged all women undesirable companions.

"Ah! you will soon experience the joys of a family!" he would exclaim bitterly, whenever the bells of Roccamarina merrily announced a wedding; and he truly felt compassion for the pair, although he did not know them.

In this way, leading a colourless, monotonous existence, he reached his fortieth year. He tended his vineyard, and read the newspapers and books with which a fellow student regularly supplied him. But the vineyard responded badly to his assiduous care, and left him almost destitute; and books and newspapers no longer satisfied the cravings of his existence. The latter spoke to him of the needs of a social revolution, of the cruelty of the wealthy classes, of the inertness of the poor, and depicted the world in unreal colours; and while assuming to care for the good of the people, instilled into the masses hate and distrust, rather than peace and love.



"HE TENDED HIS VINEYARD."

He became weary of himself, of his vineyard, and more so of the world from which he lived removed. One day it was rumoured that the aged keeper of the lighthouse of Isolotto had died, and that a substitute was wanted. In his present frame of mind it seemed to him that it would be a desirable thing to go and live there in the midst of the sea, with his pipe, his books, and his papers. To those who said to him invariably, "Ah, Master Andrea, you'll soon see what a charming life that is!" he would reply, coldly, that it was a matter of indifference where he lived. Nevertheless, he felt vaguely that a change was coming in his life, if no more than the new sensation that he had a daily duty to perform—a lamp to light! He sought and obtained the post, and to Isolotto he went.

For several years he lived contentedly, speaking to no one save once a week, for a few minutes on Sunday mornings, when the sailors brought him his provisions; and during this long term he had never omitted to light the lamp, except on the

night when the fishermen of Roccamarina had so anxiously watched the sea and asked one another, "Is Master Andrea dead or ill?"

None of these anxious watchers could have guessed what unaccustomed thing it was that had happened to the keeper of the lighthouse of Isolotto.

III.

Two days previously, whilst the furious waves lashed the rock of the lighthouse as though it would be dashed to pieces, Master Andrea had been awakened in the middle of the night by the unusual sound of a human voice—a weak cry, which seemed close to him.

He rose hurriedly, and listened with attention. He descended to the platform, but he could see nothing. For a moment he thought he must have been dreaming; but no, that was not possible. Some one must

have cried for help, thinking to save himself upon that rock, to which the light had guided him.

Master Andrea grew anxious. "Who's there?" he shouted. He seemed to hear a sigh. Again he listened; and then determined to examine the rock. Lantern in hand, he hurried round it, and, to his surprise, discovered on a slant a child lying drenched to the skin, and to all appearance dead. He had been cast up by the storm.

"Was it indeed the storm?" he asked himself. "No," he thought, "some one must have placed him there for safety—his father or his mother; but whoever had done so had disappeared—had, no doubt, been drowned."

An hour later the little one was lying in the bed of Master Andrea, well warmed and wrapped in blankets, and was slowly recovering consciousness and vital heat. He turned round with a sigh, opened his eyes, and looked up, saying in a weak voice, "Papa!" A hand tenderly stroked his

brow, and mutely led him to believe that "papa" was really near him.

For the rest of the night and during the whole of the next day Master Andrea never quitted the child.

"He must be feverish," he cried, as he saw the little form toss and throw the clothes off his bed. "Oh, heavens! what if he were to die here amid the waves!"

This apprehension seemed to give him a strange discouragement. His heart beat anxiously, and he suffered acutely.

"No!" he cried, "I shall not let him be moved. I wish him to live and recover. I will save him!"

Wrapping the child up, he took him on his knee and nestled him to his breast as a tender mother would have done. A new sensation had come over him. That day he forgot the world, he forgot himself, and at night forgot to light the lamp!

In the morning the unusual noise of oars, announcing the approach of a boat, broke upon his abstraction. He stood up, sorely agitated. Might they not be coming to claim the child and take him away! A thousand voices seemed to be whispering within him—*Do not let him be taken away! he belongs to you—he is your treasure-trove!*

Hence, when he descended to meet his visitors he received them with the gruff reception already described. And scarcely had he freed himself of his unwelcome guests than he ran back hurriedly, as though he had escaped some danger.

The child slept soundly. On beholding that little, fair curly head pressing the pillow of his bed, Master Andrea experienced a sudden feeling of intense joy, and he smiled, perhaps for the first time in his life!

A few days later, the child, whom we shall call Carletto, had quite recovered, and formed a striking contrast, with his fair winsome face of a three-year-old infant, to the sombre, black-bearded man whom he so charmingly persisted in calling "Papa."

There had commenced a new life for Master Andrea. He ran up and down stairs

with the nimble little trotter to show him how he lit the lamp, and cleaned it, and put it out. He took Carletto on his knee



"HE TOOK CARLETTO ON HIS KNEE AND TOLD HIM STORIES."

and told him stories. He went almost without food in order that his pet should have the best of his allowance. Yet all this afforded him a new pleasure. And what of his anxiety to keep him concealed at any sacrifice? Ah! had the sailors who every Sunday morning brought his weekly provisions, and who landed on the rock of Isolotto, so much as suspected the existence of a child? But this fact Master Andrea was resolved upon keeping a secret, and thus he preferred to suffer hunger rather than ask for an increase of provisions, lest the sailors should demand the reason why.

For many months all went well. Master Andrea fasted without any ill effects, and from being selfish and moody he became chatty and merry.

Only once a week was he inexorably severe with Carletto. On Sunday mornings he used to lock him up in the highest stage of the turret and refuse to release him until the boat from Roccamarina was well on its return. During the rest of the week Carletto was his tyrant, his idol, his

joy, his very life. And as the possession of a precious thing induces the conviction that the possessor has a right to it, so did Master Andrea after six months had elapsed live at peace, without misgivings.

But one Sunday his visitors thought they perceived a rosy little face flattened against the highest window of the tower.

"I fancy I see a child's face!" said one of the sailors.

"Yes," replied the other, "it *is* a child's face!"

"Aha! so Master Andrea has a child up there!"

"Won't we chaff him about it!"

Both the seamen, as soon as they saw the keeper, commenced to chaff him about the child. But Master Andrea turned deadly pale; he trembled from head to foot, and made incoherent replies, until at last he was forced to tell the whole truth. How gladly he would have strangled those two importunate gossips! Yet when they listened to the story, they became serious in their turn. Then they told him in reproachful tones that a poor lady from the neighbouring village passed day and night upon the shore stricken with grief, and awaiting the return of her husband and her child, who had gone to visit some relatives along the coast, and who had never returned. Carletto was, no doubt, the child of this sorrowing mother. Why had Master Andrea kept the affair so secret? Why? did he perchance think that the child had fallen from the clouds? Did he not think that it might have a mother? Or did he judge that it was nobody's child?

Master Andrea heard all these reproaches in mute dismay. He kept his eyes upon the ground, and seemed as though he had turned suddenly to stone.

At length he looked up.

"Take him away!" he said, in a low, husky voice. "I did not think he had a mother. I do not wish to keep him from her. I could not! Quick! return and tell the lady that her child is safe. No! stay!—take him to her at once!"

Slowly, sombrely, like to one who complies with a duty that entails an immense sacrifice, he went up to seek Carletto. For a few minutes he kept him in the room. He took him up in his arms, he smoothed his little head, he clasped him to his breast and kissed him passionately, and clipped a curl of his light hair. Then, somewhat consoled by the tears shed by the child on parting from him, he carefully placed him in the boat.

When the boat was quite lost to view, he went indoors, and resolved to forget the whole adventure. He gathered together his books and newspapers, which had been of late sorely neglected, and sat down to read. All to no purpose. They seemed to tell him of the march of society, they spoke to him of a future inevitable social revolution, and in alarm he cried, "What will become of Carletto?"

Unable to repress the yearning of his heart, he would daily stand for hours looking towards the shores of Roccamarina. On all sides he was surrounded by the immensity of the ocean.

He felt he could no longer live "in the midst of the sea."

IV.

TEN months have passed. Master Andrea is no longer the keeper of the lighthouse of Isolotto.

He affirmed that living in the midst of the sea did not agree with his health; but the fishermen of Roccamarina declared that he longed to have his dense black beard

pulled by the chubby hands of little Carletto.

Master Andrea lives in his paternal house tending the vineyard; but he is not alone. He has taken in the sorrow-stricken widow and her child, and labours day and night to support them.

He is perfectly resigned to his lot when he hears himself called "Papa" by the darling little fellow who, "in the midst of the sea," taught him how sweet it is to follow the commands of love.



Illustrated Interviews.

NO. IX.—PROFESSOR BLACKIE.



HERE is probably no name better known in the world of literature and learning, and certainly no figure more familiar in the streets of the Scotch capital, than John Stuart Blackie. There is always much combined curiosity and speculation regarding the life and habits of the man who has won fame within the limits of his own room and the surroundings of his family circle. It is from a distinctly homely point of view that I would talk about Professor Blackie. I spent some time with him in Edinburgh, and the sum and total of his characteristics seemed to be the very personification of refined culture, hearty and

honest opinion, and unadulterated merriment. He will quote Plato one moment, dilate on the severity of the Scottish Sabbath the next, and then with lightning rapidity burst forth into singing an old Scotch ballad that sets one's heart beating considerably above the regulation rate. He shook hands with me, and then commenced to sing. He told me of his career, and sandwiched between his anecdotes snatches of song and pithy quotations; and so it went on all through the day. If he is worried for a sentence, or troubled for a rhyme, he walks about the room humming. "I am a motive animal," he says. Sometimes he will sit down at the piano in the drawing-room at night, and the music tempts



From a Photo. by

PROFESSOR BLACKIE IN HIS STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.]

the Muse. Again, when rhymes are rare, he will make an excursion into the heart of some glorious glen, or try the mountain path, and on his return he brings a poem with him, which is immediately transferred to paper. And this, be it remembered, is the doings of one of the fathers of Scotland, who will enter upon his eighty-third birthday in July.

I found him sitting at his table in one of his studies. The table is just by the window looking into the garden. He wore a long blue coat, picturesquely fastened round the waist with a red silk sash. He had on a very broad linen collar, with a long black cravat, loosely tied, negligently

ἁλὲν ἐν ἁγίοις

THE PROFESSOR'S MOTTO.

hanging down. On his head was a fine broad-brimmed Panama straw hat, an excellent assistance to the retention of good sight; he has never worn a pair of spectacles in his life. Strange to say, too, until the morning of my visit, he has needed no medical advice for over thirty years. He is patriarchal in appearance, with classical features, and long pure white hair which reaches to his shoulders. He has all the vitality of a young man. A trip alone to Constantinople at the age of eighty-two is a good record. He attributes his robust health to the fact that he has always worked and lived, read and thought, on a system. He rises at 7.30 and breakfasts. The morning is occupied in work and correspondence. The open air claims him every day for two hours before dinner, and Morpheus for an hour after the midday meal. No hard

work after nine. Unless he has a lecture or other engagement, the evening finds him playing a game of backgammon with his wife, and he opens the door of his bed-room as the clock is chiming twelve. System governs every hour of the day, and two unapproachable mottoes guide every moment of his life. You cannot receive a letter from Professor Blackie without finding his motto penned in Greek characters in his own handwriting in the left-hand corner of the envelope. He puts it in the corner of every envelope he finds about the place, his servants' included. "Adopt it," he says, "and it will turn earth into heaven, it will revolutionise society in the twinkling of an eye." His motto is, "Speak the truth in love" (Ephes. iv. 15), and he points out that the Greek verb means *acting* as well as *speaking*. The second motto is, *χαλεπὰ τὰ καλά*, "All noble things are difficult to do."

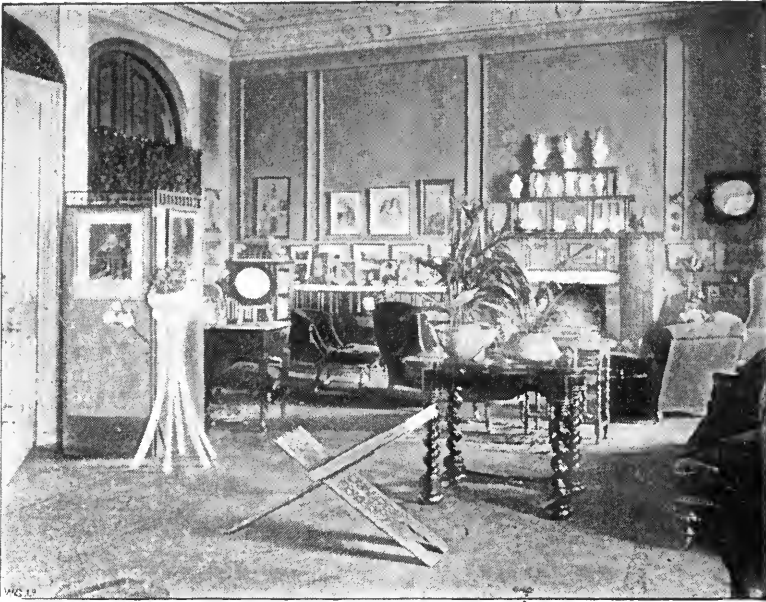
We went from room to room. The drawing-room is a beautiful apartment. The walls are of quiet blue, picked out in gold, in harmony with the crimson plush curtains which hang at the windows, and the green plush furniture. The fireplace is massive and striking. It is of Indian workmanship, exquisitely carved—as, indeed, are all the fireplaces throughout the house, for it was formerly occupied by Sir William Hunter, an Indian magnate. The photos are countless, and are everywhere.



From a Photo. by

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

Lord Shaftesbury, Professor Faraday, John Bright, and Charles Kingsley. There are a number of pictures of the Professor himself; two just at the far end of the room are productions of the old black-paper-and-scissors process, and very cleverly are they cut.

On a small easel stands a medallion, in a plush frame, by Mrs. D. O. Hill, a sister of Sir Noel Paton, who executed the Livingstone statue in Prince's-street.

Many are the por-

traits of cats and dogs, for Mrs. Blackie is very fond of these domestic pets. An excellent picture of Goethe, at the age of thirty, is pointed out to me. The room, too, is rich in old china, some of which belonged to Wordsworth and Lord Byron.

A bowl, once the property of the late Dr. Chalmers, stands on a cabinet near the door. This little rosewood receptacle contains a wealth of interest. It has on its shelves a copy of every work which the Professor has written. As each new work is issued so it is added. The cabinet is called "The Shrine." Amongst the water-colour paintings is a small text painted in the midst of autumn leaves and blackberries. It is only a simple effort, and does not measure six inches square. Yet when Ruskin saw it he exclaimed, "That's the finest picture in Edinburgh."

"Yet," said Professor Blackie, as we crossed to the window and looked out upon the Corstorphine Hill, with its grand fir trees, and strained our eyes to catch a view of the distant hills of Fife—"yet Ruskin, who was a man of deep and intense feelings, would lift you up in delightful imagination as easily as he would drop you again to the ordinary level of life. Ruskin was a small edition of Carlyle—but he was a delicate and dainty edition. I will talk of Carlyle by and by. Well, some forty years ago, I was walking with Ruskin down Prince's-

Here is the late Cardinal Newman—a precious reminiscence of the day when he was created Cardinal, at which ceremony Professor Blackie was present. Here again are Gladstone, John Morley, the late Count von Moltke, the German Emperor, Sir John Millais—every one autographed. Here, too, is an excellent portrait of Browning, with an inscription on the back—"This testifies that I have spent a delightful morning through the goodness of dear Blackie. May the pleasure be conferred on me at no distant time. May, 1885." Here is a portrait of Miss Mary Anderson. Fifteen years ago the Professor wrote to Miss Jennie Lee that "the stage had more influence than the pulpit"—hence many theatrical reminiscences are visible about the house. Look in this small volume, and you will find a couple of New Year's cards from Henry Irving. A small album on a table close at hand is highly valued by its owner. It contains simple *cartes de visite* of some of the most eminent men of the century. The first place is given to the late Cardinal Manning—he has penned his autograph—and then in quick succession come the features and signatures of such men as Sir David Brewster, Sir J. Noel Paton—with a child on his shoulders, a little one who is now Dr. Noel Paton, the physiologist—the late Dean Ramsay, Dr. Guthrie, Sir J. Y. Simpson—who discovered chloroform—Norman McLeod, the Duke of Argyll,

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From a Photo. by]

"THE SHRINE."

[Elliott & Fry.

street, and he was looking up at the old town which rises high before you.

"When I walk along this grand street," he said, "I am always glad when I come to the cross streets, for then I look from the works of man to the works of God."

"This remark no doubt was justified by the general tameness and monotony of the street architecture not only in Edinburgh, but in London, at the time when the new town of Edinburgh was built.

"But," said I, "have you no eye for those palatial structures which are now rising all along the street to vary the monotony of the original three-storied houses?"

"No," said he, "I hate high houses."

"Why?" said I.

"Because," said he, "they are bad for people with rheumatic legs!"

"Either this was a joke, or it showed a certain confusion of the ethical and the æsthetic which sometimes seems to mar the soundness of his judgment in matters of art."

We were standing at the window, and for a moment, before going through the other rooms of the house, Professor Blackie remembered something regarding some of

the men whose portraits we had just glanced at. There was Dr. Guthrie.

"He was an intimate friend of mine," said the kindly Professor; "a splendid humorist, and a true Scotchman. He overflowed with humour. One Sunday he had been up at Inverness assisting at the Sacrament. On the Monday there was a meeting, and the Doctor happened to be particularly merry. There was one man in the front seat who eyed the Doctor with great gravity, and as he gave out joke after joke, his face became graver still. When the meeting was all over, he went up to Guthrie with a fearfully solemn face, and said, 'Ah! Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Guthrie, if it hadn't been for the grace of God ye might have been a splendid comic actor!'"

I was now looking at John Bright.

"I lived at Oban in the summer season," continued Professor Blackie, "and John Bright lodged at Taynuilt. It was one day when sitting in John Bright's chair at the inn that I wrote the two sonnets to him." And he reads out with fine dramatic effect the two beautiful poems which are familiar to all students of his works.

"Ah! that portrait is of Norman MacLeod. He told me a capital story once, which well illustrates the severity with which the Scotch people regard the Sabbath. The church in Skye is some fifteen or twenty miles from the parish, and one bright and glorious summer day a grave old elder and a young man of happier inclinations set out to walk this distance. As it was Sunday, they walked on for some miles either without speaking a word to each other. At last the younger man *had* to speak.

"It's a verra fine day," he observed quietly.

"The old elder looked at him, and with a gravity sufficient to silence anybody, replied, 'Yes, it *is* a fine day; but is this a day to be talking about days?'"

Professor Blackie leaves me for a moment, and as I sit down in a recess by the window I turn over in my mind his own ideas of the observance of the Scotch Sabbath. He says frankly that the good people of the Highlands are too strict—much too strict, though he does not question for a moment the sincerity of their convictions. He believes, as the ancient Greeks did, that the body, which is the temple of the soul, should have as much care bestowed upon its culture as is bestowed on the spiritual part of our

nature. He would have us love physical recreation more, but he would not have us love psychical recreation less. You will find him in his pew on a Sunday, but he has not hesitated to play croquet on the same day. His soul called for devotion, his body for recreation. Only half an hour ago, soon after I had shaken hands with him, he told me an anecdote of himself and the Sabbath. Some years ago he was lecturing in Glas-

gow on a Sunday. His subject was the "Philosophy of Love," and he directed the attention of his hearers to the love-songs of Scotland. In his fervour he burst out singing a Scotch ballad, "Let us go to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie oh!" It had an electrical effect upon his hearers, but oh!



From a Photo. by]

THE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

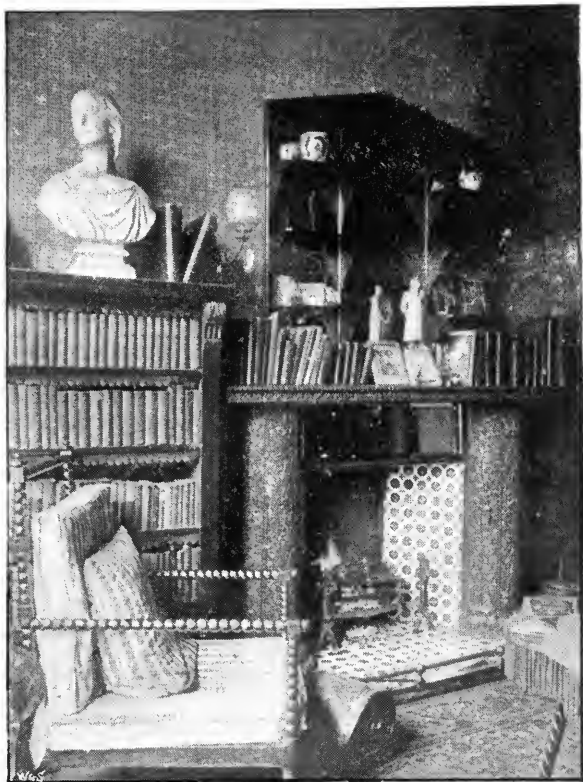
the shock, the terrible shock it occasioned on the morrow! A few days afterwards he received an anonymous caricature of himself. It represents a certain one—shall he be mildly be referred to as Mephistopheles?—carrying off the good Professor on his back at a high rate of speed. It is here reproduced for the first time.

"Come along," cries a kindly voice. "I just had to answer a letter. I always answer my own letters, and never use postcards. I always call the letters I receive the four B's—Business, Blethers, Bothers, and Beggary."

The hall is very fine. The balustrades are of polished oak. Near the fireplace is an old oak cabinet in which is cut "R. B., 1709." A companion cabinet is on the other side. These contain all the letters and papers of Professor Blackie—a biographical store. By the door is a fine oil painting of Mrs. Blackie's father—James Wyld, of Gilston, and here, again, a canvas which chronicles the face of Oliver Cromwell. One of the busts in the hall is that of John Wilson (Christopher North). A fine cabinet is loaded with china, and close by the entrance to the dining-room is a convenient receptacle for walking sticks. I counted them. Professor



MEPHISTOPHELES TAKES THE PROFESSOR.



From a Photo. by]

THE FAVOURITE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

Blackie has twenty such aids to pedestrianism.

The dining-room has some excellent reproductions of Van Dyck and Rubens. More old china is neatly set out on an oaken sideboard; the ferns are fresh and green at the window; and above a pair of vases on the mantelpiece—filled with peacocks' feathers, which tells that superstition is not part and parcel of the household—is a grand picture of Professor Blackie standing in a Highland glen with his plaid about his shoulders. It was painted by James Archer, R.S.A.

Leaving the dining-room, one passes on the stairs which lead to the trio of studies, reproductions of the old masters, pictures of Lady Martin, Sir Walter Scott, an old-time print of Burns in an Edinburgh drawing-room, and a portrait of Carlyle.

"Are the songs of Burns as popular as ever?" I asked.

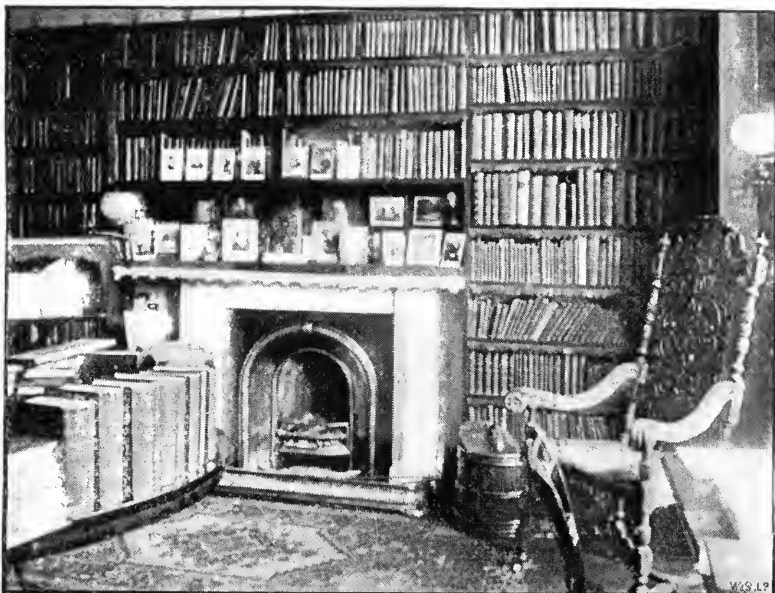
"No, Scotch songs are not so popular," was the reply. "Burns is popular with the masses. I find it very difficult to get ladies in the upper circles to sing Scotch songs. The upper classes are corrupted in this

direction. Corruption begins at the top—I say that as a philosopher. We are becoming less and less Scotch, and more and more Anglicised. Why, it is hard to get a servant girl to speak real Scotch. Scotch songs! Compare your English and German songs with the songs of the Highlands. The Scotch beat them hollow for variety and character. Every Scotch song is a picture and a drama, a dramatic scene with natural scenery."

We had reached the studies; there are really three of them, and, together with other books about the place, they contain some seven thousand volumes, comprising the best modern Greek library in Britain. Each of these three corners is interesting. One of them is used by Dr. Stodart Walker, a nephew of Professor Blackie; for Professor Blackie has no children, and Dr. Walker lives and learns with him. In this room are capital photos of Professor Grainger Stewart (the Queen's physician in Scotland), Professor Rutherford, and Dr. R. J. A. Berry, Mr. Morley, Mr. Ruskin, and others.

The study which is more particularly used by the Professor is separated from the drawing-room by folding doors, from which hang great curtains. There is little in it save books, but one notes a bust of Mrs. Dobell, a great beauty, the wife of the poet; a bust as a young man and a statuette of a later period of Professor Blackie; and one of Goethe on the mantelboard, with portraits of Mr. Cunliffe Brooks, Mr. H. C. Reid, J.P., and Mrs. Blackie surrounding it, and a very successful painting of the Professor by Mr. J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A. Then a cosy chair was pointed out to me by the fire, and I sat down and listened.

"I was born at Glasgow in July, 1809," said Professor Blackie, walking about the room, "and at the age of three went to Aberdeen. My father was a Border man, a Kelso lad, and was the first agent for the Commercial Bank of Scotland in Aberdeen, where it started in 1811. I went to school at Aberdeen—Aberdonians have produced the best Latin scholars in Scotland. I have to admit to being twice flogged by my father. One chastising was for telling a lie. My aunt insisted on pouring down my throat some



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[Elliott & Fry.

broth which I did not like. I didn't go to school, but went and sulkily hid myself. I said that I had been to school. I was flogged. The second occasion was for calling a servant girl names. I was flogged for that, and quite right too.

"As a boy I was always antagonistic to school fights—pugilism had no fascination for me. I well remember a lad, over some small squabble, saying to me, 'Will you fight me?' 'No,' I replied; 'but I'll knock you down,' and immediately did it with great applause. I went to college at twelve. I won a scholarship there for Latin, but as the gift was intended for poor people I resigned it. My principal pastime in those days was golf, which we used to play on the Aberdeen links. I remained at college until I was fifteen, when I went to Edinburgh, where I was for two years attending a special class under Professor John Wilson; and in those days, Professor Blackie told me, he was working out his moral life. This disturbed his studies, as he gave his whole thoughts to devotional meditation. When it came to the distribution of prizes John Wilson told him that he could not give him one, for he had only written a single essay, although it was a remarkably good one. On learning this young Blackie burst into tears.

"At the age of twenty," he continued, "I went to Germany and on to Rome, where I devoted myself to the study of the

languages. Here, too, I met many of the world's greatest men. And so the days passed by until once more I returned to the old country, and in 1834 was called to the Scottish Bar. But I was not a success, and I really used to sing a song at my own expense when out at parties, which asked all benevolent people to give a poor starving lawyer a fee."

Crossing to a desk, Professor Blackie searched through a number of old papers, and at last came across a long sheet of foolscap, the ink on which was yellow with age. It was written fifty-eight years ago! It was the original manuscript of the song he wrote himself, and, save for the time occupied in learning it, that slip of paper had not seen the light of day for all these years. The words are reproduced for the first time in these pages. His favourite Scotch ballad to-day, and one he often sings, is "Jenny Geddes."

GIVE A FEE.

(A NEW SONG FOR YOUNG BARRISTERS.)

[Air: *Buy a Broom*.]

O LISTEN, of Scotch and of Civil Law Doctors all,
Solicitors, Agents, Accountants, to me!
O listen, of strifes and of law-suits concoctors all,
And give to a poor starving lawyer a fee!
Give a fee! give a fee! give a fee!
O give to a poor starving lawyer a fee!

Ei Du mein lieber first fee! mein first fee! mein first fee!

O when wilt thou tinkle so sweet to my ear?



From a] PROFESSOR BLACKIE AT THIRTY-FIVE. [Photograph.

Weeks I wait, months I wait, years all in vain I
wait,
Ei Du mein lieber first fee, when wilt thou
appear?

The soldier and sailor they dash on and splash on,
And, sure of their pay, scour the land and the sea;
But we peak and pine here,
and long, long years pass
on.

Before our eyes blink at our
first guinea fee.
Give a fee, &c.

The Church is an Eden of
violets and roses,
The Bishop its Adam from
drudgery free;
The big burly priest on his
soft down reposes,
While we still must fag on,
and cry, "Give a fee!"
Give a fee, &c.

The quack he sells wholesale
his pills universal,
And straight waxes richer
than sagest M.D.,
But we still must con o'er the
same dull rehearsal,
And leave one or two old
stagers for to pocket the
fee!

Give a fee, &c.

Some men who can worship
the star that's ascendant,

One speech from the hustings whips up to the sky;
But I, who in all things am most independent—

Except in my purse—in the mud here I lie.
Give a fee, &c.

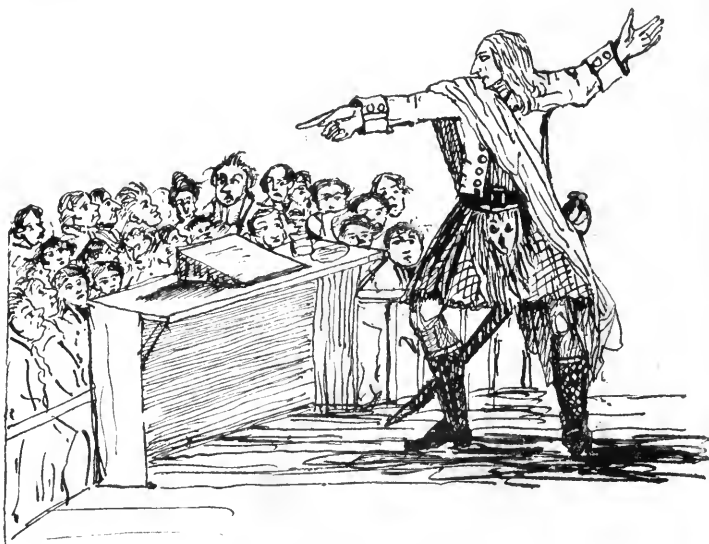
Here sit I, all frozen; my youth's glowing visions
See-saw, like a Chinese Joss, or a Turkish Cadi.
I seek for no learning beyond the Decisions,
And my soul's proud ideal is a bright guinea fee.
Give a fee, &c.

My cheeks they are yellow, my hair it is grey, sir;
Mine eyes are deep sunk in my head, as you see;
I feel life's sear Autumn when scarce past its May,
sir,

And still I am waiting my first guinea fee!
Give a fee! give a fee! give a fee!
O force me no longer to cry, "Give a fee!"

1834.

"Finally," he said, "at the age of thirty,
I found my talents for the bar were small,
so I gave it up. In 1841 I was appointed
to the newly-formed chair of Latin Literature
in Marischal College, Aberdeen." The world knows his work and his
successful efforts to better the condition of his fellow-creatures too well for
the subject to call for lengthy remark here. His books are extensively read, the two
which have had the largest sale being "Self-Culture" and "Life of Burns." His
metrical translation of Goethe's "Faust" was done in four months; his "Homer and
the Iliad," which occasioned much research, took altogether ten years to complete, but
was only worked at as a summer recreation. One of the triumphs of his life was
that of founding the Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. Here is the
story:—



THE PROFESSOR IN A KILT.

From a Pen-and-ink Sketch by his Brother-in-law.

Men and 'tats' to think of them
 Don't blame mankind; with Nature go to school,
 And learn sometimes to think yourself a fool;
 You'd love no birds but Eagles in your pen.
 And make all hills as high as Mount Ben;
 Be wise, nor hope nor fear great things from men.
 What 'Plato's Days' is true and very true,
 We very good and very bad are too.

Edgar Allan Poe

Lines written by PROFESSOR BLACKIE especially for "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."



From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

"The Highlanders wanted a Celtic Chair of Literature, and I was asked to undertake the task. Now, I am not accustomed to begging. I was told if I didn't beg the thing would go to the wall. Well, I said I would try. During that four years of begging I got a great insight into human nature. In a word, the art of begging is simply this—if you want the Duke you must first get the Duchess. There is more sympathy in women in these matters. When I had got about £5,000 Her Majesty at Inverary Castle subscribed £200. The Princess Louise said to me, 'How do you expect to get the rest of the money?'"

"Oh, some way or other, your Royal Highness," I replied.

"But how?" the Princess insisted.

"Faith removes mountains," I replied, and the enthusiastic Professor might have added "Scotch mountains," for it was no easy task to move the pockets of the people ere the £10,000 was obtained, and the Celtic Chair was an accomplished fact. His great fervour of Celtic enthusiasm led to the drawing of a caricature by his brother-in-law, which is shown in the adjoining cut.

Professor Blackie loves the Germans. All the books he has in his library, implying thought and learning, have the names of German writers on their backs. He doesn't care for the French, for the natural reason that he is so fond of the Germans. Neither does he like the

French language—"It is too snippy," he says, "scrappy and polished. French is a polite corruption of Latin, whilst Italian, though a variation of Latin, has much dignity and sweetness about it." He regards the Baron Von Bunsen as the finest type of a human being he ever met, whilst Max Müller is the only German he knows who can write perfectly good English, and has the rare threefold gift of learning, piety, and common sense.

When I left the study, in response to the sound of the gong in the hall, it was not without a half-sheet of notepaper, on which were written a few lines specially for these pages, and entitled "Men, and What to Think of Them."

In the dining-room I met Mrs. Blackie, a woman of great culture and rare kindness. She has been a wifely help to her husband for nearly fifty years, for the morning of their golden wedding will dawn in April. Even to-day when her husband writes her a letter, he calls her "Oke," a Greek word which means "swift." It was a happy quartette at the luncheon table—Professor Blackie and his wife, Dr. Stodart Walker and myself. The Professor's milk was in a glass, keeping warm by the fire, but to-day,—to-day, owing to the presence of "visitors,"—port wine was substituted for the creamy fluid. Such was his repast, with a little Scotch home-made ginger-bread, Delicious!

A word is whispered across the table—"Carlyle!"

"I knew Carlyle intimately," Professor Blackie said, responding to the whispered name, "but I was not one of his out-and-out worshippers at all. His work was to rouse the world; but I was wide awake, and required no rousing. I thought him somewhat despotic and tyrannical; though, mark you, he possessed extraordinary pictorial power, and was a good Scotchman. I admired his genius, and perhaps his bark was worse than his bite. He was hard-hearted, and hated sinners. He called here once just when the great noise was going on about the convicts being underfed. He began talking about them. 'Puir fellows! puir fellows!' he said, 'give them brown soup and a footstool, and kick them to the devil!'"

"Carlyle was a great talker, and he would talk, talk, and never give one a chance to contradict his assertions. I have a habit—one of many years' standing—of going up to London once every year. I do it now. I always called on Carlyle at Chelsea, generally on Sunday evenings. One night I contrived, by starting as soon as I got into the room, to open the conversation, and went on from topic to topic, till they mounted to a dozen; but to none of my themes would my stout old friend give an assenting reply. At last in desperation I shouted out, 'Very well, I think

you've come to 'The Everlasting No,' so you and I can't agree.' Off I went, but we remained good friends for all that.

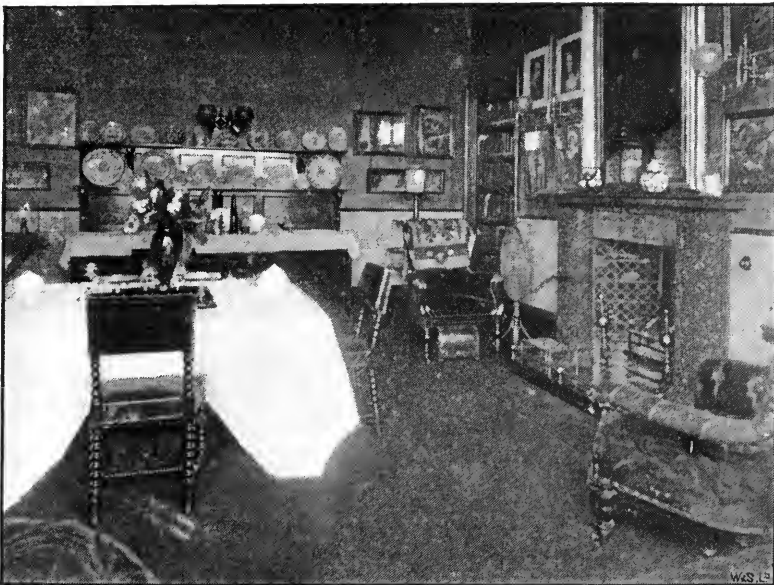
"One night I shook him—yes, shook him. His poor wife used to sit there and never speak. I was in his room on this particular Sunday, and his wife particularly wanted to say something. But there was not the smallest chance. I got up, took hold of him, and giving him a good shaking, cried, 'Let your wife speak, you monster!'; but for all that he wouldn't."

Poor Mrs. Carlyle! She suffered from heart disease. Even when she heard that her husband had made his successful oration as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University she fainted. The circumstances surrounding her death, too, are both painful and tragic. Whilst out in her carriage her little pet dog contrived to get out and was run over. The coachman drove on and on, until at last, receiving no orders, he looked in at the carriage. Whether it was the shock or not will never be known, but his mistress lay there dead.

Carlyle lies buried with his own people at Ecclefechan, whilst his wife rests by the side of her father at Haddington.

Still the name of Carlyle hovers about the dinner table, and Mrs. Blackie contributes her story about him thus:—

"One day," said Mrs. Blackie, "I went to call on Mrs. Carlyle. It was in the afternoon of a very, very hot day. I was just



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

saying goodbye, when it suddenly occurred to me to ask—referring of course to her husband, 'May I see the great man?' Mrs. Carlyle took me down some dark kitchen-stairs, and there, in a corner, with his trousers drawn up to his knees, sat Carlyle on a chair, with his feet and legs in a great tub of cold water!"

If that little luncheon party was responsible for nothing more, it will be memorable for one thing. It was the scene of the denial of the accuracy of probably one of the most famous anecdotes told of any man. Who has not heard the story? Dr. Stodart Walker related it once again. It is to the effect that one day Professor Blackie caused a notice to be written on the black-board of the class-room, stating that "Professor Blackie will not meet his classes to-day." The story continues that a wag of a student, entering soon after, very unkindly rubbed off the letter c. Still furthermore, so runs the anecdote, the Professor himself entered, and seeing the obliteration of the c, immediately proceeded to wipe out the l!

"It's not true! it's not true!" exclaimed Professor Blackie, dramatically, rising from

his chair and striking his fist on the table.



BUST OF PROFESSOR BLACKIE AS A YOUNG MAN.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Blackie, merrily, "it's just what you would have done," and the Professor crossed to his wife, and putting his arms about her neck, kissed her. Then he cried vigorously, as he looked out at 'the weather,' "It's going to be a beautiful afternoon. I'll go out—I'll go out!" In five minutes the blue dressing-gown with the red silk sash, the Panama straw hat, have been cast aside, and the Professor appears in a black frock coat with his plaid cast round him, and a large broad-brimmed black felt hat on his head. We are standing at the door.

"Oh," says the Professor, light-heartedly, as he selects one of the twenty walking-sticks, "I still do my three or four miles a day. But there were times when I lived at Oban, when I would go off for a fortnight's walk on what I used to call 'The One Shirt Expedition.' Why, there's not a high mountain in Scotland that I have not been to the top of, and I've no doubt but that I could do one now—with a rest by the way." We left the house together.

HARRY HOW.

Strong-minded Miss Methuen.

BY E. W. HORNING.



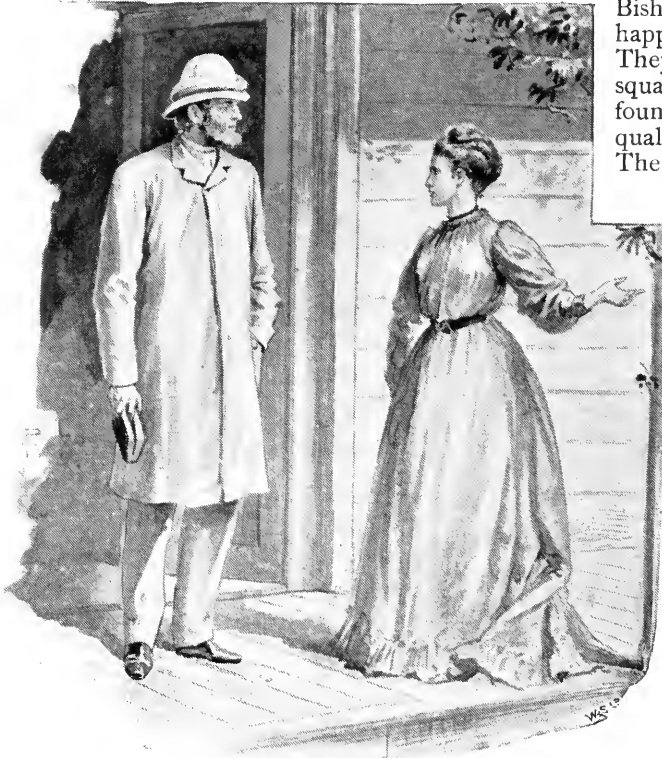
WHEN Canon Methuen was offered the least tempting of Australian bishoprics, strong hopes of a refusal were entertained by admirers of that robust and popular divine.

His chances of a much more desirable preferment, if he would but wait for it, were, on the one hand, considerable ; and on the other hand was his daughter Evelyn. Miss Methuen, an only unmarried child, was not the one to suffer transportation to the bush, while she *was* the one—the very one—to influence her father's decision. So said those who knew her, showing, as usual, how little they did know her. For whatsoever was novel, romantic-sounding, or unattractive to her friends, most mightily attracted Evelyn Methuen ; and the Australian bishopric possessed all these merits. Her friends were right about the girl's influence in general with their beloved Canon ; they did not over-rate the weight of her say in this particular matter ; but beyond this their fond calculations proved sadly adrift. Evelyn never even paused to consider the thing, say in the light of transportation and live burial ; she jumped at it ; and on this occasion she did not jump back. Her father, who knew her, gave her time for the customary rebound. But this time she knew her mind, and on the fifth day the world learnt that the offer of this Colonial bishopric (of which it had never heard before) had been definitely accepted by the Reverend Canon Methuen.

Miss Methuen had done it, and apparently she knew no regrets. That repentance at leisure of which her father had disquieting visions, founded on past experience of her, did indeed become conspicuous, but only in a delightful manner. She was not, of course, without a proper sorrow at departure : the spires at sunset made her pensive ; she duly cried when the wrench came, but performed that wrench strong-mindedly, notwithstand-

ing. This was her accredited characteristic, strength of mind. It enabled her to tear herself away from a grand old town for which she had an unaffected veneration—where she spent most of her life, where her mother lay buried, where two sisters lived married : from some precious Extension Lectures, in the middle of the Brown-ing Course : from her own little room, made pretty with her own hands, at small cost, with fans and Aspinall and photographs in frames : from those very young men who were foolish about her at this time ; and almost as easily, six weeks later, from the more mature and less impossible admirers of the outward voyage. But—though, to be sure, she had never had absolute occasion for a refusal of marriage—she would have refused Lord Shields himself—the fellow-passenger—on the voyage out. Her heart was set upon the wilderness, and on that Bishop's Lodge there, her future home. And the only men for her now were the gallant bushrangers of some stories she made a point of reading before landing—their kind, at least, which of course must still infest the wilderness.

Before reading these romances—that is, until the prospect came of living in Australia—Miss Methuen's ideas of that continent had been very vague, very elementary, and rather funny. Her timely reading gave shape and background to her ideas, but left them funnier than ever ; at all events, it did not prepare her for the place she was going to ; it did not pretend to do so, that romantic literature ; only Miss Methuen had chosen to assume that all Australian scenery would be in the same style. She was prepared, in short, for gullies, gum-trees, caves, ranges, kangaroos, opossums, claims, creeks, snakes in the grass, and chivalrous robbers on the high-road ; but she was not prepared for a dead level of sandy desert, broken only by the river-timbers of a narrow, sluggish stream,



"CALL THIS THE BUSH?"

nor for a wooden township, where the worst weapons of man were strong drink in the head and strong language on the tongue ; and this was what she found. Great was the disillusion, and in every respect ; it discoloured and discoloured all things, even to the Bishop's Lodge, which—with its complete margin of creeper-covered verandah—was charming in everything but situation.

"Call this the bush!—where are the trees?" she said rather petulantly to her father ; and, as she looked at his long dust-coat of light-coloured silk, duck trousers, and pith helmet, she might have added : "Call you a Bishop!—where are your gaiters?"

In fact, Miss Methuen's contentment wore away, very nearly, with the novelty. The Bishop saved the situation by taking her with him on his first episcopal round up country. He wore, too, on that round, his gaiters (with a new chum's stout shooting-boots underneath) and black garments, for the cool weather was coming on. They had a delightful cruise among the sheep-stations of the diocese (a little district the size of England), their pilot being the

Bishop's Chaplain, who, as it happened, was a son of the soil. They gave the hospitality of the squatter a splendid trial, and found that celebrated Colonial quality rated not at all too high. The Bishop held services in the queerest places, and administered holy rites to the most picturesque ruffians, winning in all quarters the respect and admiration of men not prone to respect or to admire, for his broad shoulders and grizzled beard and his erect six feet, as well as for the humanity and virility of every sentence in his simple, telling addresses. Evelyn, perhaps, was admired less ; but she did not suspect this, and she enjoyed herself vastly. There were gentlemanly young overseers at nearly all the stations. These young men, naturally taken with the healthy colour and good looks of the English girl, were sufficiently attentive, and

seemed duly impressed by her conversation. So they were ; but clever Evelyn was not clever in her topics ; she talked Browning to them, and culture, and the "isms" ; and they mimicked her afterwards—the attentive young men. But this she did not suspect either. She returned from the cruise in the highest spirits, her preconceptions of the bush not realised, indeed, but forgotten ; and after weeks among the stations the wooden town seemed a different and a better place, and the Bishop's Lodge a paradise of ease and beauty.

But during the less eventful period of the Bishop's ministry at head-quarters, the delight on his daughter's part tapered, as her delights invariably did in the absence of variety. She began systematically to miss things "after old England ;" and here the Bishop could sympathise, though the forced expression of his sympathy galled his contented and tolerant nature. He pointed out that comparison was scarcely fair, and hinted that it lay with Evelyn, as with himself, at once to enjoy and to improve the new environment. But of course there were matters for regret, occasions for a sigh.

The service of the sanctuary was necessarily less sumptuous here than in the old English minster; and Evelyn had a soul of souls for high mass, and the exaltation of the spirit through the senses. Then when the service was over, there were no young curates of culture to step in to Sunday supper or dinner, as the case might be. This was a want of another kind; it is not suggested that it was the greater want. The social gap, certainly, was an unattractive feature of Bishop's Lodge, where even the young overseers, who talked with a twang and had barely heard of Browning—never of William Morris—where even those unlettered savages had been royally welcomed visitors. As it was, the only visitors, almost, were the Chaplain and his wife, who did not count, as they practically lived at the Lodge. Nor was either of this excellent couple to Evelyn's taste. The Chaplain, indeed, was but a bushman with a clean mouth; clerical, to the eye, in his clothes only. No one could have accused him of polish—nor yet, let us state, of laziness or insincerity. Evelyn, however, tilted her nose at him. As for the Chaplain's wife, she was just one of those kind, unpretentious women who are more apt to be spoken of as "bodies." She did many things for Evelyn; but she had also many children, and spoilt the lot; so that Evelyn could do nothing but despise her. For, in her reputed strong mind, Miss Methuen nursed a catholic contempt for human weaknesses of every shade.

When, however, the time came for further episcopal visitations, Evelyn, who accompanied her father as before, once more enjoyed herself keenly. Her enjoyment was certainly enhanced by the fact that the ground traversed was not the old ground. But this turned out to be her last treat of the kind for some time to come. The next round of travels was arranged with the express object of Confirmation, and the Bishop seemed to feel that on this occasion the companionship of his daughter might be out of place. He decided, at all events, to take no one but the Chaplain. So Evelyn was left behind with the Chaplain's wife, and neither lady had a very delightful time. The girl spent most of hers in writing exhaustive letters to her friends, prolix with feminine minutiae, but pathetically barren of the adventures which she longed to recount, if not to experience. In particular she corresponded with some old friends in Sydney, at whose

fashionable residence she had spent a night before accompanying her father up-country. These people sympathised with her on many sheets of expensive note-paper. The letters became mutually gushing; and long before the Bishop's return, Evelyn had arranged to spend the term of his next absence with her opulent friends in Sydney.

When he did return, Evelyn, as it happened, was not in the house. In point of fact, she was reading under the gum-trees by the sluggish little river, but, as usual, the Chaplain's wife was not in the unnecessary secret of her whereabouts. Evelyn's book on this occasion had itself a strong odour of the gum-trees, for it chanced to be the *Poems of the bush poet*, Lindsay Gordon. Now Evelyn, having attended University Extension Lectures on the subject of "Modern Poetry," was of course herself an authority on that subject; equally of course she found much to criticise in these bush ballads. What, however, not even Miss Methuen could find fault with, was their local colour. She had seen it herself up the country; she only wished she had seen more of it—more of Gordon's bush and Gordon's bushmen. Oddly enough, though, in his book, the verses that attracted her most were never written by Gordon at all:—

"Booted, and bearded, and burnt to a brick,
I loaf along the street;
I watch the ladies tripping by,
And I bless their dainty feet."

She liked these lines well enough to learn them, and it was impossible to avoid glancing at her own dainty feet in doing so. Why did *she* never encounter the booted bushman who had seen better days?

"I watch them here and there,
With a bitter feeling of pain;
Ah! what wouldn't I give to feel
A lady's hand again!"

"Ah!" echoed Evelyn, looking at her own small hand, "and what wouldn't I give—to pull some poor fellow to the surface with *you*!"

And indeed she was ready to give much, having some soul for the romantic, and being bored.

Looking up from her book, she was startled to see her father hurrying towards her, his fine face beaming with gladness. Evelyn beamed too, and they embraced in the road, very prettily. The Bishop explained his early arrival; the last stages he, even he, had driven furiously—to get back to his darling girl. Then he thrust



"SHE WAS STARTLED TO SEE HER FATHER."

his strong, kind arm through hers, and led her home. But as they neared the Lodge his steps hesitated.

"My dear, I have a confession to make to you."

"A confession! Have you done something naughty, father?"

"Yes! I have taken pity on an undeserving young man. You know, Evelyn, this colony is full of educated young men who have gone hard down hill until reaching the bottom here in the bush. I have come across I can't tell you how many instances up country, men from our Universities and public schools, living from year's end to year's end in lonely huts, mere boundary-riders and whim drivers."

"Contemptible creatures!" exclaimed Miss Evelyn, with virtuous vigour. "I have no sympathy with them, not an atom!"

Though Gordon was still under her arm, the bushman who had seen better days had vanished quite out of her head, which contained, as we know, a strong mind, and was perhaps rather swollen by conscious strength.

The Bishop was not pleased.

"Come, come, Evelyn! I do not like to hear my dear girl settle questions in that way—questions of humanity, too. It was not our blessed Lord's way, Evelyn, my darling! However, the young man I speak of has done nothing to merit anyone's contempt—nothing, nothing," averred the Bishop, with disingenuous emphasis. "He is merely a young fellow who came out to the Colonies and—and has not as yet done as well as he hoped to do. And I found I had been at school with his father!"

"Where is he now?" asked Evelyn, divining that he was not far off.

"Here in the house," confessed the Bishop. "He goes on in the coach—it leaves in an hour, at seven; and, Evelyn, my dear, I'd rather you didn't see him before he went. He is going down to Sydney to get himself some decent clothes, and I have also asked him to have his beard shaved off, as he is quite a young man. The fact is, he will be back here in a fortnight, and you will see him then; for he is coming back as my

Lay Reader!"

They covered some yards in silence. Then Evelyn casually inquired the young man's name, and her father told her that it was Follet; Christian name Samuel, after the Bishop's old schoolfellow. As they approached the house, the Bishop persuaded his daughter to efface herself until the coach had gone; it was not fair, he said, to meet the young man as he was, when in a few days he would come back a different being. It would have been inevitable, such a meeting, had Evelyn been in when they arrived; but now that it was so easily avoidable, would she not have the strength of mind to avoid it? He knew she must feel very inquisitive. So she did; but she loved, above most things, an appeal to her strength of mind. She promised. To see, however, was not to meet. And strong-minded Evelyn contrived to see—through a window of the room in which the future reader was waiting—herself unseen in the gathering shades.

She could not see much: a slim young man sitting over the fire; a bronzed face,

illuminated by the flames with flickering patches of orange; thick black hair; a thin black beard; moleskins, leggings,

(for this prelate smoked like any shearer) to kiss good-night to his daughter, and when Evelyn said, really meaning it at the moment, that she would do all *she* could for the permanent reformation of poor Mr. Follet—certainly it did not seem to the Bishop, just then, that he had made an injudicious arrangement.

Within the fortnight Follet duly reappeared—a quietly-dressed, clean-shaven, earnest young man. And within the week after that he found it impossible to sail under false colours with one so honest and high-souled, so frank and strong-minded as Miss Methuen. He told her his story—and the worst part of it, which the Bishop had not told her—in a sudden burst of mingled shame and thankfulness, and in a chance five minutes in the starlit verandah. His curse had been drink! Yet Miss Methuen heard this revolting confession without being visibly revolted—even without that contemptuous curl which came too easily to her lips.

"Forgive me," he murmured, "forgive me for telling you! I couldn't help it! I *can't* go on pretending

to have been what I have not been—not to *you*, who are so honest, and frank, and strong!"

"How do you know I am strong?" asked the girl, colouring with pleasure; for he had fingered the mainspring of her vanity.

"I see it."

"Oh, but I am not."

"You are! you are!" he exclaimed, contradicting her almost as vehemently as she desired. "And now you can never think the same of me again—though you will not show it!"

"You are wrong," whispered Evelyn, in her softest tone. "I will think all the more of you—for having climbed out of that pit! You are going on climbing now: only think how much nobler it will be to have climbed from the bottom of the horrible pit, than had you started from the level land, and never fallen!"

And, indeed, the sentiment itself was not



"A BRONZED FACE ILLUMINED BY THE FLAMES."

Crimean shirt, and a felt wideawake on the floor between his feet. This was absolutely all that Evelyn saw. But it was enough. The contempt she felt or affected for weak humanity did not trouble her just then. Miss Methuen forgot it. Miss Methuen, for one rare moment, forgot herself. She saw before her the burnt and bearded bushman who had known better days. And the sight was good in her eyes.

In a fortnight he would be back there as Lay Reader!

How a Bishop, who was also a man of the world, came to make so injudicious an arrangement, only Bishop Methuen could explain. The chances are that in contemplation of the evils from which it was to be his blessed privilege to rescue this young man, he lost sight of others of a less shocking description. Certainly that night, when he removed his pipe from his teeth

free from nobility. As she uttered it she gave him her hand, frankly and cordially. Then she left him alone in the starlight, inspired to do and to dare glorious things, and burning to scale the glittering heights of divine enterprise—always sup-

properly and definitely asked in marriage, the incomparable Miss Methuen.

Then Bishop Methuen made the force of his character unpleasantly apparent.

For so gentle and godly a man, he showed a truly amazing capacity for anger—and anger of a very downright, usual, and Britannic description. Angry, however, as he was with the culprits, he was still more angry with himself; and—what was *not* usual, but the very reverse—this made him blame the culprits less and himself more. Putting the pair on parole, he promised to give the matter fair consideration, and he did so in portentous privacy. Then emerging, like the jury, after a mercifully "short delay," he gave what was really, on the whole, a most merciful verdict. Evelyn was to go down to Sydney, and stay with her fine friends there as many months as they would have her—six, if possible. There were to be no letters, no direct communication of any kind. But, if they were both of the same mind when Evelyn came back—and always supposing Follet was as zealous and earnest a worker then as now—then the Bishop would consider the whole matter afresh. They need not look for an unconditional consent even then. The very promise of reconsideration was essentially conditional.

So Miss Methuen went down to Sydney a month before Christmas; and the Bishop, in his human inconsistency, granted her

a long interview with Follet on the eve of her departure. Nor did Dr. Methuen's goodness end then or there: he was ridiculously good to Follet from that time forth. The very next day he made the young man fetch his trunks from the Chaplain's house, where hitherto he had lodged, and keep bed and board henceforward at the Lodge. Both were free; and it was the Bishop, of course, who had paid for those trunks and their contents, not as a present (so he said), but as an advance of salary. He would have had us remember that the young fellow was his old schoolfellow's son. The young fellow, however, had amiable characteristics of his own. More than this, he was of real use to the Bishop, being, in spite of his



"SHE GAVE HIM HER HAND, FRANKLY AND CORDIALLY."

ported by the strong soul of Evelyn Methuen.

The obvious sequel of that starry night took place just two months later—it was surely very creditable to both parties that it did not take place much sooner. At length, however, on a similar night of stars, only in the warmer air of November, Miss Methuen found herself in the angle of Follet's arm—heard him whisper to the sweet end what others, mere boys, had but timidly and tentatively begun in the old days at home—found her head lying back upon his shoulder—and breathed, scarcely knowing it, an answer which deserved a finer deliberation than she had given it. You see, it was the first time she had been

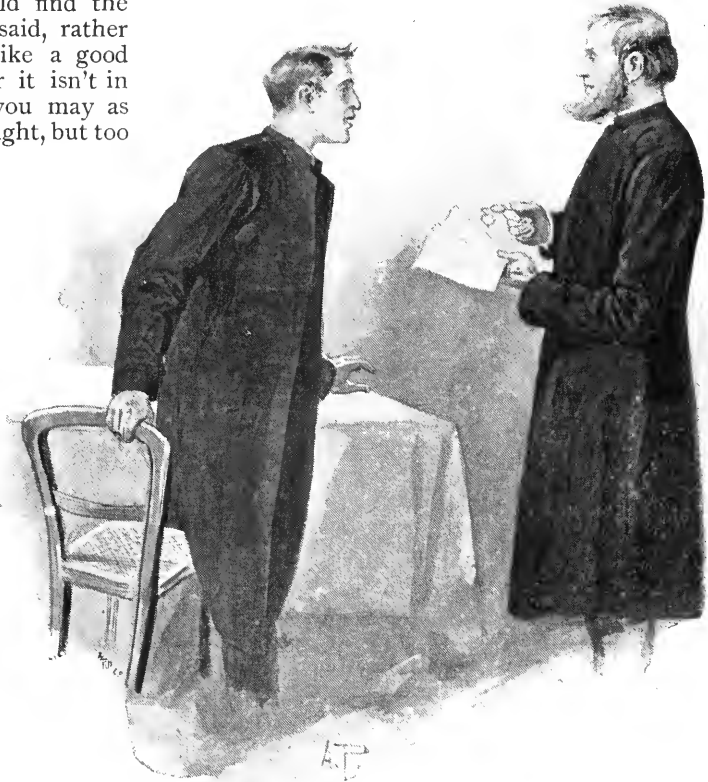
sins, more to the manner born than the honest (but indigenous) Chaplain. A strong mutual affection came into being between the old man and the young one, and daily increased—an attachment apart from gratitude. Follet's gratitude was a thing by itself, something never expressed in words nor by any conscious look or act. Unconsciously he expressed it every day. And these bonds were supplemented by one still stronger—that is, on Follet's side: the impalpable bond of Evelyn. They seldom spoke of her; never in any but the most casual connection. But Follet loved to think of the good old man as Evelyn's father. The Bishop, on the contrary, hated to think of Follet as her lover. He knew Evelyn better than Evelyn knew herself.

The girl's letters naturally were mentioned when they arrived, though they never, of course, contained a message. The nearest the pair came to joining hands over Evelyn was, however, in the matter of a letter from her. It came when the Bishop was busy; it begged him to send her a certain book of poems, and when nobody could find the book, the Bishop said, rather testily: "Write, like a good fellow, and tell her it isn't in the house. And you may as well say we're all right, but too busy—well, that we're busy." The Bishop remembered what he was doing; yet he presently added, "Stay! If there's anything to interest her, say it; it will save me a letter; and really I am *very* busy!" Nor was the inconsistency merely human this time; the Bishop was curious to see what notice would be taken of Follet's letter. Would her next be nominally to Follet direct, in answer, or would

she thank him in a message? There was justifiable occasion for the former course: but Evelyn did not seize the occasion: she took no notice at all! Then the Bishop became vastly uneasy, and wished with all his heart that he did not know his daughter so well.

This was not until the fifth month of Evelyn's absence, and her friends in Sydney had been only too delighted to take her for the six; but long before that time had elapsed the Bishop was upset by a telegram announcing that she was already on her way home. No reason, no explanatory hint was given. He who knew her so well was prepared for anything. It was a two days' journey, she could not arrive before the evening following the receipt of her telegram. In his perplexity the Bishop took the news straight to Sam Follet.

That young man was now reading earnestly for Orders. He had, indeed, been intended for the Church from early years; but he was a clergyman's son; he had disappointed, and been sent to the colonies—to the dogs, in other words—for it is so with



"IN AN INSTANT FOLLET WAS ON HIS LEGS."

those who are sent out to be got rid of. But now Bishop Methuen was in communication with his rejoicing old schoolfellow, and the boy was to be ordained after all. The Bishop found him busy reading in his bedroom. This was the first time he had intruded on him there. Follet was seated at a little table touching the wall; from a peg high over the table depended a surprising collection of old garments, crowned by a grey felt wide-awake. They interested the Bishop in spite of his errand; he was glad, besides, to curve round to the point; so, as Follet turned round in his chair, he greeted him extempore:—

"What in the name of fortune are those things over your head, my dear boy?"

Follet blushed a little, tilted his chair backward, eyed the queer garments, and rather timorously answered:

"They're my old bush togs, sir. I keep them there to—to remind me—that is, so that I shan't forget——"

He stuck. The Bishop hastily changed the subject by coming to his point. In an instant Follet was on his legs, his face transfigured.

"You'll let me meet the coach, won't you?—Oh, I forgot! One of us has to go to Stratford Downs to-morrow!"

"You must be the one," said the Bishop. "I must be the one to see Evelyn first," he added, in a reminding tone. "I can't divine what is fetching her home so suddenly as this!" And as he watched the summer-lightning play of joy and anxiety over the young man's face, his heart pained for him, for he did divine evil.

He knew Evelyn only too well.

"I am glad he is not in," she said when

she arrived. Her eyes and manner betrayed excitement, with difficulty controlled. "And oh, father! how thankful I am you wouldn't let me be engaged to him!"

"Why?" asked the Bishop, sternly, as he instinctively put her hands from him.

Miss Methuen tremblingly skinned the glove from her left hand, which she held up to her father's eyes, only to dazzle them with the blaze of diamonds on the third finger. The sight hit him to the heart, stopping its beat.

"Yes, I never really loved him! I know it now—now that I really love! What will he do to me, do you think? Will

he kill me? I thought I loved him, God knows I did, but I never really loved before! Father! why don't you speak to me? I am engaged. You cannot prevent it—you will not want to when you know all, when you know *him*! Speak to me, father! Say *something*."

But the Bishop only stung her with his eye.

"You'll break it to him, father? Then I'll see him myself. He'll be more merciful than you! Oh! but you will be glad some day, when you know *him*. You will be glad when you see me

happy. I never honestly loved before! And he is coming to see you as soon as ever he can leave his business."

"What is his business?" asked the Bishop.

"He is in wholesale jewellery—*wholesale*."

Few would have recognised Dr. Methuen in the glance he cast at the resplendent diamond ring. He could have torn it from his daughter's finger and stamped upon it under her eyes. Wholesale, indeed! There



"FOLLET TOOK IT BADLY."

was scant need to insist on that extenuating word.

That night the Bishop broke the blow : and Follet took it badly. Later, Miss Methuen had the strength of mind to insist on facing him herself ; and from her he bore it even worse. Miss Methuen must have felt considerable contempt for his weakness. He locked himself in his room and would see no one else that night. The Bishop came to the door : no, in the morning. The Bishop came later :



"HE PLACED THE STONE UNDER THE SLEEPER'S FOREHEAD."

he was sobbing. Later still, however—much later—his breathing sounded easy and even. The Bishop crept away on tip-toe, and himself lay down, after intercessory prayer ; but early in the morning he went again to the door ; and there was no more sound of breathing within. The wind came through the keyhole, no other breath touched the ear ; a thread of sunlight marked the bottom of the door. In sudden frenzy the Bishop burst it open, and stood panting in an empty room, his beard bisected by the draught between the open window and the broken door. The bushman's clothes had vanished from their peg ; those of the Reader lay neatly folded on the little table underneath.

* * * *

The wholesale jeweller was for some time prevented by the exigencies of a thriving business from following Evelyn up country.

She had worn his grand ring upwards of

a month, when, while driving with her father in the neighbourhood of the river, she descried a man lying on his face in the sun, with his hat off. Evelyn pointed with the finger of contempt to this self-evident case of drunkenness ; and the Bishop also took characteristic action. He stopped the buggy, handed the reins to Evelyn, and jumped out. The man lay at a distance, which Bishop Methuen covered at the double. He found a flat stone, placed it under the sleeper's forehead, and fixed the wideawake as securely as possible over the back of his head and neck. Then he returned to the buggy, again running, and drove homeward at an unusual rate.

"How despicable !" Evelyn exclaimed.

"Which of us ?" asked her father, with a sarcasm he would not have employed towards her in former days.

"That intoxicated wretch, of course !"

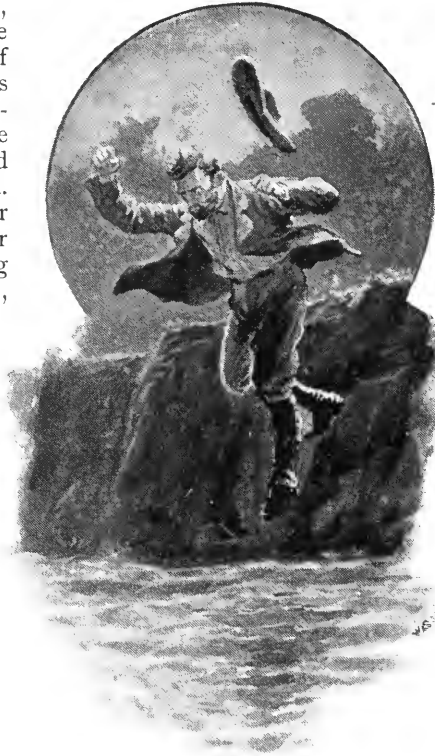
Dr. Methuen lashed his horses. "Evelyn," said he between the strokes, "I profoundly wish that you would be less free with your contempt. There are worse sins than drunkenness, which is chiefly shocking. You should pray to avoid those sins—mark me, they are so much the worse for not *looking* so bad—and try yourself to be becomingly humble."

Evelyn, not unnaturally, sulked during the remainder of that drive. She was too much offended to take notice even of the unwonted pace. On reaching the Lodge she went straight to her room. And the Bishop, saddling his riding horse with his own hands, galloped back to the spot where he had left the drunken sleeper. The man was gone. The Bishop had recognised him ; he was unaware that the man was then in the recovering stage, and that he had himself been recognised.

He scoured the country. Late in the evening, which was very dark, with a sandy

wind, he rode slowly home, completely crestfallen. He bitterly upbraided himself for having spared Evelyn's feelings with a result infinitely more deplorable than any scene she could have created on the road. He had imagined the poor fellow to be incapable for hours to come. Leaving the horse with the groom, he was following round the picket-fence to the front gate, as the night was so dark, when a figure rose from the ground at his very feet. Dr. Methuen had no time to draw back. Strong arms embraced him, a heart thumped thrice against his own, and then the Bishop was left standing alone, peering into the darkness and dust, and listening to the dying beat of foot-steps he should never overtake.

And this was the last he saw of his old schoolfellow's son. Some few weeks later came the noted night when the wholesale jeweller was at length known to be on his way inland to caress the hand that exhibited his merely representative ring. On that night the Bishop read in *The Grazier* of the violent death of Samuel Follet, by drowning, many miles higher up the river. It appeared that the young man's condition had become such as to necessitate a constant supply of watchers; that from one of these he had broken away, jumping into the river and being drowned, as stated. This was all. The Bishop had been alone with it more than an hour when Evelyn came in to bid him good-night. The paper was clenched tightly in his two hands. The pipe between his teeth had long been cold.



"HE JUMPED INTO THE RIVER."

O! late there had been little enough in common between Evelyn and her father; but to-night she desired to say more than the customary three words. She was in great spirits, naturally; she wanted to talk. She shut the door and sat down; she sat down in the chair in which Follet had sat night after night for nearly five months.

"Do not sit there, Evelyn."

Dr. Methuen had found his voice, but to Evelyn it seemed a new voice. It was harsh, yet it quavered. She rose hastily, and as she rose the diamonds on her finger lightened under the lamp.

"Why not?"

"Because—because I wish to be alone."

She stooped to kiss him.

"Do not kiss me!" he cried, pushing back his chair.

"Why—why *ever* not?"

"I am smoking strong tobacco."

"You are not; your pipe is out."

"I don't think so," said the Bishop, attempting in quite good faith to animate that corpse. "Good-night, Evelyn."

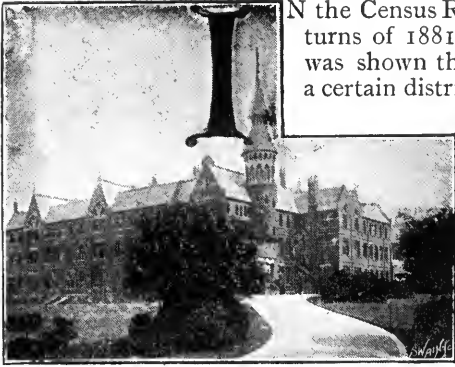
"You are vexed with me!" exclaimed the girl, indignantly. "I won't go until you tell me the reason. Pray, what have I done?"

Then the Bishop could contain it no longer—and he never forgave himself for what he did. He jumped up, holding out the paper, and answered with a trembling finger on the place:

"This!"

How the Deaf and Dumb are Educated.

BY EDWARD SALMON.



ASYLUM FOR DEAF AND DUMB AT MARGATE.

IN the Census Returns of 1881 it was shown that a certain district

in Ireland contained an unprecedentedly large number of deaf and dumb. Not only was the record of the proportion to the hearing and speaking broken, but the relative increase in the afflicted was so alarming, that special inquiry was made into the matter, with a view to ascertaining, if possible, what were the local conditions which had brought so many afflicted mortals into existence. The explanation was at once simple and reassuring. The enumerator, with a genius for actualities thoroughly Irish, had included under the heading Deaf and Dumb all babes who had neither learnt to speak nor to understand what was said to them. I am tempted to make a statement hardly less startling than that of the Irish census taker, and containing just about the same amount of truth. It is that I have heard the dumb speak! or rather, in order that a Commission may not be appointed to inquire into the accuracy of these words, let me say I have heard the reputed dumb speak. "But not really use their tongues?" some of my readers, like many of my personal friends, will no doubt exclaim. Yes, really: I have held converse by word of mouth with children who were born deaf or who became deaf at so early an age that if they ever heard a sound, it has been of the smallest possible use to them. Last year I was privileged to describe in these pages some of the remarkable triumphs accomplished in the education of those doomed to live their lives in darkness. Since then I have had before me, more or less constantly, the question of the education of the deaf, and have come across many things more extraordinary even than the placing of the

blind on all but a practical footing of equality with the seeing.

In these days, what I may call the higher education of the deaf and dumb has reached a stage bordering on perfection and wonderland. During the last twenty years an animated controversy has been carried on by the respective advocates of two systems—the oral and the sign. At times it has waxed hot and strong. On the one hand, the friends of the "pure oral," or German system, seek to assure us that even a deaf child can be taught to speak, and to read with its eyes the words uttered by another person's lips. On the other, the supporters of the sign, or French system, declare that the natural means of communication between the deaf and dumb and their fellows is by motions and the manual alphabet. The general public has gone its way paying little heed to the pros and cons of this most fascinating problem. I may be permitted to say, in a quite judicial spirit, that, whether both are right or partially right, or one is utterly wrong, the enthusiasm and spirit with which both defend their positions are equally creditable. The end aimed at is to give the afflicted an education calculated to advance his or her welfare, spiritual and material, in after life. How differently placed is the deaf and dumb child to-day from the unhappy being born into the world in bygone centuries. Now, every civilised country is equipped with colleges, institutions, and homes for his education. England, which to-day, as the result of private enterprise and philanthropy, boasts many first-class institutions, had at the beginning of the century only one public institution for deaf mutes. In olden times, it was believed that it was hopeless to attempt to get at the brain of a being deprived of hearing, and he or she was regarded and treated as an idiot. To bring a deaf child into the world was a disgrace in the eyes of most people, and one or two cases in which the afflicted were reported to have been educated were looked upon as miracles. Wise men of old! If they lived to-day they would know that it is not only possible to educate a person who is deaf and dumb, but one who is deaf, dumb, and blind also. It was not till the sixteenth century that any serious effort seems to have been made to give the deaf

a systematic education, and only in the latter half of the eighteenth century did two great men arise who started it



THE LATE MR. KINSEY.



MRS. KINSEY.

on the lines on which it has since been developed. Heinicke in Germany opened a school to teach speech and lip reading, and the Abbé de l'Épée, moved by the want of provision for the deaf and dumb in France, founded the National Institute for teaching by signs, and won for himself the name of Father of the Deaf Mutes. About the same time a man named Braidwood introduced the oral system into England; but it utterly failed to take root.

The oral system to-day is to be seen at its best at the Ealing Training College for Teachers of the Deaf, now superintended by Mrs. Kinsey, whose late husband and Mr. B. St. J. Ackers, the chief founder of the College, were among the most active spirits in England twenty years since in showing how much there is in the German method. As I made my way to Ealing one day I tried hard to form some idea of what deafness is like. The truth, however, is, that no man with ears and eyes can realise what either deafness or blindness is. To the teacher the difficulty presented by the former is greater than that presented by the latter. A child born blind has the main channel of communication with the brain open, and, so far as speech and hearing, which prepare the way to the education and enlightenment of the mind, go, is on a level of equality with its more fortunate fellows. The deaf, on the con-

trary, are little removed in this respect from the brute creation, and, except that they have a human brain, would be worse off than the majority of brutes, which, if they cannot talk, at least have ears. How, then, can a child who has never heard a sound be taught consciously to utter a sound? It is with a view to finding out the secret that we are about to visit Ealing College. At this institution, it should be said, signs are absolutely forbidden, and the children

have to learn to express their wishes by speech, and to understand what others say by following the motions of the lips. The child is first of all taught sixty sounds, on the phonetic principle. Miss Hewett, the mistress of the School, breathes or blows on the pupil's hand, and makes the pupil repeat the process. Say the letters "sh" are being taught. The pupil watches the teacher's lips, feels the breath on the back of the hand, and in a very little while can emit the compound herself. Other sounds are secured by placing the child's hand at the teacher's throat. The teacher pronounces the letter or word, and the child, placing its hand to its own throat, does its best to repeat the sensation just experienced at the teacher's. The whole thing can only be done by the sense of sight and touch, the latter being the sole



"OTHER SOUNDS ARE SECURED BY PLACING THE CHILD'S HAND AT THE TEACHER'S THROAT."

means the deaf have of perceiving sound, which to them is a vibration they can feel. The deaf are taught to speak by touch, and to hear by sight. Having taught the child its letters with their many phonetic modifications, words and simple sentences are formed, the child always writing what she has said on a blackboard. The patience demanded of the teacher is almost unique, and would be quite unique if greater patience still had not succeeded in breaking down the barrier which shuts off from their fellow-beings those who are blind as well as deaf and dumb. In the course of an hour I had ample cause to admire the spirit which, day after day, year after year, is shown by the teachers of the oral system, whether at Ealing or elsewhere. For instance, a little girl who is quick to learn is selected, and the teacher, pointing to another pupil named Winnie, asks "Who is that?" The children are taught for practice sake to repeat questions before answering, and the response is—

"Who is that? That is *Win-die*."

"No! no!" says the teacher, with a look of surprise, which tells the child immediately that she has not spoken correctly: "not *Windie*—*Win-nie*."

"*Win-die*," the child repeats again, and the teacher takes her hand and places it to her throat as she pronounces the name. The result is that the child says "Winnie" instantly. I would commend to those who would care for an object-lesson in the teaching of the deaf to speak and to understand what others speak to say, "Winnie" and "*Windie*." There is, of course, a difference in the movement of mouth and tongue, but it is very subtle indeed. Then watch a friend's mouth whilst pronouncing the two words. The difference in the position of the lips is almost imperceptible. The difficulty about this name having been got over after many failures, the teacher says, "Run to the door," and the child, repeating "Run to the door," suits the action to the words. Then she is told to "Walk to the window." She walks to the door. The teacher sitting at the opening in the circular desk, which is found useful in oral classes, because it enables all the pupils easily to follow not only her lips, but each other's lips, has been carefully read by the child named Winnie, and, having told the first child she is wrong, turns to Winnie, and says: "You walk to the window," which the child does without hesitation. I then admire the excellence of the writing of several of the pupils, and the

teacher, turning to a very bright boy, says: "Go and get me two of Winnie's exercise-books." The boy leaves the room, and returns in a minute with the books. Handing them to Winnie, the teacher tells her to "Take them to the gentleman," and, as the child brings them over to me, I simply cannot realise that I, wide awake as I am, am saying "Thank you" to a child who will know only by her eyes I have said it. Pictures are very useful in educating the deaf. A card, illustrating the nursery rhyme "This is the House that Jack Built," is chosen, and the teacher points to the house, the man, &c., and the child names them. Then the teacher indicates a plot of grass in front of the house.

"That is a field," the child remarks.

"It is not a field," the teacher says; "what is it?"

The child shakes her head, and the teacher takes her to the window, and points to the garden. "What is that?"

"That is a garden," answers the child, and she then understands that the grass around the house in the picture represents a garden, and not a field.

Mrs. Kinsey some time ago secured a canvas fire-escape. The children find it great fun getting out of the window and shooting down to the ground. Presently, therefore, we went into the garden to see some practice. Mrs. Kinsey tried an experiment soon after she received the escape, and found that she could get the dozen or more children out of the house in the event of fire in less than five minutes. As they came down one after another, they laughed and talked, saying how they liked it. I did not notice a sign during my two visits to Ealing College, and it seemed to me, rightly or wrongly, that what the pupils could not say by word of mouth they simply left unsaid.

The question now to be asked is, of what practical value is the oral system? Does it enable the deaf who have been thoroughly trained under it to take their place in the world on anything like equal terms with the hearing? Some oralists would not hesitate to give an affirmative reply. Mr. Ackers, to whom, as I have said, the existence of Ealing College is chiefly due—as another well-known oral school in Fitzroy-square is due to the munificence of the late Baroness Meyer de Rothschild—went into the matter thoroughly when his little girl, at three months old, lost her hearing. Mr. and Mrs. Ackers travelled in

Europe and America studying the French and German systems, and came to the conclusion that the latter offered greater chances of reducing the disabilities of deafness to a minimum. In addresses, which both delivered before the International Congress on the Education of the Deaf at Milan in

and Mrs. Ackers interviewed a thriving deaf dressmaker, who, however, proved shy, and was with difficulty induced to say anything about herself. She was engaged to be married, and her lover, hearing she had made so poor an exhibition of her powers of talking, rated her roundly on it, and Mr. and Mrs. Ackers were treated to the edifying spectacle of a spirited altercation between the deaf girl and her sweetheart. Another case referred to a congenitally deaf working tailor, who was at the court-house when they called. There had been a theft

from his master's shop, and he was the chief witness. He gave his evidence by word of mouth, lip read the advocates who examined and cross-examined him, and his testimony resulted in the conviction of the prisoner. Mrs. Kinsey herself told me a remarkable story. A country doctor who did not believe in the oral system, at a dance or an evening party, was talking to a young lady whom he had not met before. He said he had been informed there was a deaf lad in the room who had been educated on the oral system, and he would like to test the lad's ability to speak, and to lip read. The young lady replied that she supposed he meant her brother, who was deaf from birth, but spoke perfectly.

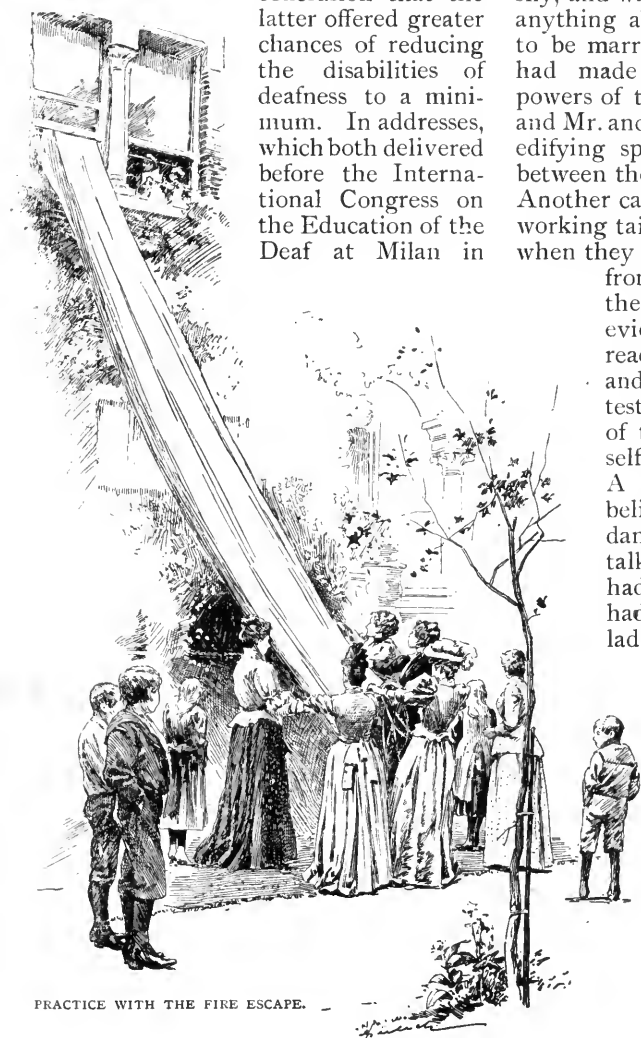
"That is my brother," she said, indicating a youth standing some distance away.

"Oh, nonsense!" cried the doctor, "I have just been talking to him, and he hears as well as I do."

"He is deaf as a post," answered the young lady, "and has not heard a word you said."

If that did not convince the doctor of the merits of the oral method nothing would. He, however, is not the only person who has been deceived, momentarily, at any rate, by the deaf who have acquired speech. In the Mayor's office of a great Midland town, I am told, one of the clerks, who has been deaf from infancy, holds his own without inconvenience to himself or anyone else.

So far we have been considering the education of the deaf and dumb from the brightest and most favourable point of view.



PRACTICE WITH THE FIRE ESCAPE.

1880, they gave some instances of what had been found possible under the German system. Whilst Mrs. Ackers knew cases where as many as three foreign languages had been acquired by oral pupils, Mr. Ackers told several instructive anecdotes. In their visits to deaf people they never met anyone who could have been mistaken for a hearing person, he admitted; but they heard the congenitally deaf speak, and were understood by them. One apprentice they saw stuttered, but spoke intelligibly, nevertheless. Indeed, his master said he spoke a great deal too much, and was always talking with his fellow apprentice. Mr.

Ealing College receives only the children of parents who can afford to pay a first-class price for first-class attention and first-class results. How fare the afflicted when their lot is cast less pleasantly? What of the thousands of children of poor but deserving, as well as of pauper, parents brought into the world deprived, so to speak, of their ears? The institution referred to at the beginning of this paper as the only public one in existence at the beginning of this century is the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb founded just one hundred years ago, in Bermondsey, and subsequently removed to the Old Kent-road, where it has now a splendid home. In the course of this year the centenary of the Asylum will be publicly celebrated, and much will, no doubt, be published descriptive of its great and good work. The institution was from the first a success, and since its commencement 5,000 deaf and dumb children have been received and educated by it, some 2,000 having been apprenticed to trades, at a cost of about £18,500. As the Asylum grew, it was deemed wise to establish a branch at the seaside, and if the philanthropists who inaugurated it with half a dozen inmates in 1792 could see the outcome of their work in two imposing institutions—one in the Old Kent-road, the other at the south-east corner of Margate, they would have cause to feel that their lives had not been spent in vain. The children, who are born of poor parents—grooms, gardeners, carpenters, carmen, labourers, working men of all kinds, are sent for a year to the Old Kent-road, and are then drafted to Margate, where, in addition to receiving the best education which a large school can supply, they receive also the health which is to be found on the North Kent coast, if anywhere. The Asylum is in charge of Dr. Elliott, to whose skill as a photographer we are indebted for several of our pictures. Dr. Elliott was one of the distinguishing body of men who at first found it difficult to believe that there was anything in teaching by the oral system worth the time and trouble it involves. Experience has convinced him, as it has convinced others, that he was wrong, and, within the limits rigidly prescribed by opportunity and nature, he supports the education of the deaf on the German system. There are at Margate 300 children, of whom all except eighty are being trained to speak and to lip read. Fresh from Ealing as I was, I appreciated instantly the difficulties which beset

Dr. Elliott. At Ealing each child can receive individual attention. At the Margate Asylum and similar institutions they are of necessity taught in classes of perhaps a dozen. The wonder is that under such circumstances they ever learn to articulate or to lip read at all. They do, however, and some of the results are quite remarkable. Several children to whom I spoke understood what I said without apparent difficulty, and some had voices so pleasant that I wondered whether, if the children had been blessed with the organ of sound, they would not have made most excellent singers.

Exigencies of space forbid me to go fully into all I saw and heard and did in a seven hours' visit to the institution, during which, under Dr. Elliott's guidance, I played the part of amateur examiner and inspector of the deaf and dumb. First I went over the whole place to get a general impression, and then spent a considerable time with various classes. The great difficulty with the dumb is language. Signs indicating mere facts and objects they adopt naturally, and are not difficult to understand. Language, however, whether they are to be taught to speak or not, they must have, if they are to communicate intelligibly with the hearing world. Dr. Elliott, by signs, asked a child, whose parents are both deaf and dumb, whether she had a brother deaf and dumb, and if he went to school. Her answer in dumb motion was, "One—school not yet—London." Interpreted, this meant, "I have a brother who has not yet gone to school. He is in London." To develop language, the silently taught children are made to write fully a description of the actions of the teacher; the oral pupils, of course, learn language by speech. Dr. Elliott points to his hat, places it on his head, and tells a class of girls to write. Two make the mistake of saying that "he placed the hat *in* his head," and it is not the simplest thing in the world to show them the difference between "in" and "on." The junior oral classes are both sides of the classes where the children are taught by signs. The noise they make momentarily suggests that it must be very distracting for the teachers and pupils in the intervening room. One forgets that neither teacher nor pupil by the sign system hears a sound, and that in the midst of the din they are in quiet. The best teachers of the deaf by signs are the deaf, I should say, just as the best leaders and teachers of the blind are blind. For the oral classes, of course, a teacher with ears



GIRLS' GYMNASIUM—MARGATE.

and distinctness of delivery is indispensable. When the children reach him from the Old Kent-road, Dr. Elliott tries them orally. If, after the year's exhaustive trial to which they have already been subjected, he comes to the conclusion that the child is incapable of doing any good under that system, he puts it to a sign class. Many who are treated thus could, no doubt, be taught orally, if the teacher could give them continuous individual attention; but in a large institution this, as has been said, is impossible. Moreover, the time allowed is barely sufficient to enable everything desirable to be done with the most promising. Parents naturally are very anxious that their children should be taught to speak, and the joy of a mother and father who send their child to the Asylum a mute, and receive it back years later with a voice, and an eye which is a fair substitute for the ear, can well be imagined. Sometimes, however, all the patience and ingenuity of man are incapable of teaching the child to articulate, and in this case, if the parents have set their heart on the oral system, the disappointment is terribly keen. One child I saw cannot get beyond a squeak which, heard in the dark, would be taken for that of a mouse. Dr. Elliott put her into a sign class, but the sorrow of the mother induced him to give the little one another trial. The experiment is more considerate for the mother than the child, who is, I should venture to

say, undoubtedly, orally hopeless. A visit to the gymnasium, where the girls shown in the accompanying picture went through a variety of difficult exercises in a manner which frequently compelled my unheeded applause, was particularly interesting. What a Spartan race English women would be if they were all trained to the muscular exercise which the deaf girls at Margate undergo! It is not surprising to hear that they

give the visiting medical man of the Asylum very little to do.

After dinner at one o'clock, the boys had some dumb-bell and club practice. They are well disciplined by a teacher who takes



EVAN WILLIAMS (AGE 9).

RHODA PIPPECK (AGE 10).

pride in his work, but to me the most attractive, as it was also the most amusing, feature of the performance was the presence of the little lad, Evan Williams. Such a mite, standing three feet high at most, would under ordinary conditions not be permitted to take part in this exercise. The lad watched the class one day, however, made a special appeal to the teacher to be allowed to join it, and, with a dignity and a precision quite touching, he imitates every movement of body and swing of the arms of the instructor. He should prove a born athlete, were as his frame is at present. The girls also practise with dumb-bells, and one of

teacher then told them to write "Mr. Salmon." The majority spelt the name correctly: two spelt it "Sammon," and one "Simon." At Dr. Elliott's request I dictated a sentence. Every eye in the class was on the alert, as I said the first thing that occurred to me: "It is a very fine day." Pencils went to work with eager rapidity, and in a minute all slates were turned for my inspection. They all had the words right, except one or two who left out the "a." I said several other things, which were read from my lips without difficulty. Addressing a girl, the offspring of deaf and dumb parents, Dr. Elliott said:—

"Did your mother go to school?"

"No, sir."

"Then is your mother ignorant?"

"No, sir."

"Is she clever?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you say she never went to school?"

I thought this would probably be more than the child would follow; but, after an instant's reflection, the answer was given:—

"Her father taught her."

"Your grandfather taught your mother?"

"Yes, sir."

There could be



ADVANCED ORAL CLASS—MARGATE.

the most skilful of them is Rhoda Pippeck, who is depicted with little Evan in our illustration.

The next thing to be seen is an advanced oral class, made up of girls and boys of ages ranging from 12 to 15. They all rise respectfully as Dr. Elliott and I enter the room. They are in the midst of a lesson in writing from dictation, and, when they have resumed their seats, Dr. Elliott introduces me: "This is Mr. Salmon," he says, "who is going to write an article for *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* on the Asylum." One or two pupils seemed to have missed what he said, but most of them smiled as they followed the words, and one boy said interrogatively, "Mr. Sammun?" The

no question about the genuineness of all this, or of the thought the child brought to bear on the subject. Great emulation exists among the scholars, and when, as frequently happens, one makes a stupid reply, the others laugh good-naturedly and with a full appreciation of the fun.

Shortly after the inspection of this class, prayer time arrived, and the last I saw of the deaf children at Margate who are taught on the oral system, was in a large room. The girls, two deep, were ranged down one side and the boys up the other. All eyes were fixed on Dr. Elliott as he stood at the table and read several short prayers. The "Amen" to each came distinctly and promptly, and then the Lord's Prayer was

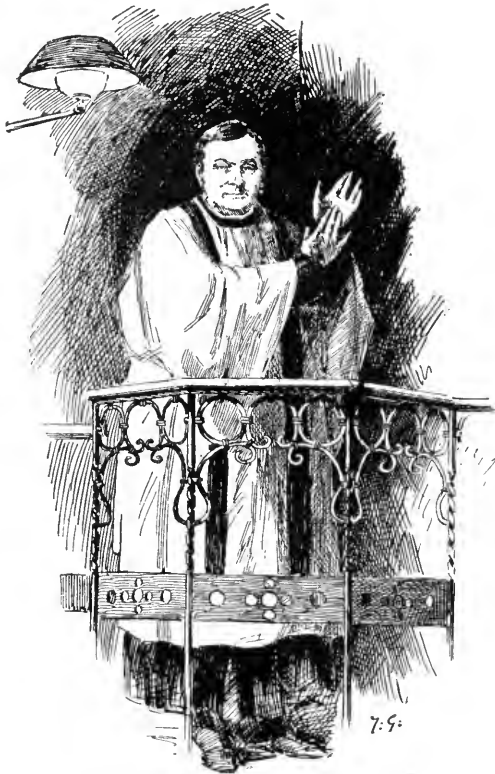
repeated by the entire body. If I did not catch every word, I can only say that it is but seldom that one can catch every word even when the prayer is uttered by a congregation more fortunately placed.

By way of contrast to this final experience at Margate, I lost no time on my return to town in attending the Deaf and Dumb Church in Oxford-street. Here the service is silent, and never was silence so eloquent. A congregation which gives expression to the prayers at its heart through the fingers, which sings hymns by signs, which follows a sermon not a word of which is spoken aloud, and a church without an organ and without a choir, are a novelty indeed. For two hours every Sunday morning and evening there is a service during which not a sound save a cough, or whisper from the altar, is to be heard. A strange feeling of incompetency comes over the visitor who is blessed with ears as he kneels, but only dimly comprehends the meaning of the prayer, as he stands up to a hymn which is not vocalised, as he regards the wonderful variety of motions by means of which the chaplain delivers a sermon some twenty minutes in length. The church is in charge

of the Rev. Dr. William Stainer—the acting chaplain, as he facetiously styles himself—a brother of Sir John Stainer, the great musician. Curious it is that one should have made himself famous through the medium of sound and the other should have devoted himself to the world to which sound is a meaningless term. Dr. Stainer is one of the most self-sacrificing of men. Whilst this year is the centenary of the Old Kent-road Asylum, it is also the jubilee of Dr. Stainer's connection with the deaf and dumb. For fifty years he has laboured in their cause, and he has an

ambition which few entertain but many realise. He wishes to die a poor man, and, seeing that a slice of his capital and a portion of his income go every year to the advancement of some work or other intended to benefit the deaf and dumb, he will certainly attain his ambition if he is spared. Dr. Stainer became a teacher in the Old Kent-road institution in 1842. Thence he migrated to Manchester, where there is one of the best deaf and dumb asylums in the world, and eventually he

took holy orders for the sake of the afflicted. To write a record of his life would be to furnish more than one chapter in the history of the efforts made during the nineteenth century to ameliorate the lot of the deaf and dumb. In 1872 he was appointed Chaplain of the Royal Society for the Deaf and Dumb in Oxford-street, the position he now holds, and in 1874 he was induced by the authorities of the School Board for London to take in hand the great work of providing for the education of the hundreds of deaf and dumb who were, on account of their infirmity, allowed to go uneducated. With this object he started centres of instruction for the deaf and dumb,



DR. STAINER PREACHING AT THE DEAF AND DUMB CHURCH.

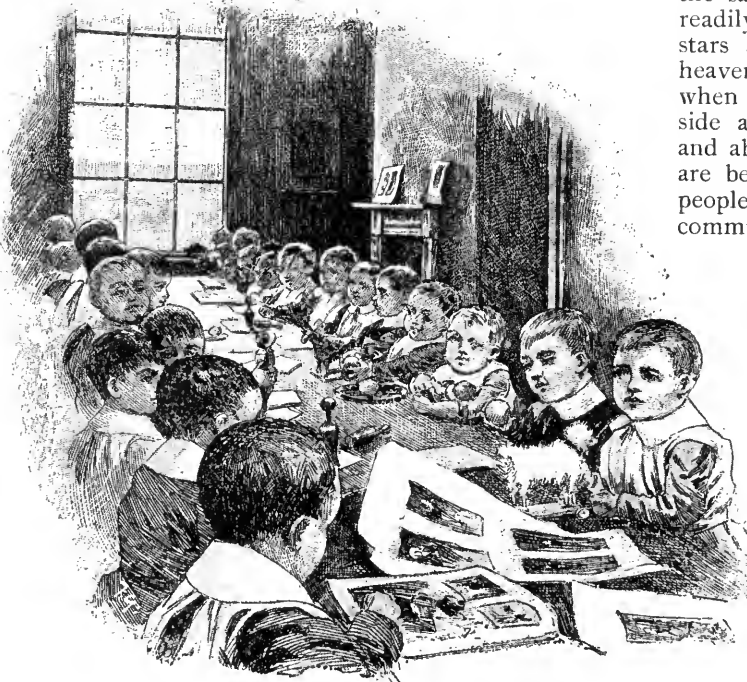
and later a home where children who lived too far from any centre to attend daily might be kept from Monday to Friday. To-day there are several homes in London which owe their existence to the initial energy of Dr. Stainer. To these homes are chiefly sent pauper children, some of the inmates having been actually found wandering in gutters like stray dogs, abandoned by those whose parental instinct was not strong enough to teach them a duty which even the lower animals observe. Most people in London probably know of Dr. Stainer's homes in the Pentonville-road. Here one

finds again conditions differing from those which obtain both at Ealing and at Margate. The children are sent to Dr. Stainer from some sixty different Boards, and are mostly paid for by the Poor Law Guardians. Some of them go to Dr. Stainer's homes as mere babes. He prefers to have them as young as possible, believing that education begun early is the most effectual. Whilst some of his charges are younger than any at Ealing or at Margate, he does something for the older ones which Dr. Elliott so far has not been able to do for his pupils. He has started workshops in which boys are taught bootmaking, tailoring, carpentering, wood carving, and other trades, and he is able in the course of time to ascertain what callings they are individually most suited for. Kindergarten and Sloyd work naturally plays a considerable part in the curriculum at the Pentonville Homes. As regards the girls, they are taught every sort of domestic duty, laundry work, &c., so that, given the opportunity, they are fitted to accept places as servants, sempstresses, laundry maids, &c. Let us take a peep first at the latest arrivals. At the moment I saw them the little ones were having their tea. There was no sort of shyness about the majority of them. Many

greeted me with a smile; one boy, not long since rescued from the streets, in his delight proved somewhat intractable, and one girl closed her hand and shook her thumb at me most vigorously. This I learned meant "good"; whether that she considered herself the good one of the bunch, or that it was good of me to come to see them, I do not know. The method of teaching is pretty much the same as at Margate. Those who can be taught to speak are taught, but the conditions keep the number small. The workshops are the chief novelty in Dr. Stainer's homes. The boys seem to take great interest in their work, and some have proved not only efficient, but excellent workmen. One adjunct to the carpenters' room gave rise to an anecdote worth recording. A steam engine in the laundry beneath is used for the purposes of the saw-bench and the turning-lathe. The boys have learnt that the broad belt of leather which comes up through the floor is moved by the machinery below. There was lying on the floor part of a tree trunk. They know that trees come out of the ground, and being asked how they grow, they conclude that the same sort of hidden power forces them up. The forces of Nature are not easily made comprehensible to them. In the same way they are not readily convinced that the stars are not holes in the heavens, and are only visible when the lights on the other side are lit. Space, time, and abstract ideas generally are beyond the majority of people who can hold hourly communion with their fellows.

What wonder that they should be almost wholly beyond the deaf?

The deaf mute, all unconscious of his great infirmity as he is, is a very superior person. There is a consensus of opinion bearing out this statement. Those people who are ready to regard the deaf and dumb as stupid would be well advised sometimes to take care

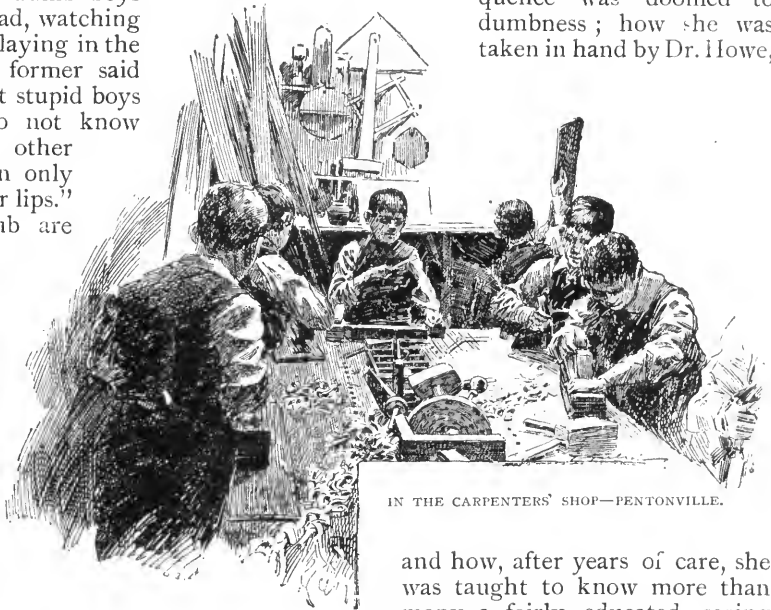


KINDERGARTEN - PENTONVILLE.

that the deaf and dumb have not already made up their minds to regard their visitors in the light of the stupid party. Many years ago Dr. Stainer recollects coming upon two deaf and dumb boys at the Old Kent-road, watching some hearing boys playing in the street. One of the former said to the other: "What stupid boys they are. They do not know how to talk to each other as we do; they can only make signs with their lips." The deaf and dumb are very much of the view of the tribe of North American Indians, who, though in possession of all their faculties, were reputed to seldom open their lips. They regarded signs as the natural means of communication. In one respect the deaf and dumb have an advantage over the hearing world. From whatever cause, they show, in most cases, an extraordinary indifference to pain. The matron at the Margate Asylum, in response to my inquiry on this point, assured me that where one would have the greatest difficulty in getting an ordinary child to have a tooth out, the deaf and dumb will have three or four out, with not so much as a protest. To pull three or four, or even five out at a sitting was indeed a constant practice, until mere humanity compelled her to forbid it.

Wonderful as are the results which have been achieved in the education of the deaf and dumb on both the oral and the sign systems, I cannot conclude this account of how it is done without some reference to an achievement more wonderful than either. It is a work difficult enough in all conscience to educate the blind or the deaf and dumb; but, unless one actually knows of a case where a child, practically born deaf, dumb, and blind, has been educated, it is simply incredible that beings so absolutely isolated can be made to know the meaning of things both material and spiritual. Yet it has been done in America and England several times. Readers of Dickens's "American Notes" will remember the

pathetic and beautiful account he gives of Laura Bridgman; how, having a fever shortly after birth, she was left deprived of eyes, ears, and almost smell, and in consequence was doomed to dumbness; how she was taken in hand by Dr. Howe,



IN THE CARPENTERS' SHOP—PENTONVILLE.

and how, after years of care, she was taught to know more than many a fairly educated seeing and hearing being knows. What Dr. Howe did in America, Mr. Andrew Patterson, the late devoted head master of the Manchester Institution, did in England. He came across a little girl who had been abandoned in a dark and damp cellar when some two or three years of age. The news of Dr. Howe's success induced Mr. Patterson to try his hand with Mary Bradley. Removing her from the school where, poor helpless mortal, she was driven nearly mad by the teasing and cruelty of the other children, Mr. Patterson put her in a room alone to see what she would do. She immediately occupied herself in finding out with her hands where she was. When he started to teach her, he took some object, a pen, say, and then made the signs for "pen" on her fingers. By repeating this day after day, with a variety of things, he hoped to make the imprisoned brain realise that there was some connection between the signs and the object. But no apparent success attended his efforts. One week, two weeks, three weeks, four went by, and Mary Bradley's mind seemed as blank as at the hour they started, when suddenly, one day, her face brightened. She understood at last! A breach had been made in the wall which hedged her in. "She had

found the key to the mystery," says a writer who, twenty years ago, published an account of Mr. Patterson's great work in a brochure which few, except specialists, possess probably to-day. "Placing her hand on each of the objects separately, she gave the name of each on her fingers, or rather signed them on the fingers of her teacher, as her mode of describing them." What a moment for the teacher! What unutterable joy must have suffused his heart as he realised that he had found a way to an imprisoned brain and a human soul! He instantly cut out the letters of the alphabet in cardboard, and when in time he had made her understand the meaning of these, he got a case of type which she learnt to compose into words. He taught her to write, and she actually wrote to and received letters from Laura Bridgman. Like her, she was very quick and eager to learn; and, when a boy similarly afflicted was sent to Mr. Patterson, she took the greatest interest in assisting in the lad's education. As they got to know each other the two became close friends. Sometimes they would be sitting together talking with their fingers, when Mr. Patterson tried to approach them unobserved. The boy invariably warned his companion that Mr. Patterson was coming. They never confused one person with another, and their memories were remarkable.

As example is better than precept, so I hope the facts contained in this article will point a moral which it is impossible now to enforce at any

length. A hundred years ago, De l'Épée is reported to have given utterance to two opinions: first, that the world will never learn to talk on its fingers in order to have the pleasure of conversing with the deaf and dumb; second, that the only means of restoring the deaf and dumb completely to society is to teach them to hear with their eyes and to express themselves *viva voce*. The case for the pure oral system could not be more pithily stated than in these views of one who found it necessary to rely absolutely on signs.

The Royal Commission which sat three or four years ago on the subject, issued a report containing several noteworthy recommendations. Every deaf child must be educated, was the moral of these. It was hoped the Government would give effect to these proposals last year; but they did not get beyond the printing of a Bill. Brave men and women have in their private capacity devoted their lives, and often their incomes,

to the indigent and the poor deaf mute, and upon such Christian energy everything has depended. This is not as it should be, and the Government have it in their power to do a just and generous as well as a wise and politic thing. Experience has shown what, under proper conditions, the oral system can accomplish,

and any Bill which assists the reduction of the number of deaf mutes will conduce to the advantage of individuals by making them more self-dependent and to the advantage of the State by adding to the number of capable citizens.



IN THE GYMNASIUM—
PENTONVILLE.

Clouds with Silver Linings.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. DE GIRARDIN, BY JAMES MORTIMER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ADRIEN DES AUBIERS (*a young French officer*).

LUCIEN (*his friend*).

NOËL (*an old family servant*).

MADAME DES AUBIERS.

BLANCHE (*her daughter*).

MATHILDE DE PIERREVAL (*betrotthed to Adrien*).

The Scene is laid at a Château near Bordeaux, during the Franco-German war of 1870-71.

SCENE.—*A well furnished drawing-room, with folding-doors C., opening into a corridor. Window with heavy curtains L.U.E. Door R.U.E. Fireplace with fire L. Table with drawing materials L.C. Easy chair R.C. Small work table R., with lady's work basket containing wool, a key, &c. Couch L.C.*

(*As the curtain rises, MADAME DES AUBIERS discovered seated in an arm-chair R., with Berlin wool work in her hands; BLANCHE is seated on a stool at MADAME DES AUBIERS' feet. At the back, LUCIEN is seated on the sofa L., with a book in his hand, which he pretends to read, though really furtively watching MATHILDE, who is at the table L.C., drawing in an album. The three ladies are in deep mourning. After the curtain rises, there is a momentary silence. MADAME DES AUBIERS sighs, and lets her embroidery fall from her hands. BLANCHE turns round and looks at her mother sadly, then rises, wipes away the tears from MADAME DES AUBIERS' eyes, and kisses her. BLANCHE takes a step towards LUCIEN, who rises.*

BLANCHE (*glancing out at the window*).—The storm seems to have cleared away, and the sun is shining. But what a fearful night it was! The wind blew dreadfully. To

think of the poor fishermen who went out to sea yesterday morning!

LUCIEN.—The hurricane was so violent that the great elm in front of Widow Gervaise's cottage, on the beach, was blown down.

BLANCHE (*aside to LUCIEN*).—Hush! Don't mention the name of Gervaise in mamma's hearing. She has lost *her* son, too. He was a sailor, and it is now more than a year since Gervaise had any tidings of him.

LUCIEN (*aside to BLANCHE*).—Indeed? I did not know the widow had any children.

BLANCHE (*as before*).—Yes, an only son—a fine young fellow, who is supposed to have been lost at sea. We never mention



“OH, HOW LIKE HIM!”

Gervaise's name now; it always makes mamma cry since—you know—(weeps).

LUCIEN.—My poor dear friend. So full of life and gaiety, here, a few short months ago, and now gone for ever. (*Turns away and throws himself on the sofa L.*)

(*While LUCIEN has been speaking,*

BLANCHE *has approached MATHILDE, and now looks over her shoulder.*)

BLANCHE.—Oh! how like him. The same smile, the same proud air. My poor, poor brother! Then you still love him, Mathilde?

MATHILDE.—Love him! Can you ask me? (*Looks at BLANCHE steadfastly.*) When you are sad, dear, your eyes are the image of Adrien's (*kisses her*). But for this dreadful war, we should have been happily married now (*weeps*).

BLANCHE (*aside, stealing a glance at LUCIEN*).—He does not take his eyes from her!

Enter NOEL, C. He closes the door gently and glances at MADAME DES AUBIERS, who remains motionless in the easy chair.)

NOEL (*in a low voice*).—Mamzelle Blanche.

BLANCHE (*going toward him*).—What is it, Noel?

NOEL.—Monsieur Durand has come about the old wall that has fallen down at the back of the garden. He wishes to speak to Madame.

BLANCHE.—Very well (*she takes a step toward MADAME and then returns to NOEL*). Has he brought the plan for the new stables I asked him to prepare?

NOEL (*in a low voice*).—Yes, Mamzelle. He says it will be a very easy matter. Try to obtain your mamma's consent, and then you can persuade her afterwards to go out and see how the masons and carpenters get on with their work. In that way Madame will breathe a little fresh air and walk about a bit. It will be that much gained, at any rate.

MADAME (*shaking off her reverie*).—Is that you, Noel?

NOEL.—Yes, Madame. I was just speaking to Mamzelle Blanche. I hope I have not disturbed Madame?

MADAME.—No. What is it, Noel?

BLANCHE (*turning towards MADAME*).—Mamma, Noel here insists upon the absolute necessity—eh, Noel?

NOEL.—Oh yes, Mamzelle Blanche.

BLANCHE.—The absolute necessity of your speaking in person to Monsieur

Durand, about the new stables it was decided to build six months ago, before my poor brother—that is, when Adrien was with us. I have told him over and over again that you have quite abandoned the idea, that you don't wish to be troubled with any such affair. But Noel is so obstinate, you know, mamma, he won't listen to me at all. He says Monsieur Durand has prepared all the plans according to my brother's own directions—eh, Noel?

NOEL.—Yes, Mamzelle Blanche. (*Aside*) She's an artful one, the dear child!

BLANCHE.—And has now come to show them to you. Besides, Noel says the work will cost a mere nothing.

NOEL (*comes down C.*).—Nothing, Madame—or next to it, at least.

MADAME.—Noel, go say to Monsieur Durand that I will join him in the garden.

(*Exit NOEL, C.*)

(*To BLANCHE*) Come, dear.

(*Exeunt MADAME and BLANCHE, C.*)

LUCIEN (*rises and closes the door*).—Alone with her at last.

(*He approaches MATHILDE, who suddenly rises and stand motionless.*)

Oh, listen to me, I implore you, if only for one moment. I am about to return to Bordeaux, and shall see your father. Let me tell him that you will soon return home.

MATHILDE (*coldly*).—I have already told you that it is my intention to remain here.

LUCIEN.—But your parents—your family.

MATHILDE.—My family is that of the man who was to have been my husband.

LUCIEN.—I respect your sentiment in coming here; but it is now five months since Adrien fell at Gravelotte, and—

MATHILDE.—Well, sir, if I were his widow, it would be my right and my duty to mourn for him all my life. To think that he is dead—dead!

(*She leans her elbows on the table, buries her face in her hands, and weeps.*)

LUCIEN.—Why, then, did he not resign when this war broke out? Why did he leave you if he loved you?

MATHILDE.—He was a true Frenchman, sir, and a soldier.

LUCIEN.—During the long years of his military studies in Paris, you never met him, or thought of him, save as a childish playmate. I loved you even then, and you were not angry with me.

MATHILDE (*scornfully*).—No—I laughed at you.

LUCIEN.—Pitiless girl!



MATHILDE.—You desire to console me. Do you not feel, what bitterness there is for me in the very thought that you presume to hope?

LUCIEN (*supplicating*).—Mathilde!

MATHILDE.—Do not approach me, sir. I detest and despise you.

(*She pushes open door c., and goes out hurriedly. NOEL is discovered with a feather dusting-brush in his hand.*)

LUCIEN.—Mathilde, pity me! (*Comes down R.*) Must I, then, abandon her to this terrible despair that is killing her?

(*Enter NOEL, C. He puts down his brush on the sofa L., and closes the door.*)

NOEL.—What is the matter? Why do you torment the poor young lady?

LUCIEN.—I wish to console her.

NOEL.—But she won't be consoled. Excuse me, Monsieur Lucien, but you have no right to fall in love with Mamzelle Mathilde.

LUCIEN.—You are right, Noel, and I must try to forget her. (*Rises.*)

NOEL.—Besides, there are lots of other pretty girls in the world. What's the use

of hanging on after one who doesn't care about you?

LUCIEN.—Yes, I will leave here to-night.

NOEL (*dissatisfied*).—Leave here! What for?

LUCIEN.—She hates the sight of me.

NOEL.—Well, there are others who don't.

LUCIEN.—What do you mean?

NOEL.—I mean that there are people to whom the sight of you is extremely agreeable. To me, for example; and to Madame; and to Mamzelle Blanche, too. Ah! she'll be a treasure for somebody!

LUCIEN.—Yes, she will be a very handsome woman—

NOEL.—Will be! (*Aside.*) I wonder what his notion of a pretty woman is?

LUCIEN.—She is very amiable and sensible, too.

NOEL.—That she is, and well educated, and such a lively disposition when there's no sorrow on her heart, poor thing. Ah! if somebody should endeavour to console her, I don't think he'd get the sack. (*A pause—aside.*) The great booby doesn't understand.

LUCIEN (*up stage*).—Noel, I shall be in Bordeaux to-morrow.

NOEL.—What! You leave me, then, to look after three women in despair?

LUCIEN.—If anything serious should happen, send for me at once. Old friendship almost makes me one of the family.

NOEL.—There are several ways of being one of the family.

LUCIEN (*coming down*).—Yes, close association, time-honoured intimacy—

NOEL (*aside*).—What a stupid dolt!

LUCIEN.—Adrien treated me always as a brother, and I will be a son to his mother.

NOEL.—Just what I most desire.

LUCIEN.—Now I must go get ready to leave this evening.

(*Exit C.*)

NOEL.—Poor fellow; it's not his fault if he doesn't see that our little Blanche is in love with him, though, I must confess, I do wonder at it myself. But then, women are such a funny lot; luckily, I never troubled my head about any of them.

(*Enter BLANCHE, C., with handkerchief to her eyes.*)

Ah! here she comes—and crying again, of course. What is the matter now, Mamzelle Blanche? You promised me not to cry any more. (*He closes door C.*)

BLANCHE.—I can't help it. Do you remember that lovely tea rose, that my poor brother planted last summer? Well, it is

in full bloom, all of a sudden like, and he not here to—to—(*sobbing*)—have one in—in—(*sobs*)—his buttonhole. (*Sits in chair L., at table.*)

NOEL (*angry*).—What childishness! (*He*

invent something pleasant to tell her. For instance, just suppose that a nice young man comes all of a sudden to ask your hand in marriage.

BLANCHE.—A nice young man, did you say?

NOEL.—Oh, I didn't refer to Master Lucien.

BLANCHE (*joyous*).—Monsieur Lucien. Oh, how delightful! that is—no, I don't mean that.

NOEL.—Never mind your meaning. The smile—the old smile we all loved so well has come back, and I am happy. So will your mamma be, when she sees it, and that is far more important.

BLANCHE.—Oh, Noel, Noel! You are so good, so kind. You try to give us all

fresh courage, and to cheer us up, and I love you dearly—indeed I do. Then you are so tender in taking care of poor dear mamma, and so patient. Oh, I don't say anything, but I see it all, and will never forget it—never. (*NOEL weeps.*) There, now, Mr. Growler, who's crying now, I'd like to know?

NOEL.—What do you talk to me in that way for, if I'm not to make an old fool of myself?

BLANCHE.—I only said you were good and true, did I? I might have added that you are very clever, too—yes, and sly.

NOEL.—I?

BLANCHE.—And in spite of your stupid looks—

NOEL.—Have I a stupid look, then?

BLANCHE.—You fathom mysterious secrets, that nobody knows anything about. You read people's thoughts.

NOEL.—Whose thoughts?

BLANCHE.—If you can't guess, I shall not say another word.

NOEL.—But then, I'm so stupid you know—

BLANCHE.—Oh, not always.



"I'M BLUBBERING MYSELF NOW."

sits down beside her, produces a large bandana handkerchief and wipes her eyes.) There (*soothing*), don't cry any more. Why, bless you, that kind of thing happens every day almost. Somebody you love plants a rosebush, and by and by, when the person who—planted it (*faltering*) has gone away—it blossoms, maybe—and you pluck a rose—anybody might pluck a rose, you know—it's not a thing to cry about. (*Breaks down and cries.*) Nonsense! I'm blubbering myself, now. Come, come, Mamzelle Blanche. Take heart—do try. Remember that another terrible disaster threatens us; your mother's health is failing, and I fear if something is not done, grief will kill her.

BLANCHE.—Oh, Noel! But what can I do?

NOEL.—Why, in the first place, you must try to set her a cheerful example.

BLANCHE.—Well, so I *do* try. But I can't. (*Sobs.*) The tears will come and choke me. I do my best to gulp them down, but they won't stay down.

NOEL.—Well, now, dry your eyes and go back to your mamma. Try to smile and



"HUSH!"

NOEL.—Well, then, tell me——

BLANCHE.—No. Remember, you said I must go back to mamma. So good-bye. (*Pauses, and then returns, whispers.*) Of course, you have not mentioned this to anyone?

NOEL (*pretending ignorance, whispers*).—Mentioned what?

BLANCHE (*whispers*).—Hush! Your discovery.

NOEL.—Shh! No.

BLANCHE.—And of course you won't? Mamma mustn't know it, for the world. It would make her still sadder. And then, on the other hand, Noel, think of my dignity.

NOEL.—And, again, I may be mistaken.

BLANCHE (*quickly*).—But you're not.

NOEL (*the same*).—Then you confess it, do you?

BLANCHE.—I confess nothing. Good-bye, Noel!

(*Exit C., the door closing behind her.*)

NOEL (*alone*).—Ah! that's the girl for me! There is some life in her, and no sentimental humbug. (*He throws open the window L.*) What do I care for women that talk poetry and politics, and write books, and have a notion that they ought to have been born men? Not that! (*Snaps his fingers.*) Now, there's Mamzelle Mathilde (*he pushes the table back L.C.*) they all make so much fuss and wonder about; she's entirely beyond me. I don't understand her. I suppose it's because she's a genius. (*Places an arm-chair at R. 1st E.*) As a rule, I think young women—and old women, too—have no business to be geniuses; and if anything makes me forgive Mamzelle de Pierreval, here, for being so vastly clever, it is that she has drawn such a life-like picture of my dear boy, although I must say she has given him a serious, solemn look he never had—I mean,

a solemn look he hasn't, for they may all say what they like, I can't bring myself to believe he is dead. It's no use showing me his uniform all stained with blood and pierced with bullet-holes, or the letters and papers found in his pockets—I say still, that

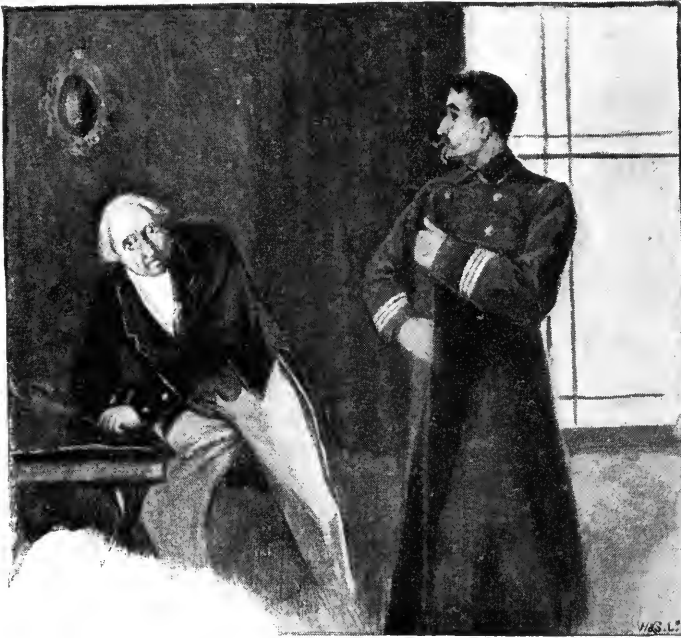
proves just nothing at all. (*He turns over the sofa cushions.*) When I think of all his miraculous escapes as a child, I cannot believe that Providence would abandon him even on the battle-field. One day—I remember he wasn't more than five years old—we were having a game of touch in this very room, and, in running away from me, what must he do but get over the balcony outside that window. (*Points.*) I was almost wild with terror, for I thought, of course, he was killed—poor little fellow! I rushed to the balcony, looked over with a shudder, and what did I see? There was my young scapegrace, with his little frock caught in one of the iron supports of the window, and holding on with his tiny hands to the balcony railings. "You won't catch me, Noel," he says, merrily; "it wouldn't be fair play, you know." And now they want me to believe that the pitiless invaders of our unhappy France have destroyed his young life. Never! The thing is not possible, and my mind's perfectly easy. The ladies may mourn for him, but I won't. I expect him home, I may say, every day.

(*The door C. is opened, and ADRIEN appears in uniform. He stops to listen.*) If he should come this very minute it wouldn't surprise me a bit. I can almost hear his merry voice exclaiming, as he used to when he came home from a day's shooting or fishing, "Now, then, Noel, let's have a bit of lunch; I'm almost famished."

ADRIEN.—Now, then, Noel, let's have a bit of lunch; I'm almost famished! (*He tosses his cap on the table L.C., and comes down C.*)

NOEL (*staggering*).—Good heavens!

ADRIEN.—Why, what's the matter, Noel? Why do you look so strangely at



"WHY DO YOU LOOK SO STRANGELY AT ME?"

me? Did you not expect me, then? (NOEL staggers and falls into ADRIEN's arms). Why, Noel! Noel! Don't you know me? It is I, Adrien.

NOEL (*sobbing, and then recovering slowly*).—Oh, my dear, dear boy! I am so happy. (*Clasps ADRIEN in his arms.*)

ADRIEN (*after a pause*).—But, Noel, I don't understand all this. Did you not receive my letter?

NOEL.—No; nothing has come.

ADRIEN.—It must have miscarried then. And my other letters from Germany? I wrote to you, last month, that I had recovered from my wounds.

NOEL.—There! What did I say? So you were not killed, after all?

ADRIEN.—Killed! Do I look as if I had been killed? But, Noel, my mother?

NOEL.—The poor lady believes you dead.

ADRIEN.—Dead?

NOEL.—Yes, killed by the enemy. Good gracious, how are we to tell her of your safety?

ADRIEN.—My poor dear mother. How I long to embrace her!

NOEL.—You frighten me at the bare idea. If she saw you now, she would fall dead on the spot.

ADRIEN.—It was to avoid all this difficulty that I wrote to you from Brussels,

where I made my way after escaping from Germany.

NOEL.—Hush! I hear her footstep on the stairs.

ADRIEN.—My mother?

NOEL (*listening*).—Yes; she has stopped to rest a moment. What's to be done? Ah! let's fasten the door. No, that would excite her suspicions—Here! help me to push the sofa against the door.

(*They push sofa against door c. NOEL kneels on the sofa.*)

MADAME (*outside, and trying to open the door*).—Noel!

ADRIEN.—Her voice! My dear, dear mother!

MADAME (*outside, calling*).—Noel!

NOEL (*aside*).—I must answer. (*Aloud*) I thought you were gone

for a walk, Madame, so I took advantage to dust the drawing-room a bit. Shall I move the sofa back and let you in? There's an awful cloud of dust here!

MADAME.—Never mind, then. I only came for my volume of "Lamartine," you will find it on the table. Give it me.

ADRIEN (*aside—taking book from table l.c.*).—One of my own books. (*Kisses it.*)

NOEL.—Yes, Madame.

(*He remains on the sofa, and makes signs to ADRIEN, who tremblingly passes the book to MADAME through the door ajar, in spite of NOEL's indignant by-play.*)

Is that it, Madame?

MADAME (*outside*).—Yes, thanks.

(NOEL peeps cautiously through the door to see that she has gone, and then falls on the sofa.)

NOEL.—Phew! I'm all in a cold perspiration (*sits*).

ADRIEN (*at window*).—How pale, how changed she is!

NOEL (*pulling him away*).—I'm changed, too. My hair has all turned grey—what there is of it.

ADRIEN.—And I cannot clasp her in my arms.

(*Turns towards the window and holds out his arms.*)

NOEL (*interposing*).—For the present, just clasp *me* in your arms, if that'll do you any good. (ADRIEN *hugs him*.) Hush! someone is coming again. This time I'll lock the door. (*Locks door c.*)

BLANCHE (*knocking outside c.*).—Noel!

NOEL (*aside to ADRIEN*).—It's your sister.

ADRIEN.—Dear little Blanche.

BLANCHE (*outside*).—Noel!

NOEL.—Pooh, pooh! What should we fear? I'll just prepare her for an agreeable surprise. Go hide behind the curtain there. (ADRIEN *conceals himself*.)

BLANCHE (*outside*).—What are you muttering to yourself about? Do open the door.

NOEL.—Yes, Mamzelle Blanche.

(*He draws aside the sofa, and unlocks the door. He then commences dusting the chairs, humming a tune in a low voice.*)

BLANCHE (*entering c.*).—Why did you lock yourself in, Noel?

NOEL.—Why, so that the dust shouldn't get out.

BLANCHE.—A new idea of yours, I must admit.

NOEL (*aside*).—What nonsense I do talk. (*Aloud*) To keep the dust in, I mean.

BLANCHE.—Don't be absurd. Mamma has gone for a stroll, with Mathilde. Poor mamma does look so ill.

NOEL.—Oh, very ill, Mamzelle Blanche—very ill, indeed. (*Hums a tune.*)

BLANCHE.—Why, Noel, what has happened to you?

NOEL.—Me? Nothing. (*Hums.*)

BLANCHE.—I speak to you about poor mamma, and you actually commence singing. I never heard the like before. It's not natural. Something *has* happened, I'm sure.

NOEL.—I do look rather queer, don't I? Well, mamzelle, if the truth must be told, I do feel a little flustered. I've just received a piece of extraordinary news, that's all.

BLANCHE.—Good news?

NOEL.—Excellent.

BLANCHE.—For me?

NOEL.—Yes, and for me, too. For all of us.

BLANCHE.—Oh, Noel, what is it?

NOEL.—Guess.

BLANCHE.—About Adrien?

NOEL.—You commence to burn.

BLANCHE.—He has been heard from?

NOEL.—Now you are scorching.

BLANCHE.—Oh, my dear, dear brother!

There, tell me all, that's a dear Noel. You needn't be a bit afraid. I can stand it. I've got such a head, you know.

NOEL.—Without any fainting or nonsense?

BLANCHE.—I faint? Did you ever see me faint?

NOEL.—I never did—that's true. Well, then, mamzelle—

BLANCHE.—He's here—alive?

NOEL.—He is—and safe and well.

BLANCHE.—Oh! what joy for mamma. (*Calling*) Adrien! Adrien! Where are you?

ADRIEN (*comes out*).—Not dead, little sister, but dying—to kiss you.

BLANCHE.—You may. I don't believe you are a ghost.

(ADRIEN *runs and lifts her in his arms.*)

ADRIEN (*kisses her*).—My own darling little Blanche! (*Looks at her.*) Why, how pretty the minx has grown. (*Kisses her.*)

BLANCHE.—Oh! mamma will be so happy, and so will our poor Mathilde, and all of us.

NOEL.—To begin, then, Master Adrien, you must be concealed somewhere, at once. (*To Blanche*) If we only had the key of his room.

BLANCHE.—Mamma always keeps it in her own possession. Stop! Here is her work-basket. The key may be in it. (*Rummages in basket.*) And here it is.



"HERE IT IS."

(Shows key.) How lucky! isn't it? (She runs to door R.U.E., and opens it with key.) Now, sir, walk into prison, if you please.

ADRIEN (at the door R.).—My own little room! and in such perfect order. My books, my maps—everything in its place.

NOEL.—Just as it didn't use to be.

ADRIEN (to BLANCHE).—Do you hear this spiteful old Noel? Why, I do believe he has had my geometrical drawings all framed and hung around the walls.

BLANCHE (pretends to look in).—Dear me! So he has! Go and admire them.

(she pushes ADRIEN in and locks door R.U.E.)

ADRIEN (outside).—You don't mean to say I'm to be locked in?

BLANCHE.—Make haste to get him some luncheon, Noel, that's a duck! Oh, what fun we shall have! And how jolly it is not to cry any more, and not to wear this horrid black dress. I shall put on my tarletan dress this very evening, and wear those tea roses in my hair. I could almost dance for joy. Tra-la-la! (dances)

NOEL.—Mamzelle Blanche, you shouldn't dance about in that way. Suppose Madame were to come in now!

BLANCHE.—Oh, there's no danger. And if I didn't do something I should explode; I'm sure I should. To think he is there, and so handsome, too!

NOEL.—That he is. Almost as handsome as Master Lucien, isn't he?

BLANCHE.—Noel, it's very spiteful of you to tease me. You're a wicked old man.

NOEL.—I'm so happy, I can't help teasing you a bit. It's my way of dancing, you know. But now we must be serious, and devise some means of breaking this glorious news to your mamma.

BLANCHE.—Oh, I don't give the matter a thought. All I fear is that I shall not look miserable enough; I couldn't do it.

NOEL.—You certainly haven't a very sorry appearance just now.

BLANCHE.—And you look as happy as a bridegroom.

NOEL.—A nice pair we are.

BLANCHE.—Your eyes alone are sure to betray us. You don't know how they shine.

NOEL.—Do they, though? Then I'll keep winking, so that it shan't be noticed. (Crosses to window L.) Ah! there they come, across the lawn. (Going) Remember, Mamzelle Blanche, this is the dangerous moment.

BLANCHE.—You don't mean to leave me alone with her?

NOEL.—But I do, though. I could never conceal my feelings. It takes a woman to dissimulate, you know.

(Exit c.)

BLANCHE (alone).—Noel! Come back, you silly old man! Poor mamma! What if I throw my arms around her neck, and tell her the happy truth at once? No, no: that would never do. It would kill her.

(Enter MADAME DES AUBIERS, c.)

She goes to the easy-chair R, without seeing BLANCHE, throws her bonnet on table R.)

(Approaching) Are you any better, mamma? I fear you have walked too far, and have fatigued yourself.

(She goes softly around her mother's chair, puts her arm round her neck, and kisses her.)

MADAME.—Your stroll on the beach this morning did you good, dear. I can almost fancy I see you smile. (Looks at her steadfastly.) I don't know why, but it seems to me you have a strange expression of the eyes.

BLANCHE (confused).—I, mamma?

MADAME.—Yes, dear. They appear brighter than usual, as if some pleasure had happened to you.

BLANCHE.—Dear mamma, how well you guess everything!

MADAME.—Ah! what has occurred, then?

BLANCHE (aside).—Oh, such an idea! I will risk it, at all hazards. It may pave the way, and can do no harm, I'm sure.

MADAME.—Sit down here, love, and tell me what has given you pleasure.

BLANCHE (sitting on the stool at MADAME'S feet).—Well, mamma, I am both pleased and vexed.

MADAME.—At what?

BLANCHE.—Why, to think that such great joy can fall to the lot of people who don't deserve it, whilst you, dear mamma, so gentle, so good, are plunged in sorrow.

MADAME.—Alas, my child! it is the will of Providence, and we have no right to envy the happiness of others. But to whom do you allude?

BLANCHE.—Why, to that unfeeling creature, Widow Gervaise, who forced her son to go to sea two years ago, to prevent him from marrying the girl of his choice, just because she was poor.

MADAME (anxiously).—Well, dear, well?

BLANCHE.—You know, mamma, the young man was supposed to have perished in the *Amphitrite*.

MADAME.—Supposed to have perished? He *did* perish.

BLANCHE.—Oh no, mamma; he was saved, and has arrived in England in a merchant vessel from China. His mother heard from him to-day, and expects him home next week.

MADAME.—Good Heavens! Can such joy be possible? (*Falls back in the chair.*) And what has *she* done to deserve such a blessing?

BLANCHE.—Well, then, mamma, it may be a silly idea of mine, but why should not we, too, indulge a hope that——?

MADAME.—Alas! For us, there is no room for hope, my child—none, none! I have the official assurance of the Government that he is dead. My poor lost boy! (*Weeps.*)

BLANCHE (*rising*).—Yes, mamma, but perhaps the Government is wrong. It wouldn't be the first time the Government has been wrong, and other Governments too!

(MADAME *risés.*)

Are you going, mamma?

MADAME (*agitated*).—Yes, love, to Mathilde's room. (*Goes to door c., then pauses and comes down c.*) Did you say the young man had reached England?

BLANCHE.—Yes, mamma, and may be here any day.

MADAME.—What happiness for Gervaise. Her son! her boy! How she must count, one by one, the weary moments. (*Quickly*) Blanche, I will be back presently.

(*Snatches her bonnet from table R.*)

(*Exit c.*)

BLANCHE (*alone*).—The ice is broken at last. The idea will now take root in her mind that a mother may recover her son, even if the Government says he is dead.

(*Enter NOEL c., with a basket.*)

NOEL.—You keep watch outside, while I take the prisoner his bread and water. (*Takes key from BLANCHE. Enters room R. U. E.*)

BLANCHE.—We must manage Mathilde next. She's certain to have a nervous fit of some sort.

(*Re-enter NOEL R.U.E.*)

NOEL (*alarmed*).—He's gone!

BLANCHE.—Gone? I thought I locked the door.

NOEL.—Yes, but not the window. And I'll lay any money he has caught a glimpse of Mamzelle Mathilde.

BLANCHE.—The poor fellow is in love, you know.

NOEL.—In love! and a nice business it is, to be in love.

(*ADRIEN appears on window sill L.*)

ADRIEN.—Love laughs at locksmiths—remember that.

BLANCHE.—So there you are, traitor! Come here, sir, directly.

NOEL.—Someone is coming. Quick. (*Adrien jumps on L.*)

ADRIEN.—If I must, I suppose I must.

(*BLANCHE pushes ADRIEN into room R.U.E., and hastily locks the door. At the same moment enter LUCIEN c.*)

BLANCHE (*aside*).—Just in time. (*Turns round.*) It's not mamma, after all.

NOEL (*aside*).—I breathe again.

LUCIEN.—Am I intruding? I beg pardon—I—

BLANCHE.—Oh, not at all. We thought it was mamma—

NOEL.—And felt a little flustered.

LUCIEN (*surprised*).—Why, what has happened?

BLANCHE (*to LUCIEN*).—A great joy has been granted to us.

LUCIEN.—Indeed?



"BUT PERHAPS THE GOVERNMENT IS WRONG."

BLANCHE.—And we know you will share our happiness—you, who loved him so dearly.

LUCIEN.—What ! Adrien !

BLANCHE.—Is alive and well. Safe locked in his own room, there.

LUCIEN.—Oh ! thank Heaven !

NOEL (*aside*).—His heart is in the right place, after all !

LUCIEN.—Blanche, you are a noble girl, and deserve this happiness. I must leave you immediately.

BLANCHE.—But you are not going—I shall not let you go—you must stay and help us to break the joyful news to poor, dear mamma. Hark ! She is coming.

LUCIEN.—But, Blanche—

BLANCHE.—Stay—I entreat you.

(*Enter MADAME, hastily* C. *She stops and looks at LUCIEN and BLANCHE, who remain motionless.*)

MADAME (R., *aside*).—What can be the meaning of this ? Why has she deceived me ? Blanche—who was always truth itself ? It cannot be that there is hope—no, no—I am mad—it is impossible ! (*Aloud*) Noel, leave us.

NOEL (*aside*).—That's lucky for me.

Exit C.

BLANCHE (*aside to LUCIEN*).—See how excited she is. We must be very, very prudent.

MADAME (*to BLANCHE*).—Who told you that story, Blanche ? About Gervaise ?

BLANCHE.—Mamma, it was Noel, who heard it from a peasant.

MADAME.—And did he give no details ? Was Gervaise particularly mentioned ?

BLANCHE.—Not by name.

MADAME (*starting*).—Ah !

LUCIEN (*aside to BLANCHE*).—Take care.

BLANCHE.—I only know that, according to what he heard, Noel thought it must be Gervaise's son.

MADAME.—Alas, no !

LUCIEN (*to MADAME*).—I shall be in Bordeaux to-morrow, and will make some inquiries, if you wish it.

MADAME (*quickly*).—What ? Are you going, Lucien ? (*Aside*) How downcast he looks !

LUCIEN.—I am called away by important business, and must return to Bordeaux this evening.

(*Kisses her hand, bows to BLANCHE, exit C.* BLANCHE *seats herself on the sofa L.*)

MADAME (*sits R. Aside*).—How embarrassed he seemed. Oh, I must know the

truth. This suspense will drive me mad. (*Rummages in work basket R.*) Where is the key ? (*To BLANCHE*.) Blanche, have you seen the key to your brother's room ?

BLANCHE (*embarrassed*).—The key, mamma ? Why, you always keep it yourself, you know. Indeed, it wasn't I, I assure you, mamma.

MADAME.—Why do you excuse yourself, my child ?

BLANCHE.—Because—because—I thought

MADAME (*aside*).—She has taken it. (*Aloud*) That key must be found at once, dear. Go, ask Noel if he has it. Stay ! (*Aside*) She would put him on his guard. (*Crosses to L., calls NOEL.*) Noel !

(*NOEL appears at C., BLANCHE going out at the same moment.*)

BLANCHE (*aside to NOEL*).—It's your turn now, sir. Be prudent.

(*Exit C.*)

MADAME.—Close the door, Noel. Well, Noel, we have news of Adrien. (*Crosses back to R.*)

NOEL (*stupefied*).—Oh, Madame, who told you that ?

MADAME.—Blanche.

NOEL.—Well, yes, we have heard something. (*MADAME staggers, NOEL assists her to a seat in the armchair R.*) And if you were not nervous, you know—

MADAME.—Oh, Noel—see how calm I am !

NOEL.—Yes, very calm indeed ! The first word I say, away you go, as if—

MADAME.—Oh, Noel, for pity's sake.

NOEL (*with feigned readiness*).—Then, I see I can tell you all about it !

MADAME (*eagerly*).—Do, do, Noel—my old, my faithful friend—tell me the whole truth. I can bear it, indeed I can.

NOEL.—Well, then, Madame, it seems a traveller reached Bordeaux yesterday, and this traveller just casually mentioned that in his travels he had met a young traveller who was travelling in the same direction, and whose name was Adrien des Aubiers. Then someone who knew Master Adrien said to him—the traveller, I mean—that his story couldn't be true, for Master Adrien had been killed by the enemy. "Oh no," said the traveller, "that couldn't be, for I left him alive and well, only a fortnight ago."

MADAME (*with joyful eagerness*).—Where ?

NOEL (*puzzled*).—Where ?

MADAME.—Yes—where ?

NOEL (*aside*).—I wish I could think of the name of some country.

MADAME (*impatiently*).—Where—where was my poor boy seen?

NOEL (*desperately*).—In—in Australia—

MADAME (*rising and crossing L.*).—In Australia two weeks ago—absurd!

NOEL.—Well, but, Madame, how can I help it? You scold me—frighten me—

MADAME.—Oh! you are killing me—killing me! (*falling on a chair R.*) Go, go! Leave me!

NOEL (*aside*).—I don't seem to make much headway. I'll call the others.

(*Goes to window L.C. and makes motions outside.*)

MADAME (*rising, to herself*).—Oh, if this last hope were to die! No—the news, whatever it is, is sure.

(*Enter MATHILDE C.*)

Ah! she has changed the ribbon in her hair. (*Goes towards MATHILDE.*) (*Aloud*) Mathilde!

(*Enter BLANCHE and LUCIEN C.*)

Let me look at you! Ah! Those eyes have met Adrien's—he is here.

BLANCHE.—Be calm, I implore you.

MADAME.—Yes; I divine it all. You have both seen him.

BLANCHE.—Well, then, mamma, we have seen him; but you can only embrace him to-morrow.

MADAME.—Ah, my

son! my boy! (*They try to calm her.*) No, no, I'll not listen. (*Calls*) Adrien!

(*ADRIEN bursts open the door R.U.E., takes a step forward, then stops.*)

MADAME DES AUBIERS screams, and falls into the arms of NOEL and MATHILDE.)

ADRIEN.—Oh Heaven, she is dead!

MADAME (*recovering*).—Ah!

(*ADRIEN rushes toward MADAME. She pauses a moment, and then wildly seizes his head between her hands, kissing him passionately.*)

Thank God! Thank God!

(*BLANCHE approaches. ADRIEN rises, and MADAME clasps them both in her arms.*)

NOEL (*blubbing*).—This is too much for me. Now it's all over—I—I—(*he falls on the ottoman.*)

BLANCHE (*goes to him*).—Good gracious! I do believe the silly old noodle is going to faint.

NOEL (*recovering*).—No, no, Mamzelle Blanche. (*Rising*) The fact is, I hardly know what to do—I'm so happy.

MADAME.—Ah, Noel, the night has passed, and the glorious morning breaks again. Even to the hopeless and the desolate, behind the darkest clouds there is a silver lining.

CURTAIN.



Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



AGE 18.
From a Photo, by Rentlingen, l'aris.

MADAME MARIE ROZE.

MARIE ROZE was born in Paris, where her father, M. Pousin, a well-known lawyer, had married a daughter of Count Roze de la Haye. From her earliest years she showed a passion for music, and at thirteen was sent, by the advice of the great Auber, to the Conservatoire, where she speedily gained the highest honours, and was selected to sing before the Emperor.

At seventeen she first appeared in opera, singing the part of Hérold's *Marie*, and was soon the most popular singer and actress in Paris. During the siege of Paris by the Prussians she remained in the city, turned her house into a hospital, and organised



AGE 25.
From a Photo, by Lombardi, Brighton.
[AS SUZANNA.]



From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. [by Barraud,
[AS CARMEN.]



AGE 36.
From a Photo by Brown, Burnes & Bell.
[AS MARGUERITE.]

numerous concerts for the relief of the wounded. The kindness of heart thus displayed is most characteristic of Madame Marie Roze, who is ever ready to put her great gifts at the ser-

vice of those whose charitable enterprises are crippled for want of necessary funds. Two years later she first appeared in London, with a success which has continued to increase from that day to the present time. In 1877 she married Colonel Mapleson.



From a Drawing by] AGE 25. *[James Swinton.*

THE EARL OF WEMYSS.

BORN 1818.



ORD WEMYSS, at the age of twenty-five, when his title was Lord Elcho, had just taken his degree at Oxford, and had been elected to represent East Gloucestershire in the House of Commons, which constituency he continued to represent until, in 1846, he became a convert to Sir Robert Peel's Free Trade policy and resigned his seat.

In the year following he was returned for Haddingtonshire as a Liberal-Conservative, and remained member for that constituency until the death of his father, in 1883, removed him to the House of Lords. Lord Wemyss has always played a very independent part in politics. When Lord Elcho, he was very widely and popularly known through his connection with the Volunteer movement and the National Rifle Association. He is Colonel



From a] AGE 45. *[Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Fradelle & Young.*

of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, of which popular regiment he was the founder. He frequently presided over the Wimbledon meetings, and the portraits of him at different ages which we here present cannot fail to be extremely interesting to every Volunteer in the United Kingdom, not only on account of the great obligations which the Service owes to his energy, but as the presenter of the Elcho Shield.



From a]

AGE 22.

[Drawing.



From a]

AGE 27.

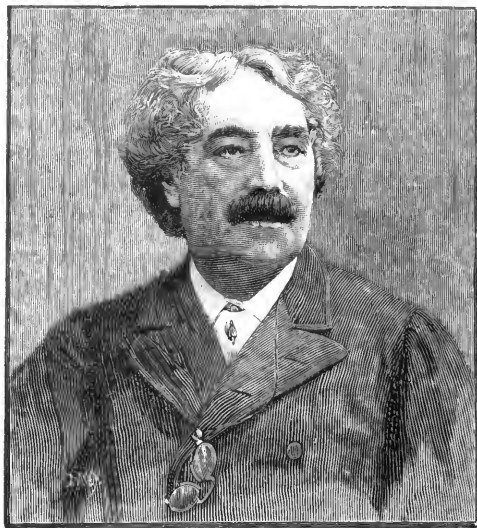
[Drawing.



From a]

AGE 50

[Photograph.



From a Photo.]

PRESENT DAY.

[by Barraud.

SIMS REEVES.

BORN 1822.



R. JOHN SIMS REEVES, the son of a musician, was born at Shooter's Hill, and at the age of fourteen obtained the post of organist at North Cray Church.

At seventeen he made his first appearance

on the stage, as *Count Rudolpho* in "*Son-nambula*," at Newcastle. His voice was then a baritone; but by 1847, when he made his first appearance in London as *Edgar* in "*The Bride of Lammermoor*" (in which character our second portrait shows him), his voice had become the pure high tenor of delicious quality which was to become famous over all the world.



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. [Duroni, Milan.

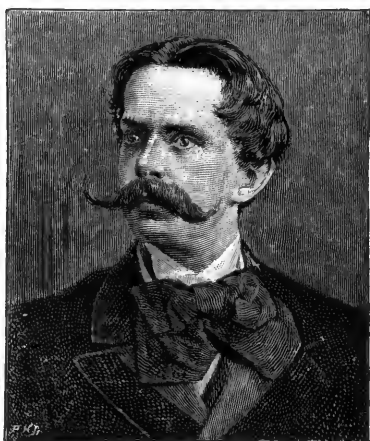
THE KING OF ITALY.

BORN 1844.



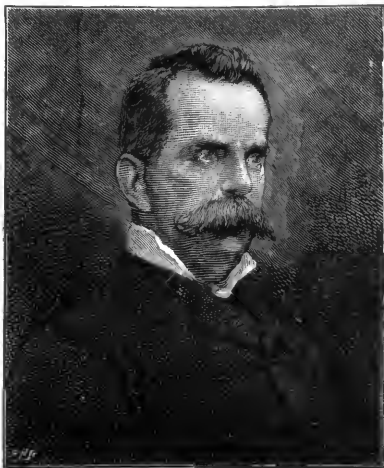
ING HUMBERT IV. at eighteen had already attended his father through the War of Independence, and obtained an early insight into political and military life.

At twenty-two he was present at the disastrous battle of Custoza, where he is said



From a Photo. by] AGE 24. [Le Lieure, Turin.

to have performed prodigies of valour. At twenty-four, at which age our second portrait represents him, he married, at Turin, the charming lady whose portraits we give



From a Photo. by] AGE 34. [Mauri, Naples.

on the opposite page. At thirty-four, the age of our third portrait, he succeeded to the throne, on the death of his father, January 9, 1878. In the same year, as he



From a Photo. by] AGE 47. [Alessandri, Rome.

was entering Naples, a man named Giovanni Passanante rushed up to the royal carriage, and stabbed his Majesty with a poniard; the wound, however, fortunately proving slight.



From a Photo. by AGE 14. [*Le Lieure, Turin.*]

THE QUEEN OF ITALY.

THE Princess Marguerite Marie Thérèse Jeanne of Savoy, whose portraits at different ages are here presented to our readers, is the daughter of the late Duke Ferdinand of Genoa, brother of King Victor Emanuel, and became Queen of Italy by her

the comparison is still further borne out by the fact that she has won, not only the



From a Photo. by AGE 28. [*Borelli, Rome.*]

admiration of the people by her grace and beauty, but their secure affection by her amiable and kindly nature.



From a Photo. by AGE 17. [*Le Lieure, Turin.*]



From a Photo. by PRESENT DAY. [*Alessandri, Rome.*]

marriage with her cousin Humbert, on April 22, 1868. The Queen of Italy, like our own Princess of Wales, is one of the most beautiful women in her kingdom, and



From a] AGE 10. [Daguerreotype.

EDWARD TERRY.

MR. EDWARD O'CONNOR TERRY, who was born in London, made his first appearance on the public stage at the age of nineteen, when he immediately scored great successes in the provinces as *Asa Trenchard* to Sothorn's *Lord Dundreary*, and as *Old Pete* in "The Octoroon." At twenty-three he made his first appearance before a London audience at the Surrey Theatre, and a year later he appeared at the Lyceum in the character of the *First Gravedigger* in "Hamlet." At thirty-two, the age at which our third portrait represents him, he became a member of the Gaiety Company, in which his inimitably droll personification of the



From a Photo. by] AGE 27. [Lock & Whitfield, Brighton.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Alfred Ellis.



From a Photo. by] AGE 32. [Lombardi.

characters of burlesque did much to give that Company its unrivalled name. In 1885 he left the Gaiety, and at the present time, as all playgoers are aware, possesses a theatre of his own in the Strand, at which is to be seen nightly some of the best comedy-acting of the day.



AGE 7.
From a Photo, by R. Ribas, Palma de Mallorca.

SEÑOR SARASATE.

BORN 1844.



MARTIN MELITON SARASATE was born at Pampeluna, came to France as a child, and at the age of twelve entered the Paris Conservatoire, where he became the favourite pupil of Alard, and gained the first prizes for violin playing. When about sixteen he took up the career of a concert player, in which the extreme beauty of his execution, aided doubtless by his singularly striking appearance, ensured his immediate success. No violinist has travelled more than he; he has played in every important city in Europe and America, and is well known to London audiences. His distinguishing characteristics are not so much fire, force, and passion, though of these he has an ample store, as purity of style, charm, flexibility, and extraordinary facility. He *sings* on his instrument with the utmost feeling and expression, and without any of the affectation which robs the playing of many



AGE 32.
From a Photo, by Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.



From a Photo, by] AGE 47. [Elliott & Fry.

violinists of all charm. It is a disputed point among musicians whether Señor Sarasate or Herr Joachim is to be considered the greatest violinist of the age.

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

IX.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENGINEER'S THUMB.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



OF all the problems which have been submitted to my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes for solution during the years of our intimacy, there were only two which I was the means of introducing to his notice, that of Mr. Hatherley's thumb and that of Colonel Warburton's madness. Of these the latter may have afforded a finer field for an acute and original observer, but the other was so strange in its inception and so dramatic in its details, that it may be the more worthy of being placed upon record, even if it gave my friend fewer openings for those deductive methods of reasoning by which he achieved such remarkable results. The story has, I believe, been told more than once in the newspapers, but, like all such narratives, its effect is much less striking when set forth *en bloc* in a single half-column of print than when the facts slowly evolve before your own eyes and the mystery clears gradually away as each new discovery furnishes a step which leads on to the complete truth. At the time the circumstances made a deep impression upon me, and the lapse of two years has hardly served to weaken the effect.

It was in the summer of '89, not long after my marriage, that the events occurred which I am now about to summarise. I had returned to civil practice, and had finally abandoned Holmes in his Baker-street rooms, although I continually visited him, and occasionally even persuaded him to forego his Bohemian habits so far as to come and visit us. My practice had steadily increased, and as I happened to live at no very great distance from Paddington Station, I got a few patients from among the officials. One of these whom I had cured of a painful and lingering disease, was never weary of advertising my virtues, and of endeavouring to send me on every sufferer over whom he might have any influence.

One morning, at a little before seven o'clock, I was awakened by the maid tapping at the door, to announce that two men had come from Paddington, and were waiting in the consulting room. I dressed hurriedly, for I knew by experience that railway cases were seldom trivial, and hastened downstairs. As I descended, my old ally, the guard, came out of the room, and closed the door tightly behind him.

"I've got him here," he whispered, jerking his thumb over his shoulder; "he's all right."

"What is it, then?" I asked, for his manner suggested that it was some strange creature which he had caged up in my room.

"It's a new patient," he whispered. "I thought I'd bring him round myself; then he couldn't slip away. There he is, all safe and sound. I must go now, doctor, I have my dooties, just the same as you." And off he went, this trusty tout, without even giving me time to thank him.

I entered my consulting room, and found a gentleman seated by the table. He was quietly dressed in a suit of heather tweed, with a soft cloth cap, which he had laid down upon my books. Round one of his hands he had a handkerchief wrapped, which was mottled all over with bloodstains. He was young, not more than five-and-twenty, I should say, with a strong masculine face; but he was exceedingly pale, and gave me the impression of a man who was suffering from some strong agitation, which it took all his strength of mind to control.

"I am sorry to knock you up so early, doctor," said he. "But I have had a very serious accident during the night. I came in by train this morning, and on inquiring at Paddington as to where I might find a doctor a worthy fellow very kindly escorted me here. I gave the maid a card, but I see that she has left it upon the side table."

I took it up and glanced at it. "Mr.

Victor Hatherley, hydraulic engineer, 16A, Victoria-street (3rd floor)." That was the name, style, and abode of my morning visitor. "I regret that I have kept you waiting," said I, sitting down in my library chair. "You are fresh from a night journey, I understand, which is in itself a monotonous occupation."

"Oh, my night could not be called monotonous," said he, and laughed. He laughed very heartily, with a high ringing note, leaning back in his chair, and shaking his sides. All my medical instincts rose up against that laugh.

"Stop it!" I cried. "Pull yourself together!" and I poured out some water from a caraffe.

It was useless, however. He was off in one of those hysterical outbursts which come upon a strong nature when some great crisis is over and gone. Presently he came to himself once more, very weary and blushing hotly.

"I have been making a fool of myself," he gasped.

"Not at all. Drink this!" I dashed some brandy into the water, and the colour began to come back to his bloodless cheeks.

"That's better!" said he. "And now,

doctor, perhaps you would kindly attend to my thumb, or rather to the place where my thumb used to be."

He unwound the handkerchief and held out his hand. It gave even my hardened nerves a shudder to look at it. There were four protruding fingers and a horrid red spongy surface where the thumb should have been. It had been hacked or torn right out from the roots.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "this is a terrible injury. It must have bled considerably."

"Yes, it did. I fainted when it was done; and I think that I must have been senseless for a long time. When I came to, I found that it was still bleeding, so I tied one end of my handkerchief very tightly round the wrist, and braced it up with a twig."

"Excellent! You should have been a surgeon."

"It is a question of hydraulics, you see, and came within my own province."

"This has been done," said I, examining the wound, "by a very heavy and sharp instrument."

"A thing like a cleaver," said he.

"An accident, I presume?"

"By no means."

"What, a murderous attack!"

"Very murderous indeed."

"You horrify me."

I sponged the wound, cleaned it, dressed it; and, finally, covered it over with cotton wadding and carbolised bandages. He lay back without wincing, though he bit his lip from time to time.

"How is that?" I asked, when I had finished.

"Capital! Between your brandy and your bandage, I feel a new man. I was very weak, but I have had a good deal to go through."



"HE UNWOUND THE HANDKERCHIEF, AND HELD OUT HIS HAND."

"Perhaps you had better not speak of the matter. It is evidently trying to your nerves."

"Oh, no ; not now. I shall have to tell my tale to the police ; but, between ourselves, if it were not for the convincing evidence of this wound of mine, I should be surprised if they believed my statement, for it is a very extraordinary one, and I

"Yes, I shall not feel easy until I have told my story."

"Then my servant will call a cab, and I shall be with you in an instant." I rushed upstairs, explained the matter shortly to my wife, and in five minutes was inside a hansom, driving with my new acquaintance to Baker-street.

Sherlock Holmes was, as I expected, lounging about his sitting-room in his dressing-gown, reading the agony column of *The Times*, and smoking his before-breakfast pipe, which was composed of all the plugs and dottels left from his smokes of the day before, all carefully dried and collected on the corner of the mantel-piece. He received us in his quietly genial fashion, ordered fresh rashers and eggs, and joined us in a hearty meal. When it was concluded he settled our new acquaintance upon the sofa, placed a



"HE SETTLED OUR NEW ACQUAINTANCE ON THE SOFA."

have not much in the way of proof with which to back it up. And, even if they believe me, the clues which I can give them are so vague that it is a question whether justice will be done."

"Ha !" cried I, "if it is anything in the nature of a problem which you desire to see solved, I should strongly recommend you to come to my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes before you go to the official police."

"Oh, I have heard of that fellow," answered my visitor, "and I should be very glad if he would take the matter up, though of course I must use the official police as well. Would you give me an introduction to him ?"

"I'll do better. I'll take you round to him myself."

"I should be immensely obliged to you."

"We'll call a cab, and go together. We shall just be in time to have a little breakfast with him. Do you feel equal to it ?"

pillow beneath his head, and laid a glass of brandy and water within his reach.

"It is easy to see that your experience has been no common one, Mr. Hatherley," said he. "Pray lie down there and make yourself absolutely at home. Tell us what you can, but stop when you are tired, and keep up your strength with a little stimulant."

"Thank you," said my patient, "but I have felt another man since the doctor bandaged me, and I think that your breakfast has completed the cure. I shall take up as little of your valuable time as possible, so I shall start at once upon my peculiar experiences."

Holmes sat in his big armchair with the weary, heavy-lidded expression which veiled his keen and eager nature, while I sat opposite to him, and we listened in silence to the strange story which our visitor detailed to us.

"You must know," said he, "that I am an orphan and a bachelor, residing alone in lodgings in London. By profession I am a hydraulic engineer, and I have had considerable experience of my work during the seven years that I was apprenticed to Venner and Matheson, the well-known firm, of Greenwich. Two years ago, having served my time, and having also come into a fair sum of money through my poor father's death, I determined to start in business for myself, and took professional chambers in Victoria-street.

"I suppose that everyone finds his first independent start in business a dreary experience. To me it has been exceptionally so. During two years I have had three consultations and one small job, and that is absolutely all that my profession has brought me. My gross takings amount to twenty-seven pounds ten. Every day, from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, I waited in my little den, until at last my heart began to sink, and I came to believe that I should never have any practice at all.

"Yesterday, however, just as I was thinking of leaving the office, my clerk entered

to say there was a gentleman waiting who wished to see me upon business. He brought up a card, too, with the name of "Colonel Lysander Stark" engraved upon it. Close at his heels came the Colonel himself, a man rather over the middle size but of an exceeding thinness. I do not think that I have ever seen so thin a man. His whole face sharpened away into nose and chin, and the skin of his cheeks was drawn quite tense over his outstanding bones. Yet this emaciation seemed to be his natural habit, and due to no disease, for his eye was bright, his step brisk, and his bearing assured. He was plainly but neatly dressed, and his age, I should judge, would be nearer forty than thirty.

"Mr. Hatherley?" said he, with something of a German accent. 'You have been recommended to me, Mr. Hatherley, as being a man who is not only proficient in his profession, but is also discreet and capable of preserving a secret.'

"I bowed, feeling as flattered as any young man would at such an address. 'May I ask who it was who gave me so good a character?' I asked.

"Well, perhaps it is better that I should not tell you that just at this moment. I have it from the same source that you are both an orphan and a bachelor, and are residing alone in London.'

"That is quite correct," I answered, 'but you will excuse me if I say that I cannot see how all this bears upon my professional qualifications. I understood that it was on a professional matter that you wished to speak to me?'

"Undoubtedly so. But you will find that all I say is really to the point. I have a professional commission for you, but absolute secrecy is quite essential—*absolute* secrecy, you understand, and of course we may expect that more from a man who is alone than from one who lives in the bosom of his family.'

"If I promise to keep a secret," said I, 'you may absolutely depend upon my doing so.'

"He looked very hard at me as I spoke, and it seemed to me that I had never seen so suspicious and questioning an eye.

"You do promise, then?" said he at last.

"Yes, I promise.'

"Absolute and complete silence, before, during, and after? No reference to the matter at all, either in word or writing?'

"I have already given you my word.'

"Very good.' He suddenly sprang up,



"COLONEL LYSANDER STARK."

and darting like lightning across the room he flung open the door. The passage outside was empty.

"That's all right," said he, coming back. 'I know that clerks are sometimes curious as to their master's affairs. Now we can talk in safety.' He drew up his chair very close to mine, and began to stare at me again with the same questioning and thoughtful look.

"A feeling of repulsion, and of something akin to fear had begun to rise within me at the strange antics of this fleshless man. Even my dread of losing a client could not restrain me from showing my impatience.

"I beg that you will state your business, sir," said I; 'my time is of value.' Heaven forgive me for that last sentence, but the words came to my lips.

"How would fifty guineas for a night's work suit you?" he asked.

"Most admirably."

"I say a night's work, but an hour's would be nearer the mark. I simply want your opinion about a hydraulic stamping machine which has got out of gear. If you show us what is wrong we shall soon set it right ourselves. What do you think of such a commission as that?"

"The work appears to be light, and the pay munificent."

"Precisely so. We shall want you to come to-night by the last train."

"Where to?"

"To Eyford, in Berkshire. It is a little place near the borders of Oxfordshire, and within seven miles of Reading. There is a train from Paddington which would bring you in there at about eleven fifteen."

"Very good."

"I shall come down in a carriage to meet you."

"There is a drive, then?"

"Yes, our little place is quite out in the country. It is a good seven miles from Eyford Station."

"Then we can hardly get there before midnight. I suppose there would be no chance of a train back. I should be compelled to stop the night."

"Yes, we could easily give you a shake-down."

"That is very awkward. Could I not come at some more convenient hour?"

"We have judged it best that you should come late. It is to recompense you for any inconvenience that we are paying to you, a young and unknown man, a fee which

would buy an opinion from the very heads of your profession. Still, of course, if you would like to draw out of the business, there is plenty of time to do so."

"I thought of the fifty guineas, and of how very useful they would be to me. 'Not at all,' said I, 'I shall be very happy to accommodate myself to your wishes. I should like, however, to understand a little more clearly what it is that you wish me to do.'

"Quite so. It is very natural that the pledge of secrecy which we have exacted from you should have aroused your curiosity. I have no wish to commit you to anything without your having it all laid before you. I suppose that we are absolutely safe from eavesdroppers?"

"Entirely."

"Then the matter stands thus. You are probably aware that fuller's earth is a valuable product, and that it is only found in one or two places in England?"

"I have heard so."

"Some little time ago I bought a small place—a very small place—within ten miles of Reading. I was fortunate enough to discover that there was a deposit of fuller's earth in one of my fields. On examining it, however, I found that this deposit was a comparatively small one, and that it formed a link between two very much larger ones upon the right and the left—both of them, however, in the grounds of my neighbours. These good people were absolutely ignorant that their land contained that which was quite as valuable as a gold mine. Naturally, it was to my interest to buy their land before they discovered its true value; but, unfortunately, I had no capital by which I could do this. I took a few of my friends into the secret, however, and they suggested that we should quietly and secretly work our own little deposit, and that in this way we should earn the money which would enable us to buy the neighbouring fields. This we have now been doing for some time, and in order to help us in our operations we erected a hydraulic press. This press, as I have already explained, has got out of order, and we wish your advice upon the subject. We guard our secret very jealously, however, and if it once became known that we had hydraulic engineers coming to our little house, it would soon rouse inquiry, and then, if the facts came out, it would be good-bye to any chance of getting these fields and carrying out our plans. That is why I have made

you promise me that you will not tell a human being that you are going to Eyford to-night. I hope that I make it all plain?"

"I quite follow you," said I. "The only point which I could not quite understand, was what use you could make of a hydraulic press in excavating fuller's earth, which, as I understand, is dug out like gravel from a pit."

"Ah!" said he, carelessly, "we have our own process. We compress the earth into bricks, so as to remove them without revealing what they are. But that is a mere detail. I have taken you fully into my confidence now, Mr. Hatherley, and I have shown you how I trust you." He rose as he spoke. "I shall expect you, then, at Eyford at 11.15."

"I shall certainly be there."

"And not a word to a soul." He looked at me with a last long, questioning gaze, and then, pressing my hand in a cold, dank grasp, he hurried from the room.

"Well, when I came to think it all over in cool blood I was very much astonished, as you may both think, at this sudden commission which had been entrusted to me. On the one hand, of course, I was glad, for the fee was at least tenfold what I should have asked had I set a price upon my own services, and it was possible that this order might lead to other ones. On the other hand, the face and manner of my patron had made an unpleasant impression upon me, and I could not think that his explanation of the fuller's earth was sufficient to explain the necessity for my coming at midnight, and his extreme anxiety lest I should tell anyone of my errand. However, I threw all fears to the winds, ate a hearty supper, drove to Paddington, and started off, having obeyed to the letter the injunction as to holding my tongue.

"At Reading I had to change not only my carriage but my station. However, I was in time for the last train to Eyford, and I reached the little dim lit station after eleven o'clock. I was the only passenger who got out there, and there was no one upon the platform save a single sleepy porter with a lantern. As I passed out through the wicket gate, however, I found my acquaintance of the morning waiting in the shadow upon the other side. Without a word he grasped my arm and hurried me into a carriage, the door of which was standing open. He drew up the windows on either side, tapped on the woodwork, and away we went as hard as the horse could go."

"One horse?" interjected Holmes.

"Yes, only one."

"Did you observe the colour?"



"NOT A WORD TO A SOUL!"

"Yes, I saw it by the sidelights when I was stepping into the carriage. It was a chestnut."

"Tired-looking or fresh?"

"Oh, fresh and glossy."

"Thank you. I am sorry to have interrupted you. Pray continue your most interesting statement."

"Away we went then, and we drove for at least an hour. Colonel Lysander Stark had said that it was only seven miles, but I should think, from the rate that we seemed to go, and from the time that we took, that it must have been nearer twelve. He sat at my side in silence all the time, and I was aware, more than once when I glanced in his direction, that he was looking at me with great intensity. The country roads seem to be not very good in that part of the world, for we lurched and jolted terribly. I tried to look out of the windows to see something of where we were, but they were made of frosted glass, and I could make out nothing save the occasional bright blurr of a passing light. Now and then I hazarded some remark to break the monotony of the journey, but the Colonel answered only in monosyllables, and the conversation soon flagged. At last, however, the bumping of the road was exchanged for the crisp smoothness of a gravel drive, and the carriage came to a stand. Colonel Lysander Stark sprang out, and, as I followed after him, pulled me swiftly into a porch which gaped in front of us. We stepped, as it were, right out of the carriage and into the hall, so that I failed to catch the most fleeting glance of the front of the house. The instant that I had crossed the threshold the door slammed heavily behind us, and I heard faintly the rattle of the wheels as the carriage drove away.

"It was pitch dark inside the house, and the Colonel fumbled about looking for matches, and muttering under his breath. Suddenly a door opened at the other end of the passage, and a long, golden bar of light shot out in our direction. It grew broader, and a woman appeared with a lamp in her hand, which she held above her head, pushing her face forward and peering at us. I could see that she was pretty, and from the gloss with which the light shone upon her dark dress I knew that it was a rich material. She spoke a few words in a foreign tongue in a tone as though asking a question, and when my companion answered in a gruff monosyllable she gave such a start that the lamp nearly fell from her

hand. Colonel Stark went up to her, whispered something in her ear, and then, pushing her back into the room from whence she had come, he walked towards me again with the lamp in his hand.

"Perhaps you will have the kindness to wait in this room for a few minutes," said he, throwing open another door. It was a quiet little, plainly furnished room, with a round table in the centre, on which several German books were scattered. Colonel Stark laid down the lamp on the top of a harmonium beside the door. 'I shall not keep you waiting an instant,' said he, and vanished into the darkness.

"I glanced at the books upon the table, and in spite of my ignorance of German I could see that two of them were treatises on science, the others being volumes of poetry. Then I walked across to the window, hoping that I might catch some glimpse of the country side, but an oak shutter, heavily barred, was folded across it. It was a wonderfully silent house. There was an old clock ticking loudly somewhere in the passage, but otherwise everything was deadly still. A vague feeling of uneasiness began to steal over me. Who were these German people, and what were they doing, living in this strange, out-of-the-way place? And where was the place? I was ten miles or so from Eyford, that was all I knew, but whether north, south, east, or west I had no idea. For that matter, Reading, and possibly other large towns, were within that radius, so the place might not be so secluded after all. Yet it was quite certain from the absolute stillness that we were in the country. I paced up and down the room, humming a tune under my breath to keep up my spirits, and feeling that I was thoroughly earning my fifty-guinea fee.

"Suddenly, without any preliminary sound in the midst of the utter stillness, the door of my room swung slowly open. The woman was standing in the aperture, the darkness of the hall behind her, the yellow light from my lamp beating upon her eager and beautiful face. I could see at a glance that she was sick with fear, and the sight sent a chill to my own heart. She held up one shaking finger to warn me to be silent, and she shot a few whispered words of broken English at me, her eyes glancing back, like those of a frightened horse, into the gloom behind her.

"I would go," said she, trying hard, as it seemed to me, to speak calmly; 'I would

go. I should not stay here. There is no good for you to do.'

"But, madam," said I, 'I have not yet done what I came for. I cannot possibly leave until I have seen the machine.'

"It is not worth your while to wait," she went on. 'You can pass through the door; no one hinders.' And then, seeing that I smiled and shook my head, she suddenly threw aside her constraint, and made a step forward, with her hands wrung together. 'For the love of Heaven!' she

might, for all I knew, be a monomaniac. With a stout bearing, therefore, though her manner had shaken me more than I cared to confess, I still shook my head, and declared my intention of remaining where I was. She was about to renew her entreaties when a door slammed overhead, and the sound of several footsteps were heard upon the stairs. She listened for an instant, threw up her hands with a despairing gesture, and vanished as suddenly and as noiselessly as she had come.

"The newcomers were Colonel Lysander Stark, and a short thick man with a chinchilla beard growing out of the creases of his double chin, who was introduced to me as Mr. Ferguson.

"This is my secretary and manager," said the Colonel. 'By the way, I was under the impression that I left this door shut just now. I fear that you have felt the draught.'

"On the contrary," said I, 'I opened the door myself, because I felt the room to be a little close.'

"He shot one of his suspicious glances at me. 'Perhaps we had better proceed to business, then,' said he. 'Mr. Ferguson and I will take you up to see the machine.'

"I had better put my hat on, I suppose.'

"Oh no, it is in the house.'

"What, you dig fuller's earth in the house?'

"No, no. This is only where we compress it. But never mind that! All we wish you to do is to examine the machine, and to let us know what is wrong with it.'

"We went upstairs together, the Colonel first with the lamp, the fat manager, and I behind him. It was a labyrinth of an old house, with corridors, passages, narrow winding staircases, and little low doors, the thresholds of which were hollowed out by the generations who had crossed them. There were no carpets, and no signs of any furniture above the ground floor, while the plaster was peeling off the walls, and the damp was breaking through in green, unhealthy blotches. I tried to put on as unconcerned an air as possible, but I had not forgotten the warnings of the lady, even though I disregarded them, and I kept a keen eye upon my two



"GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE."

whispered, 'get away from here before it is too late!'

"But I am somewhat headstrong by nature, and the more ready to engage in an affair when there is some obstacle in the way. I thought of my fifty-guinea fee, of my wearisome journey, and of the unpleasant night which seemed to be before me. Was it all to go for nothing? Why should I slink away without having carried out my commission, and without the payment which was my due? This woman

companions. Ferguson appeared to be a morose and silent man, but I could see from the little that he said that he was at least a fellow-countryman.

"Colonel Lysander Stark stopped at last before a low door, which he unlocked. Within was a small square room, in which the three of us could hardly get at one time. Ferguson remained outside, and the Colonel ushered me in.

" 'We are now,' said he, 'actually within the hydraulic press, and it would be a particularly unpleasant thing for us if anyone were to turn it on. The ceiling of this small chamber is really the end of the descending piston, and it comes down with the force of many tons upon this metal floor. There are small lateral columns of water outside which receive the force, and which transmit and multiply it in the manner which is familiar to you. The machine goes readily enough, but there is some stiffness in the working of it, and it has lost a little of its force. Perhaps you will have the goodness to look it over, and to show us how we can set it right.'

"I took the lamp from him, and I examined the machine very thoroughly. It was indeed a gigantic one, and capable of exercising enormous pressure. When I passed outside, however, and pressed down the levers which controlled it, I knew at once by the whishing sound that there was a slight leakage, which allowed a regurgitation of water through one of the side cylinders. An examination showed that one of the indiarubber bands which was round the head of a driving rod had shrunk so as not quite to fill the socket along which it worked. This was clearly the cause of the loss of power, and I pointed it out to my companions, who followed my remarks very carefully, and asked several practical questions as to how they should proceed to set it right. When I had made it clear to them, I returned to the main chamber of the machine, and took a good look at it to satisfy my own curiosity. It was obvious at a glance that the story of the fuller's earth was the merest fabrication, for it would be absurd to suppose

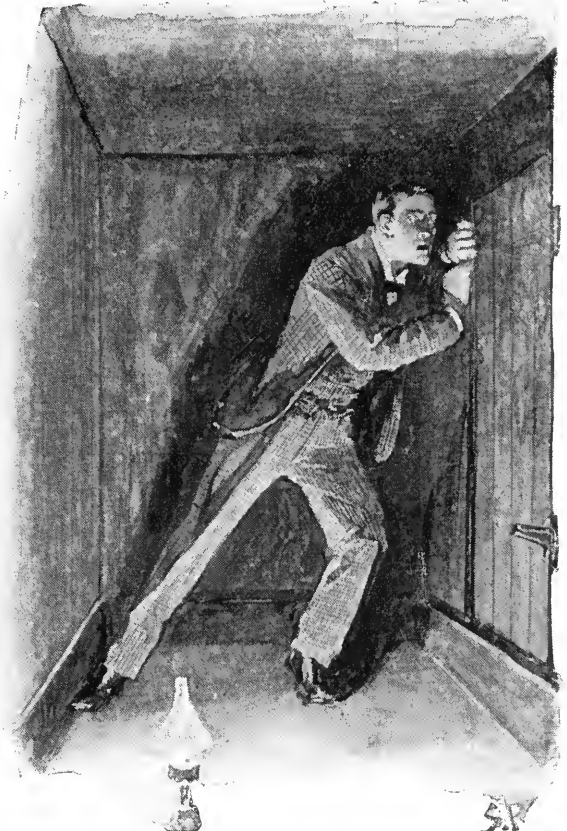
that so powerful an engine could be designed for so inadequate a purpose. The walls were of wood, but the floor consisted of a large iron trough, and when I came to examine it I could see a crust of metallic deposit all over it. I had stooped and was scraping at this to see exactly what it was, when I heard a muttered exclamation in German, and saw the cadaverous face of the Colonel looking down at me.

" 'What are you doing there?' he asked.

"I felt angry at having been tricked by so elaborate a story as that which he had told me. 'I was admiring your fuller's earth,' said I; 'I think that I should be better able to advise you as to your machine if I knew what the exact purpose was for which it was used.'

"The instant that I uttered the words I regretted the rashness of my speech. His face set hard, and a baleful light sprang up in his grey eyes.

" 'Very well,' said he, 'you shall know all about the machine.' He took a step



"I RUSHED TO THE DOOR."

backward, slammed the little door, and turned the key in the lock. I rushed towards it and pulled at the handle, but it was quite secure, and did not give in the least to my kicks and shoves. 'Hullo!' I yelled. 'Hullo! Colonel! Let me out!'

"And then suddenly in the silence I heard a sound which sent my heart into my mouth. It was the clank of the levers, and the swish of the leaking cylinder. He had set the engine at work. The lamp still stood upon the floor where I had placed it when examining the trough. By its light I saw that the black ceiling was coming down upon me, slowly, jerkily, but, as none knew better than myself, with a force which must within a minute grind me to a shapeless pulp. I threw myself, screaming, against the door, and dragged with my nails at the lock. I implored the Colonel to let me out, but the remorseless clanking of the levers drowned my cries. The ceiling was only a foot or two above my head, and with my hand upraised I could feel its hard, rough surface. Then it flashed through my mind that the pain of my death would depend very much upon the position in which I met it. If I lay on my face the weight would come upon my spine, and I shuddered to think of that dreadful snap. Easier the other way, perhaps, and yet had I the nerve to lie and look up at that deadly black shadow wavering down upon me? Already I was unable to stand erect, when my eye caught something which brought a gush of hope back to my heart.

"I have said that though floor and ceiling were of iron, the walls were of wood. As I gave a last hurried glance around, I saw a thin line of yellow light between two of the boards, which broadened and broadened as a small panel was pushed backwards. For an instant I could hardly believe that here was indeed a door which led away from death. The next I threw myself through, and lay half-fainting upon the other side. The panel had closed again behind me, but the crash of the lamp, and a few moments afterwards the clang of the two slabs of metal, told me how narrow had been my escape.

"I was recalled to myself by a frantic plucking at my wrist, and I found myself lying upon the stone floor of a narrow corridor, while a woman bent over me and tugged at me with her left hand, while she held a candle in her right. It was the same good friend whose warning I had so foolishly rejected.

"'Come! come!' she cried, breathlessly. 'They will be here in a moment. They will see that you are not there. Oh, do not waste the so precious time, but come!'

"This time, at least, I did not scorn her advice. I staggered to my feet, and ran with her along the corridor and down a winding stair. The latter led to another broad passage, and, just as we reached it, we heard the sound of running feet, and the shouting of two voices—one answering the other—from the floor on which we were, and from the one beneath. My guide stopped, and looked about her like one who is at her wits' end. Then she threw open a door which led into a bedroom, through the window of which the moon was shining brightly.

"'It is your only chance,' said she. 'It is high, but it may be that you can jump it.'

"As she spoke a light sprang into view at the further end of the passage, and I saw the lean figure of Colonel Lysander Stark rushing forward with a lantern in one hand, and a weapon like a butcher's cleaver in the other. I rushed across the bedroom, flung open the window, and looked out. How quiet and sweet and wholesome the garden looked in the moonlight, and it could not be more than thirty feet down. I clambered out upon the sill, but I hesitated to jump, until I should have heard what passed between my saviour and the ruffian who pursued me. If she were ill-used, then at any risks I was determined to go back to her assistance. The thought had hardly flashed through my mind before he was at the door, pushing his way past her; but she threw her arms round him, and tried to hold him back.

"'Fritz! Fritz!' she cried in English, 'remember your promise after the last time. You said it should not be again. He will be silent! Oh, he will be silent!'

"'You are mad, Elise!' he shouted, struggling to break away from her. 'You will be the ruin of us. He has seen too much. Let me pass, I say!' He dashed her to one side, and, rushing to the window, cut at me with his heavy weapon. I had let myself go, and was hanging by the hands to the sill, when his blow fell. I was conscious of a dull pain, my grip loosened, and I fell into the garden below.

"I was shaken, but not hurt by the fall; so I picked myself up, and rushed off among the bushes as hard as I could run, for I



"HE CUT AT ME."

understood that I was far from being out of danger yet. Suddenly, however, as I ran, a deadly dizziness and sickness came over me. I glanced down at my hand, which was throbbing painfully, and then, for the first time, saw that my thumb had been cut off, and that the blood was pouring from my wound. I endeavoured to tie my handkerchief round it, but there came a sudden buzzing in my ears, and next moment I fell in a dead faint among the rose-bushes.

"How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell. It must have been a very long time, for the moon had sunk, and a bright morning was breaking when I came to myself. My clothes were all sodden with dew, and my coat-sleeve was drenched with blood from my wounded thumb. The smarting of it recalled in an instant all the particulars of my night's adventure, and I

sprang to my feet with the feeling that I might hardly yet be safe from my pursuers. But, to my astonishment, when I came to look round me, neither house nor garden were to be seen. I had been lying in an angle of the hedge close by the high road, and just a little lower down was a long building, which proved, upon my approaching it, to be the very station at which I had arrived upon the previous night. Were it not for the ugly wound upon my hand, all that had passed during those dreadful hours might have been an evil dream.

"Half dazed, I went into the station, and asked about the morning train. There would be one to Reading in less than an hour. The same porter was on duty, I found, as had been there when I arrived. I inquired from him whether he had ever heard of Colonel Lysander Stark. The name was strange to him. Had he observed a carriage the night before waiting for me? No, he had not. Was there a police station anywhere near? There was one about three miles off.

"It was too far for me to go, weak and ill as I was. I determined to wait until I got back to town before telling my story to the police. It was a little past six when I arrived, so I went first to have my wound dressed, and then the doctor was kind enough to bring me along here. I put the case into your hands, and shall do exactly what you advise."

We both sat in silence for some little time after, listening to this extraordinary narrative. Then Sherlock Holmes pulled down from the shelf one of the ponderous commonplace books in which he placed his cuttings.

"Here is an advertisement which will interest you," said he. "It appeared in all the papers about a year ago. Listen to this:—'Lost, on the 9th inst., Mr. Jeremiah Hayling, aged 26, a hydraulic engineer. Left his lodgings at ten o'clock at night, and has not been heard of since. Was dressed in,' &c., &c. Ha! That represents the last time that the Colonel needed to have his machine overhauled, I fancy."

"Good heavens!" cried my patient. "Then that explains what the girl said."

"Undoubtedly. It is quite clear that the Colonel was a cool and desperate man, who was absolutely determined that nothing should stand in the way of his little game, like those out-and-out pirates who will leave no survivor from a captured ship. Well, every moment now is precious, so, if you feel equal to it, we shall go down to Scotland Yard at once as a preliminary to starting for Eyford."

Some three hours or so afterwards we were all in the train together, bound from Reading to the little Berkshire village. There were Sherlock Holmes, the hydraulic engineer, Inspector Bradstreet of Scotland-yard, a plain-clothes man, and myself. Bradstreet had spread an ordnance map of the county out upon the seat, and was busy with his compasses drawing a circle with Eyford for its centre.

"There you are," said he. "That circle is drawn at a radius of ten miles from the village. The place we want must be somewhere near that line. You said ten miles, I think, sir?"

"It was an hour's good drive."

"And you think that they brought you back all that way when you were unconscious?"

"They must have done so. I have a confused memory, too, of having been lifted and conveyed somewhere."

"What I cannot understand," said I, "is why they should have spared you when they found you lying fainting in the garden. Perhaps the villain was softened by the woman's entreaties."

"I hardly think that likely. I never saw a more inexorable face in my life."

"Oh, we shall soon clear up all that," said Bradstreet. "Well, I have drawn my circle, and I only wish I knew at what point upon it the folk that we are in search of are to be found."

"I think I could lay my finger on it," said Holmes, quietly.

"Really, now!" cried the Inspector, "you have formed your opinion! Come now, we shall see who agrees with you. I say it is south, for the country is more deserted there."

"And I say east," said my patient.

"I am for west," remarked the plain-clothes man. "There are several quiet little villages up there."

"And I am for north," said I; "because there are no hills there, and our friend says that he did not notice the carriage go up any."

"Come," cried the Inspector, laughing;

"it's a very pretty diversity of opinion. We have boxed the compass among us. Who do you give your casting vote to?"

"You are all wrong."

"But we can't *all* be."

"Oh yes, you can. This is my point," he placed his finger in the centre of the circle. "This is where we shall find them."

"But the twelve-mile drive?" gasped Hatherley.

"Six out and six back. Nothing simpler. You say yourself that the horse was fresh and glossy when you got in. How could it be that, if it had gone twelve miles over heavy roads?"

"Indeed it is a likely ruse enough," observed Bradstreet, thoughtfully. "Of course there can be no doubt as to the nature of this gang."

"None at all," said Holmes. "They are coiners on a large scale, and have used the machine to form the amalgam which has taken the place of silver."

"We have known for some time that a clever gang was at work," said the Inspector. "They have been turning out half-crowns by the thousand. We even traced them as far as Reading, but could get no further; for they had covered their traces in a way that showed that they were very old hands. But now, thanks to this lucky chance, I think that we have got them right enough."

But the Inspector was mistaken, for those criminals were not destined to fall into the hands of justice. As we rolled into Eyford Station we saw a gigantic column of smoke which streamed up from behind a small clump of trees in the neighbourhood, and hung like an immense ostrich feather over the landscape.

"A house on fire?" asked Bradstreet, as the train steamed off again on its way.

"Yes, sir!" said the station-master.

"When did it break out?"

"I hear that it was during the night, sir, but it has got worse, and the whole place is in a blaze."

"Whose house is it?"

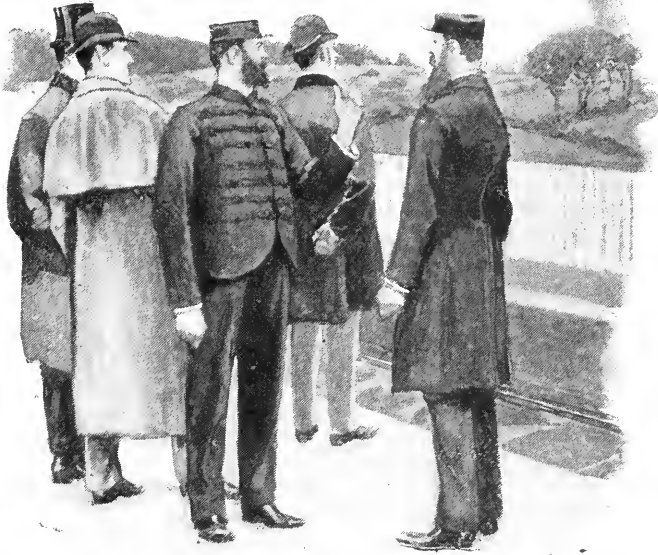
"Dr. Becher's."

"Tell me," broke in the engineer, "is Dr. Becher a German, very thin, with a long sharp nose?"

The station-master laughed heartily. "No, sir, Dr. Becher is an Englishman, and there isn't a man in the parish who has a better-lined waistcoat. But he has a gentleman staying with him, a patient, as I understand, who is a foreigner, and he looks

as if a little good Berkshire beef would do him no harm."

The station-master had not finished his speech before we were all hastening in the direction of the fire. The road topped a low hill, and there was a great wide-spread white-washed building in front of us, spouting fire at every chink and window, while in the garden in



"A HOUSE ON FIRE?"

front three fire-engines were vainly striving to keep the flames under.

"That's it!" cried Hatherley, in intense excitement. "There is the gravel drive, and there are the rose-bushes where I lay. That second window is the one that I jumped from."

"Well, at least," said Holmes, "you have had your revenge upon them. There can be no question that it was your oil lamp which, when it was crushed in the press, set fire to the wooden walls, though no doubt they were too excited in the chase after you to observe it at the time. Now keep your eyes open in this crowd for your friends of last night, though I very much fear that they are a good hundred miles off by now."

And Holmes' fears came to be realised, for from that day to this no word has ever been heard either of the beautiful woman, the sinister German, or the morose Englishman. Early that morning a peasant had

met a cart containing several people and some very bulky boxes driving rapidly in the direction of Reading, but there all traces of the fugitives disappeared, and even Holmes' ingenuity failed ever to discover the least clue as to their whereabouts.

The firemen had been much perturbed at the strange arrangements which they had found within, and still more so by discovering a newly severed human thumb upon a window-sill of the second floor. About sunset, however, their efforts were at last successful, and they subdued the flames, but not before the roof had fallen in, and the whole place been reduced to such absolute ruin that, save some twisted cylinders and iron piping, not a trace remained of the machinery which had cost our unfortunate acquaintance so dearly. Large masses of nickel and of tin were discovered stored in an outhouse, but no coins were to be found, which may have explained the presence of those bulky boxes which have been already referred to.

How our hydraulic engineer had been conveyed from the garden to the spot where he recovered his senses might have remained for ever a mystery were it not for the soft mould, which told us a very plain tale. He had evidently been carried down by two persons, one of whom had remarkably small feet and the other unusually large ones. On the whole, it was most probable that the silent Englishman, being less bold or less murderous than his companion, had assisted the woman to bear the unconscious man out of the way of danger.

"Well," said our engineer ruefully, as we took our seats to return once more to London, "it has been a pretty business for me! I have lost my thumb, and I have lost a fifty-guinea fee, and what have I gained?"

"Experience," said Holmes laughing. "Indirectly it may be of value, you know; you have only to put it into words to gain the reputation of being excellent company for the remainder of your existence."



BEAUTY IN NATURE

BY

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P.

II.—WOODS AND FIELDS.

“**R**URAL life,” says Cicero, “is not delightful by reason of cornfields only and meadows, and vineyards and groves, but also for its gardens and orchards; for the feeding of cattle, the swarms of bees, and the variety of all kinds of flowers.” Bacon considered that a garden is “the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks, and a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection.” No doubt “the pleasure which we take in a garden is one of the most innocent delights in human life.”* Elsewhere there may be scattered flowers, or sheets of colour due to one or two species, but in gardens one glory follows another. Here are brought together all the

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.*

We cannot, happily we need not try to, contrast or compare the beauty of gardens with that of woods and fields.

And yet, to the true lover of Nature, wild flowers have a charm which no garden can equal. Cultivated plants are but a living herbarium. They surpass, no doubt, the dried specimens of a museum; but, lovely as they are, they can be no more compared with the natural vegetation of our woods and fields, than the captives in the Zoological Gardens with the same wild species in their native forests and mountains.

Often, indeed, our woods and fields even rival gardens in the richness of colour. We have all seen meadows glorious with Narcissus and early purple Orchis, Cowslips, Buttercups, or Cuckoo flowers; cornfields blazing with Poppies; woods carpeted with Bluebells, Anemones, Primroses, and Forget-

Quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,

* *The Spectator.*

* Milton.

me-nots ; commons with the yellow Lady's-bedstraw, Harebells, and the sweet Thyme ; marshy places with the yellow stars of the Bog Asphodel, the Sundew sparkling with diamonds, Ragged Robin, the beautifully fringed petals of the Buckbean, the lovely little Bog Pimpernel, or the feathery tufts of Cotton grass ; hedgerows with Hawthorn and Traveller's Joy, wild Rose, Honeysuckle, and Bryony ; underneath are the curious leaves and orange fruit of the Lords and Ladies, the snowy stars of the Stitchwort, Succory, Yarrow, and several kinds of Violets ; while all along the banks of streams are the tall, red spikes of the Loosestrife, the Hemp Agrimony, water Groundsel, Sedges, Bulrushes, flowering Rush, and Sweet Flag.

Many other sweet names will also at once occur to us—Snowdrops, Daffodils, Heart's-ease, Lady's-mantles and Lady's-tresses, Eyebright, Milkwort, Foxgloves, Herb Roberts, Geraniums, and among rarer species, at least in England, Columbine and Elecampane.

But Nature does not provide delights for the eye only. The other senses are not forgotten. A thousand sounds—many delightful in themselves, and all by association—songs of birds, hum of insects, rustle of leaves, ripple of water—seem to fill the air. Flowers, again, are sweet as well as lovely. The scent of pine woods, which is said to be very healthy, is certainly delicious, and the effect of woodland scenery is good for the mind as well as for the body.

"Resting quietly under an ash tree, with the scent of flowers, and the odour of green buds and leaves, a ray of sunlight yonder lighting up the lichen and the moss on the oak trunk, a gentle air stirring in the branches above, giving glimpses of fleecy clouds sailing in the ether, there comes into the mind a feeling of intense joy in the simple fact of living."*

Woods and forests were to our ancestors the special scenes of enchantment.

The great ash tree Ygzdrasil bound together heaven, earth, and hell. Its top reached to heaven, its branches covered the earth, and the roots penetrated into hell. The three Normas, or Fates, sat under it spinning the thread of life.

Of all the gods and goddesses of classical mythology or our own folk-lore, none were more fascinating than the Nature Spirits, Elves and Fairies, Neckhans and Kelpies,

Pixies and Ouphes, Mermaids, Undines, Water Spirits, and all the Elfin World—

Which have their haunts in dale and piny mountain,
Or forests, by slow stream or tingling brook.

They come out, as we are told, especially on moonlight nights. But while evening thus clothes many a scene with poetry, forests are fairyland all day long.

Almost any wood contains many and many a spot well suited for fairy feasts ; where one might almost expect to find Titania resting, as once we are told :

She lay upon a bank, the favourite haunt
Of the spring wind in its first sunshine hour,
For the luxuriant strawberry blossoms spread
Like a snow shower then, and violets
Bowed down their purple vases of perfume
About her pillow—linked in a gay band
Floated fantastic shapes ; these were her guards,
Her lithe and rainbow elves.

In early spring the woods are bright with the feathery catkins of the willow, followed by the bright green of the beech, the white or pink flowers of the thorn, the pyramids of the horse-chestnut, festoons of the laburnum and acacia, while the oak slowly wakes from its winter sleep, and the ash leaves long linger in their black buds.

Under foot is a carpet of flowers—anemones, cowslips, primroses, bluebells ; and the golden blossoms of the broom, which, however, while gorse and heather continue in bloom for months, "blazes for a week or two, and is then completely extinguished, like a fire that has burnt itself out."*

In summer the tints grow darker, the birds are more numerous and full of life, the air teems with insects, with the busy murmur of bees and the idle hum of flies, while the cool of morning and evening, and the heat of the day are all alike delicious.

As the year advances and the flowers wane, we have many beautiful fruits and berries, the red hips and haws of the wild roses, scarlet hollyberries, crimson yew cups, the translucent berries of the guelder rose, hanging coral clusters of the black bryony, feathery festoons of the traveller's joy, and many others less conspicuous, but still exquisite in themselves—acorns, beech nuts, ash-keys, and many more.

It is really difficult to say which are most beautiful, the tender greens of spring, or the rich tints of autumn, which glow so brightly in the sunshine.

Tropical fruits are even more striking. No one who has seen it can ever forget a

* Jefferies' "Wild Life in a Southern Country."

* Hamerton.

grove of orange trees in full fruit ; while the more we examine the more we find to admire—all perfectly and exquisitely finished “*usque ad ungues*,” perfect inside and outside, for Nature

Does in the pomegranate close,
Jewels more rare than *Ormus* shows.*

In winter the woods are comparatively bare and lifeless, even the brambles and woodbine, which straggle over the tangle of underwood, being almost leafless.

Still, even then they have a beauty and interest of their own : the mossy boles of the trees, the delicate tracery of the

numerous, many of our birds being then far away in the dense African forests, on the other hand those which remain are much more easily visible. We can follow the birds from tree to tree and the squirrel from bough to bough.

It requires little imagination to regard trees as conscious beings ; indeed, it is almost an effort not to do so.

“The various action of trees,” says Ruskin, “rooting themselves in inhospitable rocks, stooping to look into ravines, hiding from the search of glacier winds, reaching forth to the rays of rare sunshine, crowding down together to drink at sweetest streams, climbing hand in hand among the difficult slopes, opening in

sudden dances among the mossy knolls, gathering into companies at rest among the fragrant fields, gliding in grave procession over the heavenward ridges—nothing of this can be conceived among the unvexed and unvaried



“THE WOODS ARE BARE AND LIFELESS.”

branches, which can hardly be appreciated when they are covered with leaves, and under foot the beds of fallen leaves ; while the evergreens seem brighter than in summer, the ruddy stems and rich green foliage of the Scotch pines and the dark spires of the firs seeming to acquire fresh beauty.

Again, in winter, though no doubt the living tenants of the woods are much less

felicities of the lowland forest : while to all these direct sources of greater beauty are added, first the power of redundancy—the mere quantity of foliage visible in the folds and on the promontories of a

single Alp being greater than that of an entire lowland landscape (unless a view from some Cathedral tower); add to this charm of redundancy that of clearer visibility—tree after tree being constantly shown in successive height, one behind another, instead of the mere tops and flanks of masses, as in the plains; and the forms of multitudes of them continually defined against the clear sky, near and above, or against white clouds entangled among their branches, instead of being confused in dimness of distance."

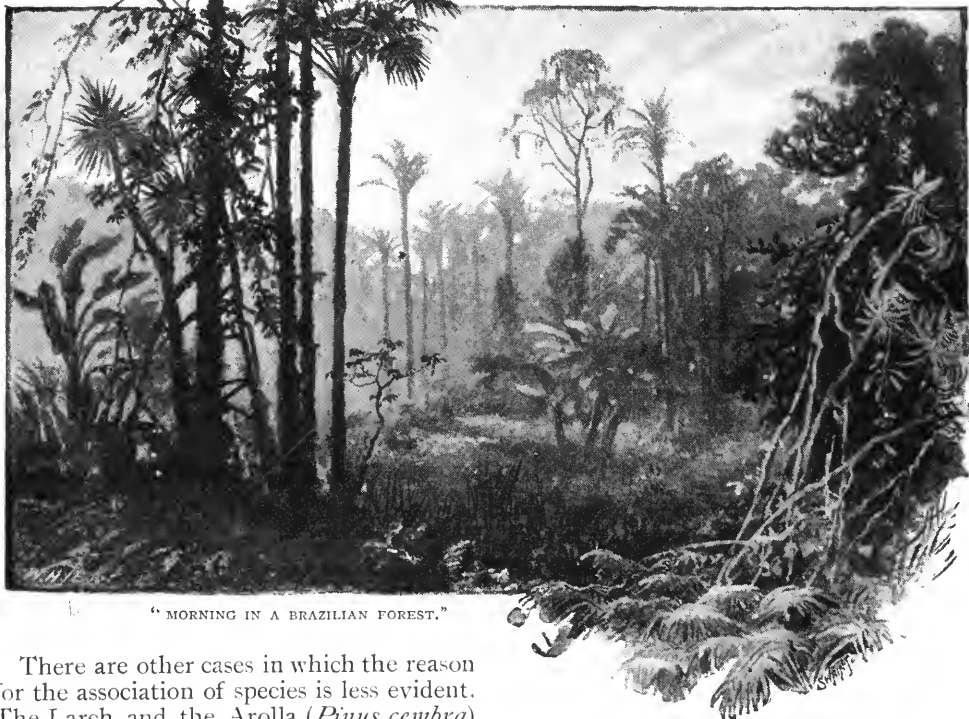
There is much that is interesting in the relations of one species to another. Many plants are parasitic upon others. The foliage of the beech is so thick that scarcely anything will grow under it except those spring plants, such as the anemone and the wood buttercup or goldlocks, which flower early before the beech is in leaf.

Another very remarkable case which has recently been observed is the relation existing between some of our forest trees and certain fungi the species of which have not yet been clearly ascertained. The root tips of the trees are, as it were, enclosed in a thin sheet of closely woven mycelium. It was at first supposed that the fungus was attacking the roots of the tree, but it is now considered that the tree and the fungus mutually benefit one another. The fungus collects nutriment from the soil, which passes into the tree and up to the leaves, where it is elaborated into sap, the greater part being utilised by the tree, but a portion reabsorbed by the fungus. There is reason to think that, in some cases at any rate, the mycelium is that of the truffle.

The great tropical forests have a totally different character from ours.

Sir Wyville Thomson graphically describes a morning in a Brazilian forest:—

"The night was almost absolutely silent.



"MORNING IN A BRAZILIAN FOREST."

There are other cases in which the reason for the association of species is less evident. The Larch and the Arolla (*Pinus cembra*) are close companions. They grow together in Siberia; they do not occur in Scandinavia or Russia, but both appear in certain Swiss valleys, especially in the cantons of Lucerne and Valais and the Engadine.

Only now and then a peculiarly shrill cry of some night bird reached us from the woods. As we got into the skirt of the forest, the morning broke, but the reveil in a Brazilian forest is wonderfully different

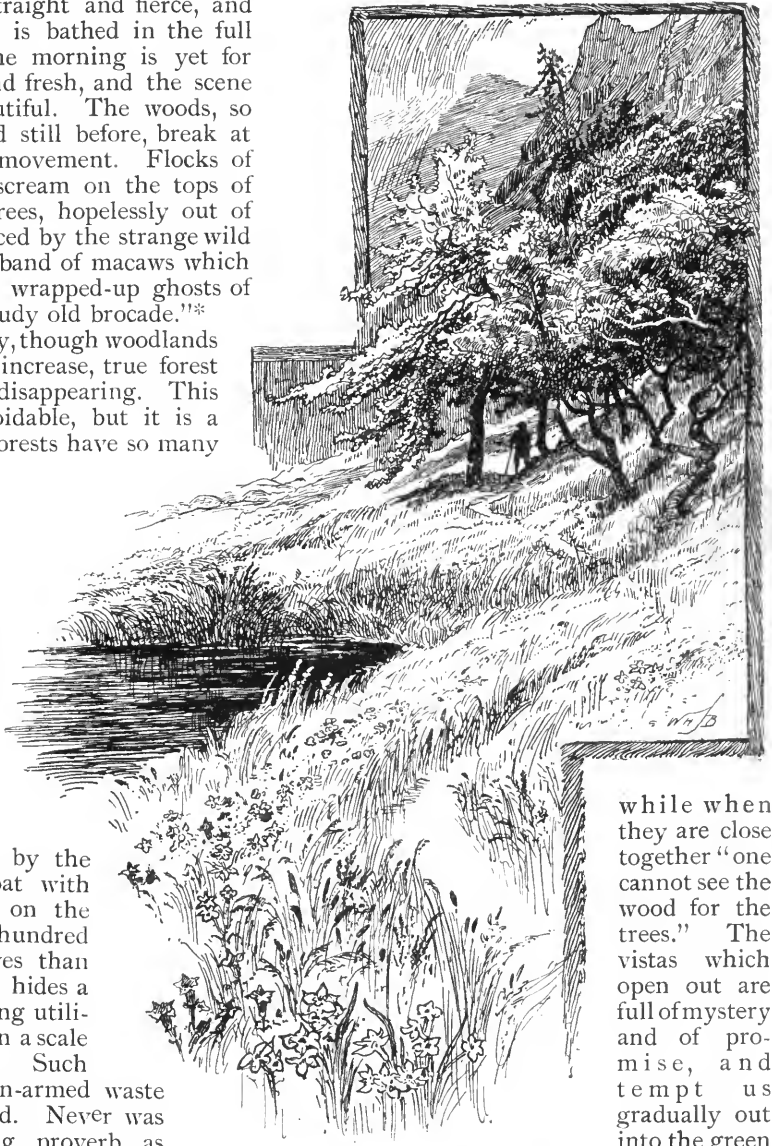
from the slow creeping on of the dawn of a summer morning at home, to the music of the thrushes answering one another's full rich notes from neighbouring thorn-trees. Suddenly a yellow light spreads upwards in the east, the stars quickly fade, and the dark fringes of the forest and the tall palms show out black against the yellow sky, and almost before one has time to observe the change the sun has risen straight and fierce, and the whole landscape is bathed in the full light of day. But the morning is yet for another hour cool and fresh, and the scene is indescribably beautiful. The woods, so absolutely silent and still before, break at once into noise and movement. Flocks of toucans flutter and scream on the tops of the highest forest trees, hopelessly out of shot; the ear is pierced by the strange wild screeches of a little band of macaws which fly past you like the wrapped-up ghosts of the birds on some gaudy old brocade."*

In our own country, though woodlands are perhaps on the increase, true forest scenery is gradually disappearing. This is, I suppose, unavoidable, but it is a matter of regret. Forests have so many charms of their own. They give delightful impressions of space and of abundance.

The extravagance is sublime. Trees, as Jefferies says, "throw away handfuls of flowers; but in the meadows the careless, spend-thrift ways of grass and flower and all things are not to be expressed. Seeds by the hundred million float with absolute indifference on the air. The oak has a hundred thousand more leaves than necessary, and never hides a single acorn. Nothing utilitarian—everything on a scale of splendid waste. Such noble, broadcast, open-armed waste is delicious to behold. Never was there such a lying proverb as 'Enough is as good as a feast.' Give me the feast, give me squandered millions of seeds, luxurious carpets of

petals, green mountains of oak-leaves. The greater the waste, the greater the enjoyment—the nearer the approach to real life."

Nowhere is woodland scenery more beautiful than where it passes gradually into the open country. The separate trees, having more room both for their roots and branches, are finer, and can be better seen,



"BY THE SHORES OF THE SWISS LAKES."

while when they are close together "one cannot see the wood for the trees." The vistas which open out are full of mystery and of promise, and tempt us gradually out into the green fields.

What pleasant memories these very words recall, games in the hay as children, and sunny summer days throughout life.

* Thomson's "Voyage of the *Challenger*."

"Go out," says Ruskin, "in the spring time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and, as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom—paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds, sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm: 'He maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains.'"

In the passage just quoted, Ruskin alludes especially to Swiss meadows. They are especially remarkable in the beauty and variety of flowers. In our fields the herbage is mainly grass, and if it often happens that they glow with buttercups or are white with ox-eye daisies, these are but unwelcome intruders, and add nothing to the value of the hay. Swiss meadows, on the contrary, are sweet and lovely with wild geraniums, harebells, bluebells, pink restharrow, yellow lady's-bed-straw, chervil, eye-bright, red and white silenes, geraniums, gentians, and many other flowers which have no familiar names, all adding, not only to the beauty and sweetness of the meadows, but forming a valuable part of the crop itself.*

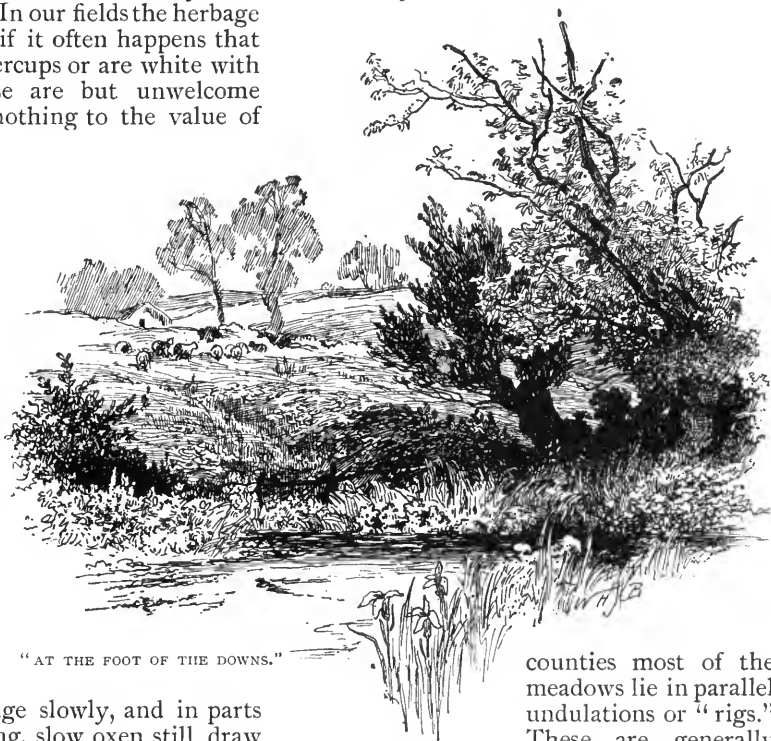
On the downs, indeed, things change slowly, and in parts of Sussex the strong, slow oxen still draw the wagons laden with warm hay or golden wheat sheaves, or drag the wooden plough

along the slopes of the downs, just as they did a thousand years ago.

I love the open downs most, but without hedges England would not be England. Hedges are everywhere full of beauty and interest, and nowhere more so than at the foot of the downs, where they are in great part composed of wild guelder roses and rich, dark yews, decked with festoons of traveller's joy, the wild bryonies, and garlands of wild roses covered with thousands of white or delicate pink flowers, each with a centre of gold.

At the foot of the downs spring sparkling, clear streams; rain from heaven purified still further by being filtered through a thousand feet of chalk; fringed with purple loosestrife, and willowherb, starred with white water ranunculuses, or rich water-cress, while every now and then a brown water-rat rustles in the grasses at the edge, and splashes into the water, or a pink speckled trout glides out of sight.

In many of our Midland and Northern



"AT THE FOOT OF THE DOWNS."

counties most of the meadows lie in parallel undulations or "rigs."

These are generally about a furlong (220 yards) in length, and either one or two poles (5½ or 11 yards) in breadth. They seldom run straight, but tend to curve towards the left. At each end of the field a high bank, locally called a balk, often three or four feet high, runs at

* M. Corveon informs me that the Gruyère cheese is supposed to owe its peculiar flavour to the Alpine *Alchemilla*, which is now on that account often purposely grown elsewhere.

right angles to the rigs. In small fields there are generally eight, but sometimes ten, of these rigs, which make in the one case four, in the other five acres. These curious characters carry us back to the old tenures, and archaic cultivation of land, and to a period when the fields were not in pasture, but were arable.

The team generally consisted of eight oxen. Few peasants, however, possessed a whole team, several generally joining together and dividing the produce. Hence the number of "rigs," one for each ox. We often, however, find ten instead of eight; one being for the parson's tithe, the other tenth going to the ploughman.

When eight oxen were employed, the goad would not, of course, reach the leaders, which were guided by a man who walked on the near side. On arriving at the end of each furrow, he turned them round, and, as it was easier to pull than to push them, this gradually gave the furrow a turn towards the left, thus accounting for the slight curvature. Lastly, while the oxen rested on arriving at the end of the furrow, the ploughman scraped off the earth which had accumulated on the coulter and plough-share, and the accumulation of these scrapings gradually formed the balk.

It is fascinating thus to trace indications of old customs and modes of life, but it would carry us away from the present subject.

Even though the Swiss meadows may offer a greater variety, our English fields are yet rich in flowers: yellow with cowslips and primroses, pink with cuckoo flowers and purple with orchis, while buttercups, however unwelcome to the eye of the farmer, turn many a meadow into a veritable field of the cloth of gold, and there are few prettier sights in nature than an English hay-field on a summer evening, with a copse, perhaps, at one side, and a brook on the other; men with forks tossing the hay in the air to dry; women with wooden rakes arranging it in swaithes ready for the great four-horse waggon, or collecting it in cocks for the night; while some way off the mowers are still at work, and we hear from time to time the pleasant sound of the sharpening of the scythe. All are working with a will, lest rain should come and their labour be thrown away. This too often happens. But, though we often complain of our English climate, it is yet, take it all in all, one of the best in the world, being comparatively free from extremes either of heat or cold, drought or deluge. To the happy mixture of sunshine and rain we owe the greenness of our fields, lit and

Warmed by golden sunshine,
And fed by silver rain,

which now and again sprinkles the whole earth with diamonds.



The Curate's Temptation.

BY MAURICE SAXON.

I.



HE Rev. Oswald Campion sat deep in thought in a small room in Walworth. His thin and naturally thoughtful face wore a worried and hopeless look, and his tall

figure seemed to stoop under some heavy burden. "How will it all end?" he murmured; "God help me in this trouble." Wearily he arose and crossed to the fireplace. He strove to warm his numbed fingers over the small handful of embers in the grate, then with a sigh rested his arm on the mantelpiece. Again he sighed, and passed his long, thin hands over his brow. A sudden terrible thought occurred to him. "God of mercy," he cried, "add not *that* to my cup of bitterness!"

He started violently as the door was opened, and a gentleman entered quietly.

Campion tried to speak, but his dry lips refused their office. Seeing his agitation, his visitor said, calmly:

"I congratulate you, Mr. Campion; you have a son."

"And my wife?"

"Is doing as well as can be expected; but, as you know, she is far from strong, and requires every care."

"I know," said the clergyman, sadly. "May I go and see her?"

"Certainly, but do not excite her."

Campion's pale face flushed, but it was by excitement rather than joy, for the weight on his heart was too heavy to be easily raised. With merely a slight bow to the medical man, he went upstairs.

During the few minutes he was allowed to remain in his wife's room he strove desperately to hide his anxiety and encourage the girl-mother, who glanced at

him wistfully as he looked at his new-born heir.

"Cheer up, Edith, my darling," he said, brightly, as he kissed her pale face; "you will soon be well again now, and then we will get away from this dreadful London."

"Ah! Oswald," she whispered, pressing his hand affectionately, "if we could do so!



"CHEER UP, MY DARLING!"

But I am so troubled to know how we shall manage now."

"You mustn't bother yourself, dearest. We shall do splendidly. I have heard of a first-rate curacy, and I have every hope that I shall obtain it. So keep up your spirits."

"But meantime, dear, what are we to do?"

"Do? Why, pull on as best we can."

"But have you any money, Oswald? You know you told me yesterday you did not know what to do for some."

"Yesterday! Oh! that was a long time ago. I have plenty now. Robinson has paid me that thirty shillings that has been owing so long, so for the present we are quite rich," he said, gaily.

"But, Oswald——"

"There, darling; Dr. Thornton said you were not to be excited, so I must not let you talk any more."

He kissed her again, as an old woman, who was doing duty as nurse, entered, and then quietly withdrew.

He paused on the landing, and a look of blank despair settled on his features. "God forgive me for those lies!" he thought. "But I could not let my poor girl lie there, weak and ill, and fret about money affairs. It is bad enough to have to do so when you are well and strong, but for her now it would be terrible."

He re-entered his room and sat down at the table. Then he proceeded to turn out his pockets. He found a solitary sixpence and fourpence halfpenny in bronze and placed it before him. He surveyed his possessions and murmured bitterly: "Something must be done at once. I will cast my ridiculous pride on one side, and will call on Mr. Pearson. I don't suppose it is much after three, so I shall have time to catch him to-day." Without hesitation he put on his hat—which unfortunately gave too evident signs of its owner's impecuniosity—and left the house.

Oswald Campion's was a common case. The only son of a struggling professional man, he had received a good school education and had finally been sent to the University of Oxford. He obtained his degree with honours, and then had decided to take "Orders." Almost as soon as he had done so he obtained a curacy in the Midlands with a stipend of £80 a year.

Here he had met Edith Burton, the orphan daughter of a local lawyer, and their acquaintance had speedily ripened into love. Meanwhile, Campion's father died, leaving only sufficient property to ensure his widow a bare maintenance. As time went on the young man pressed his sweetheart to marry him at once, and painted such glowing pictures of their future, brightened by love and ennobled by their religious work, that the girl at last consented.

Their bright views early received a rude shock. Campion's marriage much displeased his rector, who fully understood that a "single" curate made a church attractive to the spinster element of the congregation.

So one day, when Oswald had preached a sermon embodying bold and striking views, the rector seized the opportunity to cast doubts on the young man's orthodoxy and to gently hint that he might find a more congenial sphere of work elsewhere.

The curate's sensitive nature was wounded, and, without weighing the consequences, he promptly resigned his charge. Then he came to London, where he thought his sincerity would ensure him success. Alas! he knew not the modern Babylon. Too proud to play the toady, he was overlooked by the powerful. Too sincere and intellectual to preach commonplace but "taking" sermons, he could not impress the masses, and, lacking assumption and confidence, he was pushed aside by inferior but stronger men. Thus it was that after six months' struggle he felt that he had exhausted every resource, but found himself with a sick wife and young infant to provide for on a capital of 10*s*d., and prospects nil.

II.

WEARILY, and with flagging footsteps, Campion took his way along the Borough, and over London bridge. He looked longingly at the omnibuses going westward, but he felt that his small capital would not justify the expenditure of even a penny; so he plodded onwards. It was February, and snow was falling thickly, so that the streets were "slushy"; and the cold air affected even the well clad. The poor curate, in his threadbare clothes, and without an overcoat, felt the keen weather intensely; and his sensitive body suffered an amount of discomfort that coarser natures never experience. Every step reminded him that his boots were worn down at the heels, and a suspicious "whish" and feeling of dampness to his toes warned him that one of them was not even weather-proof. At last he paused in front of a large warehouse in Cannon-street. He glanced up, and saw the name, "Pearson & Co., Papermakers," and knew that he had reached his destination. He paused, however, on the threshold, feeling that terrible sinking that occurs to nervous men when they find themselves in a position repugnant to their feelings. At last he summoned up sufficient courage to enter the office. A dapper young clerk stared at him rudely, and then, with an easy air of insolence, asked him what he required.

"I wish to see Mr. Pearson."

"Hum! I know he is very busy. Can you state your business?"

"Certainly not, to you, sir," said the curate, in a tone that caused the other evident surprise. He, however, crossed to a senior clerk and made a whispered communication. The elder man glanced round, and then said in a tone loud enough to reach Campion: "Oh, you had better take up his name. The governor's always willing to see a parson." The young man recrossed to the curate, and taking his card disappeared into an inner room. Presently he returned, saying, "Step this way, please."

Campion followed his conductor, and was ushered into a plainly but comfortably furnished office. He saw before him a stout, pompous-looking gentleman seated at a desk, who glanced up as his visitor entered, but hope died out of the curate's heart as he caught the look of complacency on the florid countenance.

Mr. Pearson pushed his papers on one side, and, with a pious look, said—

"Take a seat, Mr. Campion; I am always glad to see the ministers of God, although I am unusually busy just at present."

"I would not willingly disturb you; I can call some other time."

"By no means, my friend. My motto has always been God's work before worldly affairs, and I judge by your garb that you come in His name."

"I trust so," said the curate; then plunging into his business, he continued: "I saw your advertisement in yesterday's *Telegraph*, asking for clerical or lay workers for your East-end Mission, and I thought perhaps——"

"That we could utilise your services. Indeed, we can. There is work enough for all in the Lord's vineyard. Have you an appointment in London?"

"Unfortunately, I have not at present."

"And, naturally, you do not wish to waste time that is so precious and can never be recovered. We will gladly enrol

you amongst our workers. The harvest is great, but, alas! the labourers are few," said Mr. Pearson, turning his eyes upwards.

Campion paused, then said desperately: "I fear you do not quite understand me. I am anxious, most anxious, to work, but I have a wife and child to consider. What I therefore seek is employment that will afford at least some slight pecuniary return. I thought you might——"

"What?" interrupted the other, opening his eyes wide in astonishment. "What do I hear? Do you come to tell me that you wish to enter our grand cause from mercenary motives?"

"Certainly not, sir, but surely 'the workman is worthy of his hire.'"



DALTON S.

"WHAT DO I HEAR?"

"Alas! that holy text is too often made an excuse for avariciousness," said the other, raising his hand deprecatingly. "But let us not bandy words. If *I* give *my* services, surely I have a right to expect others to do the same."

"Truly, sir, but you are wealthy, you can afford it. If you had a wife and child wanting the bare necessities of life, would you then be willing to do so?"

"I see," said Pearson, raising his eyebrows superciliously. "I quite misunderstood you. I did not think you were one of those unscrupulous individuals who don the garb of a clergyman as an excuse for begging."

"Sir," said Campion, indignantly, "I am at least entitled to my costume, I am fully ordained, and——"

"Well, well," said the other, "I have neither time nor inclination to listen to your private affairs." Then he struck a bell, and as his clerk entered, said—

"Johnson, show this person out."

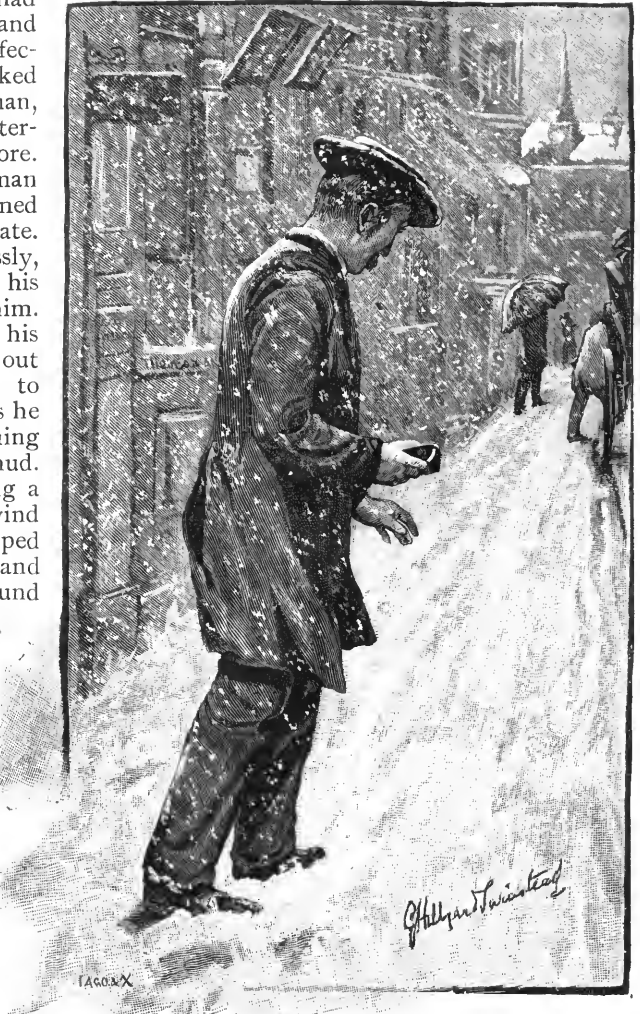
Campion retired, feeling terribly humiliated; as he opened the office door he heard the clerk, with a laugh, say to his colleague, "I thought he looked too seedy to be up to much."

Utterly dejected, Campion walked back towards London bridge. It was five o'clock, and the streets were, comparatively speaking, quiet. The snow was still falling, and an east wind drove it fiercely into the faces of the pedestrians. He had tasted nothing since breakfast, and paused as he came to a confectioner's. The simple cakes looked very tempting to the hungry man, but heroically he moved on, determined not to lessen his small store. Just then an elderly gentleman came out of the shop, and turned up the street in front of the curate. The young man followed aimlessly, and almost unconsciously kept his eyes fixed on the figure before him. Suddenly the stranger placed his hand in his pocket and drew out his handkerchief, apparently to wipe the snow from his face. As he did so Campion noticed something fall into the snow with a dull thud. He quickened his steps, uttering a feeble "Stop, sir!" but the wind carried away his voice. He stopped and picked up the article, and shuddered violently when he found a purse in his hand, that from its weight seemed to be well filled. Visions of the importance of the treasure to him flashed through his mind, and for a moment he determined to retain it. Then the natural honesty of his pure nature asserted itself, and he looked round for the owner. The delay, however, had been fatal; he just caught sight of the old gentleman stepping into a hansom, and then the vehicle rolled off, leaving the young man too bewildered to follow it.

With mingled feelings that he could not analyse, the curate walked homewards. He forgot his weariness and his hunger; even the biting wind and cold driving sleet affected him not, for he was at war with himself. A terrible temptation was before him. On the one side was his upright nature, and on the other his love for his helpless wife and child. Unconsciously he passed onwards until he reached his home.

III.

In his own room once more Oswald took out the purse, and examined its exterior carefully. Then he opened it, and turned its contents out on the table. His head swam as he saw the unusual glitter of gold; and with amazement he counted the coins.



"HE FOUND THE PURSE IN HIS HAND."

Five sovereigns, two half-sovereigns, and a total of sixteen shillings in silver. He surveyed the treasure with startled eyes, and murmured, "It is a fortune; such a sum would tide us over our present difficulties, and with Edith strong again I could once more try for work." Then he pushed the money from him crying, "I will not be tempted; I will not imperil my soul; I will return it!" He half turned as if to carry his purpose into instant execution, but suddenly remembered he had no means of tracing the owner. As the thought occurred to him he once more examined the purse, but, despite himself, he could not help feeling relieved when he found neither name nor address. Stay! In his hurry he has overlooked the ticket pocket. What is in it? A card! He draws it out, and in astonishment reads—"Mr. George Morley, 59, Burton-crescent, W.C."

"What!" he cried. "This is indeed miraculous. My father's friend, the man who owed so much to him. Surely the hand of the Almighty is in all this! I will go to him. He will help me, for my father's sake. Ah! but will he? Did I not write to him some months ago? Did I not open my soul to him, and yet he has not even deigned to reply to me. Alas! my last hope is dead. Doubtless he will take his money, and let me and my darlings starve. Yet no, by Heaven! it shall not be. For myself I care nothing, but they shall not suffer. Let the sin and its consequences be mine, and mine alone; I will keep what God has given into my hand." He paced the room excitedly, still dragged first this way, then that, by conflicting emotions, till he was roused by the entrance of his landlady.

She paused as she noticed the strange,

stern look on the curate's face. Then, standing by the open door, said—

"I'm mortal sorry to trouble you, Mr. Campion; I'm sure it grieves me sorely to think of your good lady ill upstairs, but I am in great straits myself, and if I don't get some money I'm sure I don't know what will become of us."

The young man looked at the woman gravely as he answered—

"You have been more than kind to us, Mrs. Martin; you have helped us when you were ill able to do so, and, believe me,

I am not ungrateful. Is your present need so very great?"

"Indeed it is, sir. You know I'm a widow with no one to help me, and now the baker says he won't leave any more bread without the money; and the landlord has just called for the rent, and declares he'll distrain to-morrow."

"I owe you two pounds, Mrs. Martin. Will that be sufficient for your wants?" said Campion, quietly.

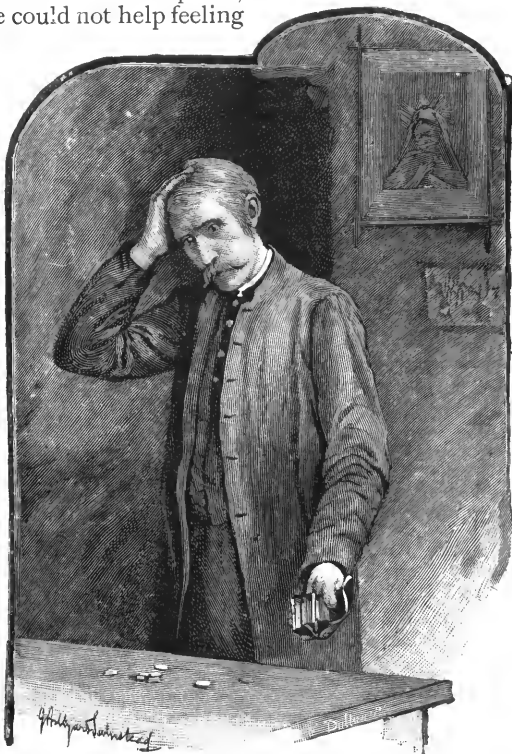
"Oh yes, indeed, sir, more than enough," answered the woman, her face brightening.

"God be merciful to me, and pardon my sin!" said the curate to himself;

"I cannot let this woman and her little ones suffer on my account, the temptation is too great." Then aloud, "Take your money, Mrs. Martin, there is plenty on the table."

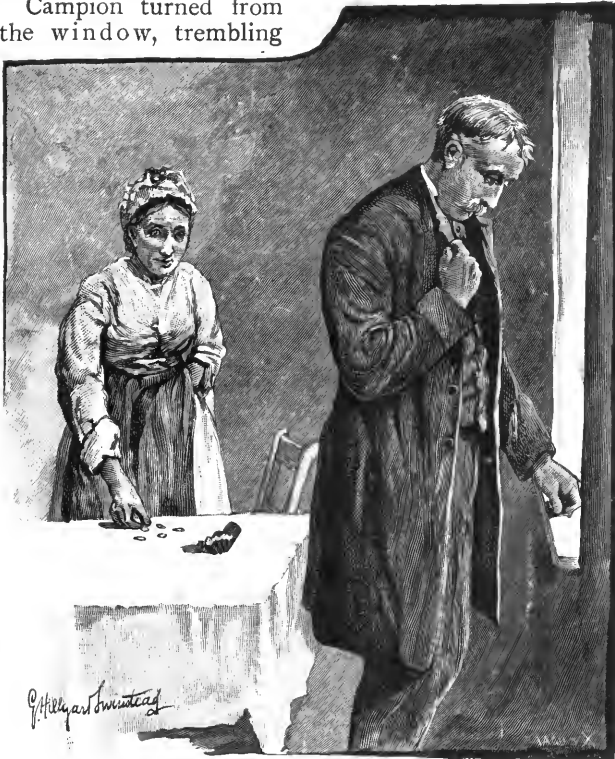
As his landlady stepped forward, he turned to the window so that she could not see his face, for he feared that his emotion would betray itself.

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Mrs. Martin, as she picked up the coins. "I'm truly glad to see you with so much, as much for yours and your dear wife's sake as for my own." Then, as he did not speak, she withdrew quietly.



"HE SURVEYED THE TREASURE WITH STARTLED EYES."

Campion turned from the window, trembling



"OH, THANK YOU, SIR," SAID MRS. MARTIN.

violently. "Thus," he cried, "are my fetters forged. Now, there is no escape!" Then he added, bitterly, "I am fit to be neither saint nor sinner. As I have fallen, at least let me face my crime like a man. If I have lost my soul, I will take its price as my reward, and behave like a man, not like a weak-minded boy."

He gathered up the money, and without waiting to give himself time for further reflection ran upstairs to his wife's room.

The girl was awake, and received him with a look of love. She noticed at once his excited face, and, gently drawing him towards her, said—

"Have you had good fortune, dear?"

"Yes," he replied, cheerfully. "Indeed I have; see here!" and he showed her his hand full of gold and silver.

The girl's face flushed with pleasure. Not for a moment did any possible suspicion of his honesty enter her mind. She trusted him to the fullest extent, and was too weak to question how he had become possessed of so much.

She kissed his face as he bent over her, and murmured, "I am so thankful, Oswald.

Now I can go to sleep comfortably; to-morrow you shall tell me all about your wonderful good luck."

Someone tapped gently at the door. The nurse came over to him, and whispered, "You are wanted, sir." He arose quietly, and, with one fond glance at his sleeping wife, descended the stairs. Then he underwent a sudden revulsion of feeling. He pictured to himself that the police were waiting for him to charge him with theft. Before his mind rose a vision of his denunciation by the owner of the lost purse, and in a state of nervous agitation he laid his hand on the handle of the sitting-room door.

IV.

As the curate paused irresolutely at the door, Mrs. Martin handed him a card; but his head swam so much that, in the dull light, he in vain tried to read it. Mastering his emotion, he flung open the door, and, with the pasteboard still in

his hand, entered the room. He stopped, and almost staggered back, as he saw a short, stout gentleman standing with his back to the fire. Instinctively he recognised the owner of the purse, and an intense horror took possession of him. His crime had found him out full soon, and, with the desperation of despair, he advanced like a culprit to his doom. But as the mists cleared from his eyes he saw that his visitor's face did not bear the look of an avenging Nemesis. His mouth was parted with a genial smile, and the soft eyes shone with good-humour.

The stranger sprang forward as he saw the curate, and, grasping the young man's hands in his, said, in a voice quivering with excitement: "My young friend, I am delighted to find you at last. Believe me, this is a happy meeting to me."

Dumbfounded at his unexpected reception, Campion was silent for a moment; then he exclaimed, in a stiff manner, the better to conceal his agitation: "Sir, I am at a disadvantage. I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"What!" said the other, in surprise.

"You have my card in your hand. Do you not recognise the name? I am George Morley, your father's friend."

"True, true," murmured the curate, absently; "but what has that to do with me?"

"Surely you are not well. What has it to do with you? I intend it shall have a great deal to do with you. Besides, did you not write and confide in me?"

"Yes, but that is long ago. You did not answer my letter."

"Now look here, young man, don't be too ready to take umbrage. Your letter only reached me two weeks ago, when I returned from the Continent. You gave me your address at Middlethorpe, and a nice hunt I've had to find you. I went down there at once, but your late rector couldn't tell me your present place of residence. I've been looking for you ever since, and had almost given up in despair, when, not an hour ago, I luckily thought of Pearson; he knows all the parsons, and, by a curious coincidence, he said you had only just left him; in fact, your card was still on his desk; so I came on at once."

"Did Mr. Pearson tell you why I had called on him, and how he received me?"

"I don't remember that he said anything special; but he mentioned you were looking for work, though I don't know whether that's quite a correct word to use with respect to a clergyman's duties."

"And why have you sought me out now?" asked Campion huskily, his intense feeling making him brusque and almost discourteous.

"Oh, look here, Campion," said Morley, rising, "your whys and wherefores are getting too much for me. Don't you know your father helped me very materially in my early days, and now I want to do something to repay the debt."

"And how can you tell that his son deserves your assistance?" Then springing to his feet he cried: "I cannot, dare not tell you why, but you *shall not* help me; I am unworthy of it!" Then he sank down on a chair and buried his face in his hands and groaned in anguish. "If I had but waited!" he thought. "Had I but resisted temptation for one short hour all would have been well, and I should have been an

honest man. Now, I can never hold up my head again."

Morley stood looking at the young man for a moment in silence, then he gently approached him, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said kindly—

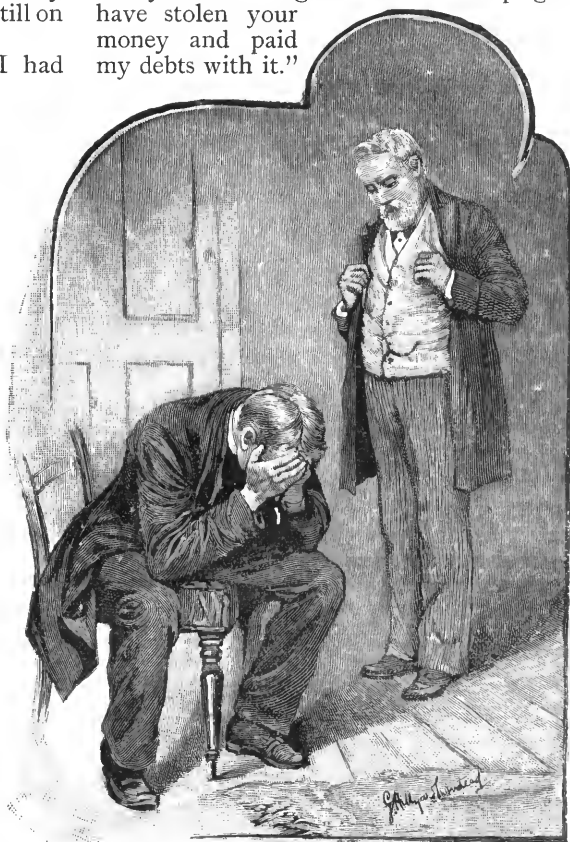
"Campion, for your father's sake, you *must* let me help you. Whatever wrong you have done, or think you have done, need not affect the question. You are over-wrought, and doubtless exaggerate matters. But, be that as it may, whether your fault is real or imaginary, it is not against me."

Campion once more sprang from his chair, and, facing his visitor, cried out, as though the words were wrung from him by torture—

"You! Yes, it is against you and God, that I have sinned. Did you not lose your purse to-day?"

"Yes, I did; but how do you know that?"

"I saw you drop it. I picked it up. I, that you have imagined honest and upright, have stolen your money and paid my debts with it."



"HE BURIED HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS."

"But you did not know whom it belonged to?"

"I did. Your card was in the purse."

"Ah!"

"I see," said the curate, almost with relief. "Now you appreciate the true character of the man you offer to assist. Go, call in the police, and give me up to justice."

Morley's face became overcast, and a look of deep sorrow settled upon it. He sat in silence for a few moments, that seemed an age to the man cowering before him. Then he said, in an authoritative yet kind voice, "Campion, I am an old man, and your father's friend. I beseech of you to look on me as standing in his place, and tell me all about this sad affair. Do not seek either to condemn or excuse yourself, but tell me the tale simply, and as straightforwardly as though you were speaking of another."

Thus abjured, the young man described in detail the doings of the day, in a voice often broken by his agitation. He did not seek to palliate his offence, but his narrative showed how circumstances had combined to urge him into dishonesty.

The elder man listened to him attentively, but in silence, then as he concluded he took his hands in his, and said—

"My poor friend, your tale has greatly moved me. Believe me, the money is of no importance to me, but I dare not ask you to look lightly on your sin. You used the hard term theft for your act, but I do not think it is that. I am not a lawyer, but I imagine the law has a milder term for such offences. However that may be, now more than ever I claim my right to help you. If you accept my assistance, a useful career is before you, and your error will serve as an incentive to future work. Then I ask you to think of your young wife and helpless child ;

surely *they* appeal strongly to you to take the help I offer you."

"You heap coals of fire on my head," murmured the young man, in broken accents.

The two men sat talking far into the evening, and when Morley rose to leave he had gained his point. The curate had learnt the lesson, that oftentimes appears so hard to believe, that if God is willing to forgive, it is meet that man should not condemn himself too severely, and should accept human forgiveness if fully and freely offered.

The Rev. Oswald Campion is now a well-known preacher. He holds an important living in the south of England, and his preaching has drawn a large congregation around him. It is not his eloquence or rhetorical display that affects his hearers, for he speaks in simple language, as an erring man to fellow-men liable to fall into temptation, and the sincerity of his words none can dispute. His early error has impressed his soul, and he never tires of preaching the doctrines of mercy and forgiveness.



"THE TWO MEN SAT TALKING FAR INTO THE EVENING."

Monkey Society.

BY ONE OF ITS ORNAMENTS.



OME days ago I overheard two of those wretched descendants of our noble race—humans, I mean—talking outside my wires. They were telling each other about some fellow-human of theirs—his name was Garner—who had, by years of slow study, arrived at some sort of knowledge of three or four of the simpler

words of our language—the ancient and eloquent tongue of the monkeys. Of course, this was only one more evidence of the human stupidity and conceit we chuckle over. Here were we monkeys for all these thousands of years perfectly understanding every syllable of human language that we heard, and never letting on once to the silly men that we knew a word of what they were saying; and all the while talking freely in our own tongue without a chance of detection, and laughing at them. And now, forsooth, because one of them has discovered—or thinks he has—two or three of our words, they are all cock-a-whoop with conceit, think themselves the finest creatures on this earth, and blurt out their discovery right and left, instead of keeping quiet and learning more! Is there a name for this kind of fool in any tongue whatever? I don't think there is. So that after listening to the two creatures till my patience gave way, I reached out and grabbed the flower from one of their button-holes. It didn't taste particularly pleasant, but I had the gratification of hearing its late owner tell his friend that it had cost him

eighteenpence. Besides which there was thin wire about the stem which has since been very handy for pricking the pig-faced baboon with, when he wasn't looking. I owe the pig-faced baboon one for himself.

I have owed a grudge to most of them in this cage at one time or another, but nearly all the accounts are settled. I have lived here rather a less time than might be imagined in view of the influential position which I now occupy. A few months ago, when I first came, I was not a very popular monkey—no new monkey is. I had been considerably elated at the docks when I learned that the London Zoological Gardens was to be my destination, because there's a certain tone about such a destination as that—very different from going merely to a dealer or a private owner, or even to a circus, such as did others of my fellow passengers. One even went to an organ-grinder, but he was a low monkey naturally. So I bossed it pretty considerably at the docks, I tell you, and patronised the others as offensively as I could. Still, I wasn't very comfortable when first they put me into this big cage.

You see, the others didn't show me the respect which was my due. I am a green monkey, with a fine long Latin name; such



F. A. Shepherd

"THEY ALL CALLED AT ONCE."

a name as *Cercopithecus callitrichus* ought to command respect anywhere, but here it only excited envy and malice. When I found myself among all these strangers I was prepared to expect a few courteous calls at intervals, and that a few cards would be left where I should find them, but immediately upon my entrance the whole cageful called upon me at once, except the pig-faced baboon, who is always chained up. Their greetings were rather vulgar than otherwise.

"Hullo, here's another green 'un," said the Rhesus, intending this, I believe, to mean something beside my actual colour.

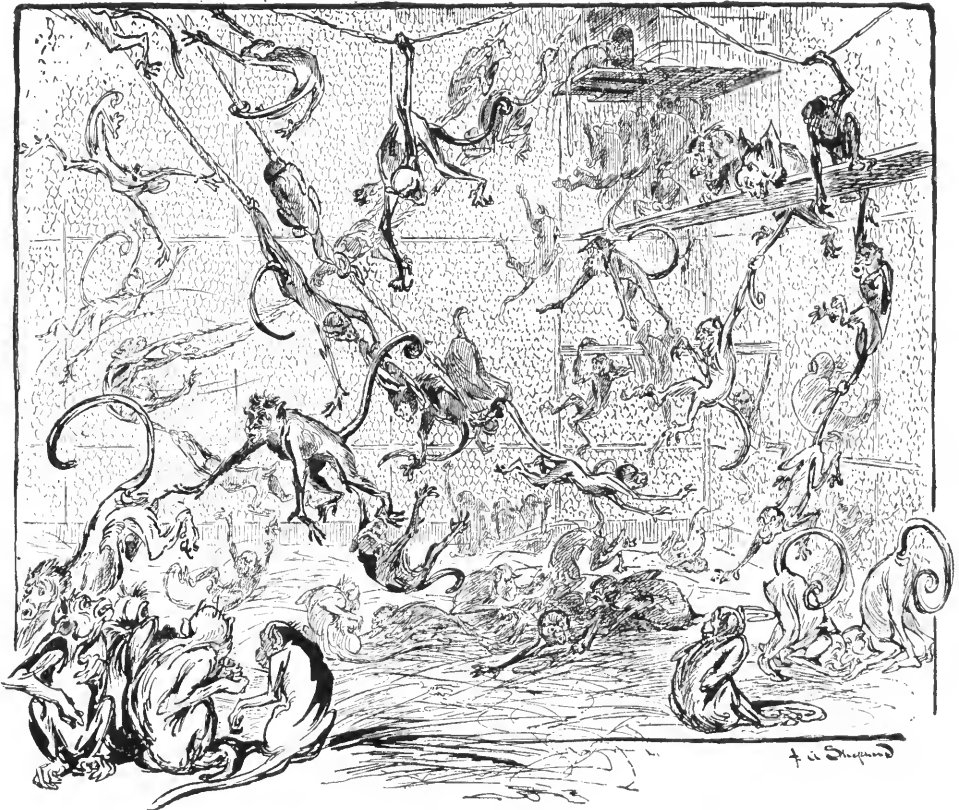
"How are you, old chap?" said another, pulling my tail away from under me, so that I fell forward on my hands.

"Can you fight?" asked somebody else, digging me in the ribs.

Then a big Chacma came along, and saying, "Got any nuts?" without giving me time to reply seized my jaw, threw me over, and forcing his dirty paw into my mouth, emptied my pouch of a little lunch I had brought with me.

After this I had to submit to other insults, but of these I will say nothing. My feelings were outraged and my tail was sore. My tail remained sore, indeed, for a few days, but I soothed my feelings soon after the crowd dispersed. I found a very small Capuchin, whom I had not before noticed among them, and—well, I let him have it.

But I found my proper level—socially a high one, of course. To tell you the truth I don't think much of society here; compared with what I have always been used to it is dull. Anyone can see that at a glance. Look at any of our cages; where is the life and motion proper in good monkey society? Nowhere. The humans outside think we are active and lively, but we who know what these things are know that our state is one of simple stagnation. Very few of us can now manage to be in more than five places at once, and we are even getting slow at that. It is a growing habit of laziness, acquired from the humans, who seem to have no business in hand but to stare,



"A STATE OF SIMPLE STAGNATION."

and never pull each others' tails, being quite ignorant of the usages of politeness.

Some amusements, however, of a pleasing and elevating character, we have. One of the most fashionable is tormenting the pig-faced baboon. He is a low, unprincipled ruffian, and I owe him one for himself, as I think I observed before. He is bigger than most of us, but as he is chained up the amusement is safe as well as genteel—if you are careful about it. The usual course is, after a select party has been made up, first to fix exactly the utmost radius of reach which the chain will allow the pig-faced baboon. Then a semicircle is formed just outside the radius, and one of the party is told off to drop hot ashes out of a pipe upon the enemy's head—in his eye if possible. A pipe can almost always be snatched when required from the breast pocket of some handy human, who puts it there in deference to the printed notice against smoking in our presence, but leaves the bowl sticking out for fear of catching fire. The hot ashes having found their billet, the rest of the procedure is obvious. The pipe having been hurled after the ashes, every other available missile is hurled after the pipe, and the pig-faced gentleman's bad language and frantic attempts at universal assault are received with cheerful sarcasm and pleasant grimace by the assembled company, who keep our friend well in exercise in the meantime by such pokes, pinches, and twitches of the tail from unforeseen directions as may seem judicious. This pursuit, beside affording cheap and innocent amusement and instruction for young and old of all classes, is healthy for the pig-faced baboon, preventing his liver from stagnating, and stimulating his digestion.

I have mentioned that I owe this fellow one for himself. This is why. Soon after I came, and had seen the entertainment

just described once or twice, I made up my mind to devote some time to a little private practice myself. So, producing the necessary inflamed condition on the chained savage with the point of a pocket pen (which a human boy had offered me under the delusion that he could pull it back before I could snatch it), I awaited developments just beyond reach of his teeth and fingers. I enjoyed the game, and after a little refreshing diversion, went so far as to spread my fingers out and plant my thumb against my nose. I had seen a human boy do this,

and it struck me as rather a smart invention for such a creature. Old Piggy tugged and strained at his chain until he reached me within half an inch; then he suddenly turned tail-foremost and—well, I only remember two or three summersaults and an awful pain in the stomach. The fact was, the old scoundrel had let out with his hind legs, and so poached another foot of reach, just when I didn't expect it. It's an old trick

of his. I've seen him do it since to another new monkey, and it looks very neat viewed in that way. Personally, I was very much upset, and, having caught the little brown capuchin again, I administered toko. Notwithstanding which, I still owe the pig-faced baboon one for himself.

There is another to whom I owe a bite or two. He tries to monopolise one of our amusements himself. That is eating. He can't climb or run. He staggers about the place with both pouches hanging like immense whiskers from his cheeks, but solid and heavy. No matter what the humans outside may offer through the wires, he is always handy and grabs it. I flatter myself that very few of the others have a chance at biscuits or nuts if I am anywhere handy, but this unholy thief gets ahead even of me. I hate such greediness.



"A LOW, UNPRINCIPLED RUFFIAN."



"GREEDINESS!"

One day an artless-looking boy came to the wires, munching. He offered a little biscuit to a small Mona. I do not approve of spoiling the digestions of young monkeys with biscuits, so I hastened to get this tit-bit. Of course the greedy beast with the full pouches got there first, and popped it into his mouth before I could touch it. *There was mustard in that biscuit.* That's what I call an interposition of Providence. Greediness is bad enough, but this chap aggravates it by hypocrisy. Pleads the large family he has to support—as though he ever gave *them* any! If I could see that artless-looking boy again I would suggest another biscuit with dynamite in it. That would empty his pouches!

Speaking of owing grudges, bites, and ones for themselves, reminds me that we in this cage owe a lot of these things in different parts of the house which we can't pay. The vanity of some of those in the cages about the walls is sickeningly irritating. The lemurs, for instance, are continually showing off their long bushy tails, pretending coyly to hide their faces behind them—brazen baggages! And they loop them round their necks, too, like a boa, because they have seen the women humans do it, who come here to gape and giggle at nothing. One might almost suppose, to see

their airs, that these lemurs *prefer* their great useless feather-brushes to a decent and useful smooth, long tail, which you can hang on to things with. Then the Diana monkey at the end is positively improper. To begin with, the creature's insupportable pride in the name of some goddess—whom even the humans won't own nowadays—is distinctly objectionable, especially as the name is quite inappropriate.

Diana never had a white beard and whiskers; I don't believe she had a tail. And if she behaved in the servile, cadging manner of that monkey, trying to attract the attention of those human animals, and turning heels over head for nuts—well, she was no lady. The irritating thing is that the beast always gets the nuts. I can't stand seeing this. I always have to go and whack

the little brown capuchin.

There are others we all owe something to, but on the whole the score is fairly balanced. I am alluding to two or three big rascals wired off in separate cages near ours because of their ill manners and roughness. They reach through now and again and claw at us, but we collect a little party and extract almost as much fun from the business as in the case of the pig-faced baboon. And then the visitor-creatures rarely give them anything, being afraid of them; and the mesh of their wires is so close that they can't get anything desirable, such as a bonnet ornament or a pair of spectacles, through them. So that they have their punishment.

But the Barbary ape isn't so easily forgiven. He is one of these segregated savages, in every respect as bad as the others, besides possessing one insufferable iniquity fortunately rare among us, but, I fear, spreading. I mean a low, mean, unworthy snobbishness and abasement which treats the humans as superior creatures, and affects a ludicrous familiarity and connection with them. This fellow, glad enough to steal our nuts when no visitors are about, in their presence mounts his perch with his back to us, and turns up his nose. He gives himself away, however, if they offer him anything, by his ill-mannered grab—taking a biscuit as though it were a flower or an eyeglass. He gets into the habit through

stealing from us, and can't overcome it. He always pretends to have an appointment with a human, more especially if visitors

if we could see him. He is away from here, over in the sloths' house where they used to keep Sally, but we know all about him. Nice fuss they make over him, just because he's got no tail; trying to make the deformity fashionable among us, I suppose, like the fox in the story. There he is, with a cage almost as big as this, and warmer, all to himself. Has a blanket to sleep in, and a special keeper as valet to call him in the morning, and bring his shaving water. Can stay in his blanket all day if he likes, no one else to pull him up by the tail, not only having no tail to pull, but no neighbours to pull it. And all this by way of reward for positive degeneration, physical, moral, and mental; in fact, for his degraded approximation to a low animal type, the human, and for his cadging servility—going so far, I am told, as to shake hands with visitors, and with his own servant, the keeper. He is allowed, now and again, to come out of his cage and crawl slothfully about—not having the courage to bolt up the chimney—if there were one—or to bite the keeper's fingers. There he sits, bloated, coddled, waited on (they even give him tea with a cup and spoon!), while I, with becoming instincts, a Latin name twice as long as his, and a charming tail, I—well, there, I lose patience when I think of it. Where's that little brown capuchin?

I don't know how big the Aye-aye is, never having seen him, but if he is no bigger



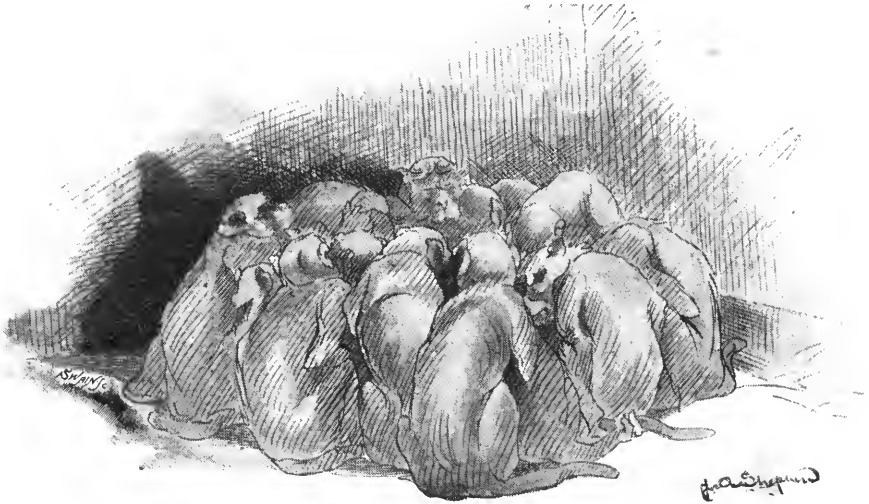
"ANXIOUS EXPECTANCY."

are about. He sits on his perch with as much pre-occupation as he can cram on his ugly face, and looks expectantly towards the door. Every time a door opens, he glances anxiously over his shoulder, after which he assumes an expression of annoyed impatience, as who would say, "This is all very fine, but it isn't business. When people make appointments they should keep them." I have even caught him making believe to look at an imaginary watch. If he would only attend to business instead of playing the fool, he might snatch a real one from somebody's hand, as I have done.

The orang-outang is just as annoying, and would be more so



"HOW'S THE WEATHER THIS MORNING, KEEPER?"



"FORTY WINKS"

than the brown capuchin, I'd give something to have hold of him for ten minutes. The lazy beggar sleeps the whole day long in the box at the top of his cage, and they let him. If a few of *us* club together, and organise a little party for forty winks, it soon gets stopped. Someone falls in among us, or we get dragged apart by the tails, and quite right, too. No decent member of the community has the right or even the wish to deprive the others of the benefit of his society for longer than absolutely necessary to rest the frame and brighten the intellect. Personally, I believe the Aye-aye is sulking because of the eclipse of his name. *Chiromys Madagascariensis* is

a very fine name, anyone will admit, but when I came with *Cercopithecus callitrichus* I beat it by one letter. So he sulks. Then in the night, when we *want* quiet, he comes out and rackets about his cage.

Altogether, however, especially in this cage, we are, although slow, a fairly select set. Our manners, at any rate, will compare favourably with those of any other set in the house. One rule of etiquette is never, in any circumstances, violated in this cage, except in the case of the pig-faced baboon. That is the rule that enjoins that should one stand still (an undesirable thing in itself) it must never be opposite the ticket bearing his name and birthplace. It is



"A FAIRLY SELECT SET."

humiliating enough to have these humans staring at and commenting on the details of our private life, without admitting them into one's family concerns. So that whether "born in the menagerie," "presented," or merely sordidly "purchased," we can keep the matter to ourselves; all but the unfortunate pig-faced baboon, who is chained near his label, and serve him right. I owe him one.

I have already alluded to the fact of our set patronising amusements of a refined character. There are, of course, others besides that mentioned. The Malbrouck, for instance, affects the sportsman, and carries a straw or a twig of some sort in his mouth. This gratifies him, and is not offensive to us. Scientific amusements are also much indulged in. We are all most enthusiastic, persevering, and painstaking entomologists, and our researches are often the subject of admiring comment. But the serious business of life largely occupies our attention.

I allude, of course, to the collection of *bric-à-brac* and other portable property. Of course, the chief difficulty is with the wires. Something really ought to be done about these wires; they are a most serious obstruction to business. Personally I don't see what we want with wires at all; they keep us select, and prevent some of the more low-minded from mixing with the humans—but, then, one's proper self-respect ought to do that. But, even admitting the desirableness of wires at all, the small-mesh wire now in use obviously must be abolished at once; it positively prevents some classes of business altogether. Where it is a matter of difficulty and dexterity to get a fairly large pair of blue spectacles through, the acquisition of a bonnet or an old lady's wig becomes almost an impossibility until the articles have been torn in small pieces. Of course, it may be argued that is what would be done with them in any case, but the necessity of conducting the operation on the outer side of the wires often results in total loss.

Proper circumspection is absolutely necessary, and any appearance of too great eagerness to do business is fatal. Much depends on the class of goods dealt in. A pipe sticking out of a breast pocket is a fairly easy transaction to begin with, although some recommend a single eye-glass with a cord. This latter certainly has the advantage that it effectually blinds the eye in which it is used, so that successful ap-

proach on that side is tolerably certain; the cord, also, is very convenient to snatch. But a pipe sticking from a pocket is more likely to be forgotten by its owner; and beside, the possibility of the bowl being very hot teaches quickness of action. It is advisable to assume an appearance of innocence and pre-occupation; if possible, of melancholy. The back should be turned to the human who is to be experimented upon, and the object, pipe or what not, viewed from the corner of the eye. It should always be remembered that the wires are irregular in mesh, and the widest available hole should be selected. These preliminaries having been carefully attended to, a sudden grab will successfully complete the business.

Pocket handkerchiefs it is usually best to take direct from the pocket, although an expert practitioner will now and again achieve a fancy stroke by snatching one from the hand. In the matter of gloves it is safest to keep to those from the female creature; they are thinner and (sometimes) smaller, and so easier to bring through the



"A MISFIT."

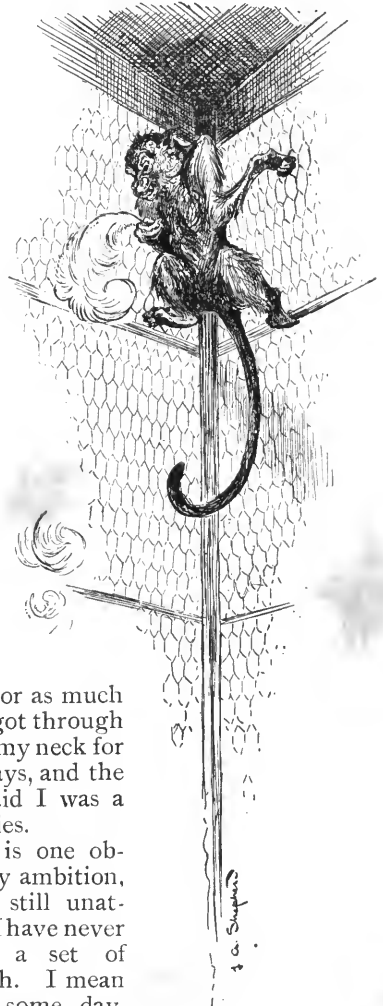
wires, and the woman is usually too frightened to snatch back. They are, however, rarer than the male glove, being less frequently carried loose.

Spectacles and eye-glasses, as I have hinted, afford fairly good sport, although the larger kinds are apt to get into complications with the wires. In all cases of difficulty with the wires, whether with glasses or other goods, the only expedient is a mighty tug; something is sure to come through, whatever smashes, and often you get the lot. I once got a pair of gold-rimmed glasses on the end of a tortoiseshell stick complete, from a most offensive old woman—only got through with a reckless tug. Bonnets, and feathers and flowers therefrom must, of course, be grabbed from above, high up the wires. A good, comprehensive grab at a bonnet often results in a splendid haul. You get bonnet, feathers, flowers, fruit, little birds, bonnet pin, and—with any luck—a lot of false hair, all at once. Indeed, in the matter of quantity, nothing, in my opinion, beats a bonnet—you fetch away all kinds of things with it, and you never know how much you'll get. Always remember, however, after each transaction, no matter in what goods, immediately to seek the very top of the cage. It is the



"A SPLENDID HAUL."

safest place. I am the only monkey in this cage who ever got a man's wig; he was looking for something in his hat. It was a most fraudulent wig, showing a genuine bald spot in the most artful fashion; I



"THE SAFEST PLACE."

wore it—or as much of it as I got through—round my neck for several days, and the people said I was a new species.

There is one object of my ambition, however, still unattained—I have never snatched a set of false teeth. I mean to do it some day, though, and am watching my opportunity day by day; and when I have them I will lay them at the feet of—ah! there is my confession. She doesn't want false teeth, having a very capital set of her own; but, as a token of undying affection, what a glorious thing would be a set of false teeth—in gold—to offer the adorable creature in the cage a little further along! May the raptures of a devoted lover be pardoned if once more I contemplate that sad and lovely face, that angelic form,

those adorable whiskers? There she sits, pensive and sweetly melancholy — dreaming, doubtless, of her sylvan home far away, where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth. For her I hoard my every day's takings (although those dishonest keepers always take them away); for her I snatch feathers from bonnets, flowers from buttonholes, pipes from pockets; for her do I faithfully watch, day by day, after a set of false teeth. But still, my fluttering heart, lie still! How can I hope? How can I even approach her to throw myself before her, to offer her my all, to take one pull at that bewitching tail? Alas! my lot is despair. There is a gibbon in a nearer cage than this, who is making eyes at



"THE DAY'S TAKINGS."

her this moment. Confound him! May this Gibbon quickly Decline and Fall! Ah, I am racked with hate and jealousy!

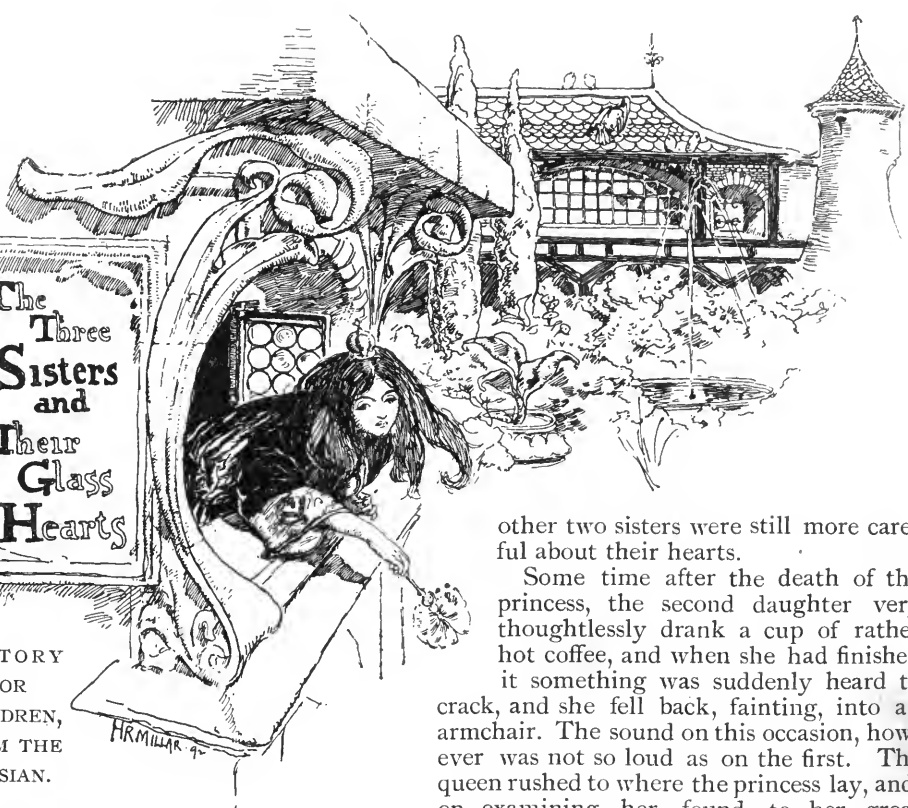
I will even go and pitch into the little brown capuchin. And now I bethink me, there is a bonnet-pin I have to-day acquired with the *débris* of a hat and false front. I will get behind him and stick that bonnet-pin far into the pig-faced baboon. I owe him one for himself



"SWEETLY MELANCHOLY."

The Three Sisters and Their Glass Hearts

A STORY
FOR
CHILDREN,
FROM THE
RUSSIAN.



HERE were once a king and queen who had three beautiful daughters, and the organism of these three princesses was remarkable for their each being furnished with a heart

of glass.

"Children! children!" said the queen, when the princesses were still quite small, "whatever you do, take care of your hearts, for they are of fragile make."

The children therefore tried to be very careful, and for some time all went well, and the hearts remained unbroken.

But one day the eldest girl, who was leaning out of the window, looking down into the garden below, noticed a little bee which was buzzing busily round some flowers. The little creature interested her so much that she leaned out farther, so as to be able to watch it more closely, when suddenly—smash!—there came a sound of broken glass! The young princess had crushed her heart against the window-sill, and so, alas! the poor girl expired.

After this exceedingly sad accident the

other two sisters were still more careful about their hearts.

Some time after the death of the princess, the second daughter very thoughtlessly drank a cup of rather hot coffee, and when she had finished it something was suddenly heard to crack, and she fell back, fainting, into an armchair. The sound on this occasion, however was not so loud as on the first. The queen rushed to where the princess lay, and, on examining her, found, to her great delight, that the heart was only slightly cracked, and not broken, and that her daughter was still alive.



"THE PRINCESS DRANK A CUP OF RATHER HOT COFFEE."

"What are we to do with our daughter?" said the king to the queen, "for although the injury to her heart amounts only to a crack at present, this may increase to a decided fracture."

But the princess begged them not to worry themselves about her.

"For you know," said she, "it's the cracked pitcher that goes oftenest to the well."

Meanwhile the youngest daughter grew up, and became a most beautiful as well as a most remarkably clever girl; and many a handsome and wealthy prince from distant lands came to ask for her fair hand. But the old king did not forget the bitter experiences he had had with his two elder girls.

"I have only one daughter left with a whole heart, and hers is also of glass. Therefore, if I give her in marriage to anyone, it must be to a king who is at the same time a glazier, and who understands how to treat an article so fragile; so that, in case of accidents, he would know how to rivet the cracks."

Unfortunately, none of the young princes and nobles who had come as suitors to the princess knew anything at all about how to rivet broken glass, and were none of them glaziers by profession, so they had to return to their native lands miserable and disappointed lovers.

Among the royal pages in the palace was one whose term as page was shortly to expire. He had still to carry the train of the youngest princess three times, and after that he was to be promoted to a full-blown courtier.

On the first occasion when the page had to carry the young princess's train, she glanced at him, and as their eyes met she blushed. When next he carried her train, she waved her hand to him at parting, and the unfortunate youth was unable to sleep the whole of that night in consequence!

The third time when the young fellow bore the princess's train, the king came forward to meet them half way, and dismissed the page, saying—

"You have done your duty now, young man, and you may go. I thank you, and have also to congratulate you on your promotion."

With that the king turned and walked away, while the princess bent forward to where the page stood, and said—

"You carried my train so beautifully—better than anyone else! Oh, why are you not a king and a glazier?"

The unfortunate young man felt so confused, as well as delighted, that he was unable to utter a word in reply. He



"YOU CARRIED MY TRAIN SO BEAUTIFULLY."

managed, however, to make a very graceful and polite bow. When the princess had left him, he ran as hard as ever he could to the nearest glazier, and asked him whether he was in need of a foreman.

"Yes," replied the other; "but you will have to work four years with me before you can be foreman. At first you must be a sort of errand boy, and go to the baker's to fetch me my bread; and also look after my children, wash them, and dress them. Secondly, you must learn how to putty the cracks; thirdly, you will have to learn how to cut the glass and fix in windows; and after that, in the fourth year, you shall be my foreman."

The page thought this would take rather too long, so he asked the glazier whether he could not possibly begin with cutting the glass and fixing windows, and leave out the rest, so as to get on quicker. But the glazier shook his head, and assured the young fellow that every good glazier had to begin his career from the beginning, or

he could never be clever. So the page was obliged to reconcile himself to his fate.

The whole of the first year the unfortunate young courtier spent his time in running to the baker's for bread for his master; and in washing and dressing the children. In the second year he did nothing but stop cracks with putty. In the third year he learnt how to cut glass and

fix windows, and at last, at the commencement of the fourth year, he was made foreman.

After having been foreman for a whole year, he took leave of his master; and, dressing himself up once more in his court dress, he walked along the

H. M. 92

"IN THE SECOND YEAR HE DID NOTHING BUT STOP CRACKS WITH PUTTY."

roads in deep thought, wondering how he could possibly become a king. As he was walking on a man came towards him, and, seeing that the young courtier was in deep thought, he stopped and asked him whether he had lost anything.

"Well, I don't know that I have exactly lost anything; but at any rate I cannot find what I want."

"And what is that?"

"A kingdom. I am wondering how on earth I can become a king."

"Well, if you had been a glazier," said the stranger, "I might have helped you."

"That is just exactly what I am!" exclaimed the other. "I have only lately been foreman to a glazier!"

"Then you have nothing to fear. You are no doubt aware that our king decided some time ago to give his youngest daughter in marriage to a glazier who was to be at the same time a king or at any rate a prince; but, as they have been unsuccessful in finding such a person, the king has been reluctantly obliged to modify his demands by adding two other condi-

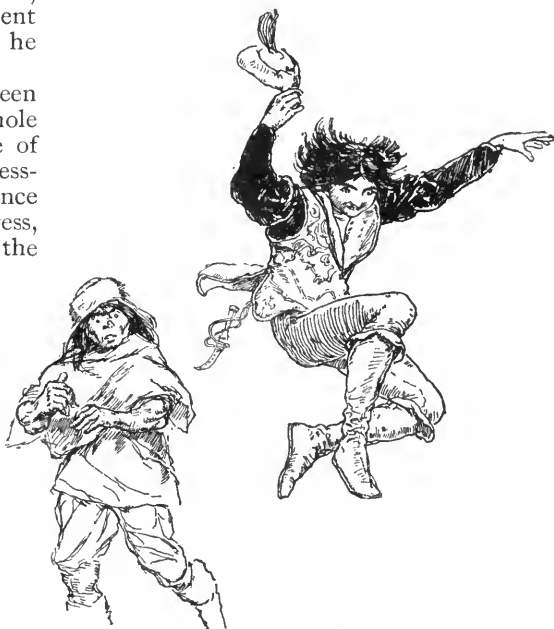
tions. The bridegroom must in any case be a glazier, that of course goes without saying."

"But what are the two conditions?" asked the young courtier, excitedly.

"The first condition is that he should please the princess; and the second is that he should be a nobleman by birth. There have already been a great number of glaziers applying at the palace, but not one of them took the princess's fancy, and all of them had coarse, rough hands like those of the commonest glazier."

When our young courtier heard these words, he jumped three times about a yard above the road for very joy, and then, turning round, ran helter-skelter back to the town, and presented himself at the palace in less than no time!

The king at once ordered the princess to be called, and when she arrived, he asked



H. M. 92

her whether this young glazier took her fancy.

The princess glanced at the young man, and, recognising him at once, she blushed, and said: "Oh, yes."

The king ordered the young fellow to

"HE JUMPED THREE TIMES FOR JOY."

take off his gloves and show his hands, so that they should know whether he was of noble birth. However, the princess said that it was quite unnecessary for the young man to do anything of the kind, as she felt perfectly certain that there was no doubt whatever about his being of noble birth, and that his hands, she was sure, would be as white as those of a prince.

So they were married; and, as the young princess's husband was a glazier by profession, as well as a nobleman by birth, he understood how to treat a heart so delicate and fragile as hers; therefore, she lived blissfully to the end of her days without any accident happening.

The king's second daughter, with the cracked heart, had the pleasure of being an aunt, and a very excellent aunt she made, too! She taught the little princess to read

and write, and make dresses for her dolls; she also took a great interest in the little prince's lessons, and when he knew them well and had good marks, like a good little boy, then she would praise him and make him all sorts of pretty presents, and he would leave her looking red and rosy, and flushed with delight. When, on the contrary, he did *not* know his lessons, and his marks were anything but good, then she would be *very* different, and he would leave her looking also very red and rosy, *very* flushed, but *not* with delight.

This princess lived to a very old age, notwithstanding that her heart was cracked, and if anyone marvelled at her living so long, she would answer them, as she had done her parents once before:

"Remember, 'It's the cracked pitcher that goes oftenest to the well.'"



The Queer Side of Things.



SOME time ago, amid the monotonous ether of space, long before the existence of planets and all that, two spirits were strolling along in company.

In aspect the two companions differed in the most pronounced way. On the brow of the one, who might have passed for the elder, appeared the cold and passionless calculation of science; the eye was deeply reflective, but unimpassioned; the demeanour was grave and deliberate. We may as well speak of this spirit henceforth as William.

The younger, whom we will call James, was of a very different stamp, for in him the quick and well opened eye, the mobile brow and mouth, and the eager voice, denoted enthusiasm and enterprise.

As we have remarked, the scene was monotonous; it is easily described: stretching away and away for ever in every direction spread space and utter and intense darkness.

What wonder, then, that, surrounded by so dull and uninteresting a monotony, living through an indefinite period enlivened by no divisions of time, the soul of James should have cast about within itself for some recreative topic, some object on which to expend its imaginative energies. In truth James was a dreamer—a wild and fantastic dreamer, if you will. Sitting alone, perhaps, for an uninterrupted period

of many cycles, he would follow with ever more hurrying mental footsteps the bewildering paths of inventive speculation. In the midst of that dull void he would conceive the existence of many things; he would fill space with entities, psychical and even material.

For many æons the fear of ridicule had deterred him from breathing a word or all these phantasies to his more severe and calculating companion; for to William's cold and precise reason, that which existed was all that ever could exist; and stern, philosophic argument had convinced him that space and darkness were everything which could ever possibly be designed or executed.

This was no grudging conservatism, nor prejudice against new things. No, he had worked the matter out in the light of pure reason and scientific argument, and he *knew*.

"William," said James, at length, impelled by an impulse which he could no longer restrain, yet with the detectable nervousness and hesitation of one who fears reproach or ridicule—"William, has it never crossed your mind that the surroundings of our existence are a little—that is, a trifle—monotonous and samey?"

He stopped suddenly, abashed, and fidgeted uncomfortably from foot to foot, as the keen eye of the other, wide with astonishment, was fixed upon him.

"I fear I do not catch your meaning, James," at length replied the wiser spirit.

James flushed uncomfortably; but he had committed himself too far for further hesitation. "Might there not exist," he went on, though still nervously, "something beyond mere space and darkness?"

"Something beyond?" repeated the sage, "certainly not: that is impossible. Space and darkness, as Science and Reason conclusively prove, are the only conditions which can ever possibly exist. What phantasy is this for which you hanker? Give details."

"Well—why could there not be worlds about?" asked James, bold in very desperation.

"Foolish boy!" replied the philosopher. "Do you think I have not often thought this thing out for myself? Were I to adduce the thousand and one scientific reasons which prove the impossibility of the existence of worlds, you could not follow me. Tell me, whence would you fetch your materials with which to manufacture these worlds?"

James was silent. "How many worlds would you like to have, in your foolishness?" asked the sage.

"Well," said James, humbly, "I was thinking of two—one of them all on fire, to give light to the other; and the other for working purposes."

"Ah, just so," said William, witheringly. "Of course, it has never occurred to you that the two would dash together by mutual attraction and become one? How about that?"

"Well—I would have a whole lot of them, to keep one another in position——"

"Ah," said William, "and they would all dash together at a common centre, however many you had."

"Hum—that is a bother," said James, disappointedly; "because I was going to put all manner of things on my worlds."

"As what?" asked the philosopher, with a crushing grin.

"Well, I thought of human beings among other things—when I say human beings I mean something alive and able to move about when supported on anything

solid, such as a world; and endowed with a certain amount of reason, and able to express his thoughts, and subject to emotions and proclivities—mostly evil, of course, and——"

"Well now, look here," said William magnanimously, "let us suppose that you have got over all the insurmountable obstacles in the way of keeping your human beings alive; let us wildly take it for granted that they have not been crushed between your worlds, nor by the attraction of their own—that they can move upon its surface (which of course any attraction sufficient to keep them from tumbling off would inevitably prevent their doing)—that they are not shrivelled up by the heat generated by the friction of your large mass of material pressing towards its centre, not frozen, nor otherwise instantly destroyed (which they assuredly would be); let us suppose this initial absurdity, and go ahead. What do you intend your human beings to do? By the way, I pass over the sublime humour of anything *having to be supported*

on something solid as a necessary condition of moving about! That is a peculiar sort of motion—but let that pass. Well?"

The sage took up an easy attitude with an air of resignation, and prepared to listen.

"Before you begin," said he parenthetically, "I can tell you in a word what your beings would do first—and last. They would fight and exterminate each other, and there would be an

end of them."

"No," said James, "I believe they would increase in numbers and gradually become less savage, and begin to invent things——"

"Oh, *they* are to invent things as well as you. And I suppose the things they invented would invent other things, and so on?"

"No, they would invent inanimate objects, such as weapons."

"Oh yes," said William hastily, "I have no doubt they would invent weapons; *that* would help them to exterminate each other."



"'AH, JUST SO,' SAID WILLIAM, WITHERINGLY."



"THEY WOULD FIGHT AND EXTERMINATE ONE ANOTHER."

"Yes, of course they would invent weapons first ; but, as they grew less savage——"

"Hum—inventing weapons is a peculiar mode of making oneself less savage !"

"Why, the weapons, as they became more deadly and efficient, would get so capable of exterminating them that they would prove the actual means of civilising and rendering them more humane——"

"What does 'humane' mean ?"

"It is the same as human, that is, kind, sympathising, benevolent, mild, compassionate, tender, merciful."

"Oh, indeed !" said William ; "pray go on."

"By degrees their relations one with another would become more polished and pleasant ; a stranger would not necessarily be a foe——"

"Hold hard a moment," said the sage ; "how many of these human beings do you propose to have in your world ?—some dozens ?"

"Many millions."

"Millions ! ! But are they all to be precisely alike, so that one could not be distinguished from another ? If that were so, everything would be utter confusion."

"Of course. That would never do. Each must necessarily have his individuality."

"That would be somewhat difficult when it came to *millions*," said William. "Of course, while you confined yourself to dozens, one might be spherical, another cubical, a third triangular, a fourth oval, and so forth——"

"Bless your soul !" said James. "My human beings are not to be in the form of geometrical figures ! Each would have a body, two legs, two arms, a head, and so on."

"Oh ! I see ; and you will differentiate between them by varying the positions of these parts—now placing the head at the end of one leg, now of the other ; now put-



"VARYING THE POSITIONS OF THE PARTS."

ting the legs and arms at the four corners, and the head in the middle—and so forth."

"Not in the least. The positions of all parts would be relatively identical in all cases."

"Now, James, when you talk something distantly approaching reason, I can bear with you (by an effort); but if you are going to talk such childish nonsense as this, I must leave you. You speak of *millions* of individuals whose general conformation is practically unvaried; and yet each one is to be individually recognisable—how?"

"Why—why, by minor peculiarities, I suppose ——"

"Minor peculiarities!' Then one of your beings would, on meeting another, have to institute a thorough and minute examination of him from end to end in order to discover one of these 'minor peculiarities' by which to identify him. He would hardly be able to *remember* the minor peculiarities of all the other millions of individuals, and would therefore have to carry a document whereon each of them was set down. Very practical! Now let us work it out: This scroll of his has to contain, let us say, ten million different signs, with the name of the owner attached. Perhaps you will tell me how he

is going to carry this scroll, which would certainly weigh some hundred-weights? Then, granting he could carry it, he is to sit down and wade through ten millions of signs in order to identify his friend or enemy. This would occupy a considerable time—let us say, moderately, five years."

The younger spirit looked crestfallen.

"I must admit you rather have me there!" he said ruefully. "I see there *would* be a difficulty about recognition. Perhaps there might be lists of identifying



"LISTS OF IDENTIFYING PECULIARITIES SET UP."

peculiarities set up at various points of the world, so that everybody could meet there, and——"

"Pooh!" said William, "get on to some other absurdity. I can't see what, save fighting, you would give your creatures to do."

"Oh, they would have to gain their living—to provide for themselves."

"Food?"

"Yes, they could only keep alive by consuming periodically something which would nourish their frames."

"Whence would they obtain it?"

"From the material of which their world was made."

"Oh, I see—your beings would gradually increase in numbers, and at the same time eat away the world they were clinging to, until, in course of time, there would be no world left to cling to at all? But I suppose you would lengthen the thing out—they would only eat at intervals of an æon or so?"

"No; I was thinking of several times a day."

The sage burst into a loud laugh, which rolled away for ever through space.



"HE WOULD HAVE TO CARRY A DOCUMENT."

"What? Creatures whose frames would begin to dwindle away unless they ate *every few hours*? Why, they would be able to think of nothing else! Eating would take up all their time! They would barely have leisure to kill one another between meals!"

"No, there's something in that," said poor James.

"Besides, you have invented beings possessing something like intelligence. Have you provided that intelligence simply to be used in eating?"

"Oh no; but——"

"Well, they certainly wouldn't have a chance of using it for any other purpose. Are they to live to eat?"

"Oh no—only to eat to live."

"As soon as they had used their intelligence in eating, what is the next thing they would turn it to?"

"To—er—well, I suppose to finding something for the next meal," said poor James, hopelessly.

"Precisely," said William. "You do not propose a very high standard of achievement for your beings! I presume all these inventions you talk about would have eating as their ultimate object? The best thing for them would be to invent something to render the necessity of eating less frequent; something which would do all the eating for them, and set them at liberty to attempt something else. What inventions were you thinking of?"

"Well—the electric telegraph, for instance; an apparatus to enable persons to talk to others long distances off."

"But your people wouldn't have time to talk to those at hand even—they would have to eat. By the way, what do you do with your beings when they die?"

"They become part of the world they lived on."

"Oh! and the others eat them? Ah, very nice! I really begin to like your human beings. Their tastes are so pleasant! Go on."

"Well, as they progressed in civilisation they would make laws."

"What for?"

"To govern themselves by."

"Govern themselves by! But they could govern themselves without laws. What would they want laws for?"

"To prevent their doing wrong," said James.

"But if they were inclined to do right they would not need laws to keep them from doing wrong; while, if they were inclined to do wrong, they would not make such laws. Besides, the necessity of such laws seems to imply that the majority of your humans would have a leaning towards evil-doing?"

"Yes, that would be so."

"Then who would make, and enforce, those laws?"

"The better inclined minority."

"What horrid nonsense! The majority would not let them! No; obviously the majority would make the laws; and the majority being inclined towards evil, the laws would be for the propagation of evil-doing. If the majority of your humans were inclined to swindle their neighbours, the laws would be made in favour of swindlers."

Poor James hastily ran over a few of the laws he had conceived, and expressed a wish to change the conversation.

"Look here, my poor boy," said William, rising, "don't muddle your head with any more of these preposterous plans. Science and Reason utterly confute the possibility of such a world as you describe. To begin with, the world itself could not exist for five minutes; then your people couldn't live in it if

"EATING WOULD TAKE UP ALL THEIR TIME."



it did ; if they could live, they couldn't move ; if they could live and move, they would not have a moment for anything but eating ; they could not recognise or identify each other ; and so on, and so on. The whole thing is a farrago of hopeless and impossible bosh, and couldn't hold water for a single instant. Science and Reason prove it ! ”

As the spirits ceased, we turned to our newspaper and read the following words :—

“ *The North American Review* lately described the recent successful experiments carried on in the Far West of America to produce rain by explosives. . . . This article was followed by a paper by Professor Newcombe, in which he demonstrates conclusively that it is absolutely impossible to make rain in any such way.”

J. F. SULLIVAN.





FOUND IN THE SNOW.

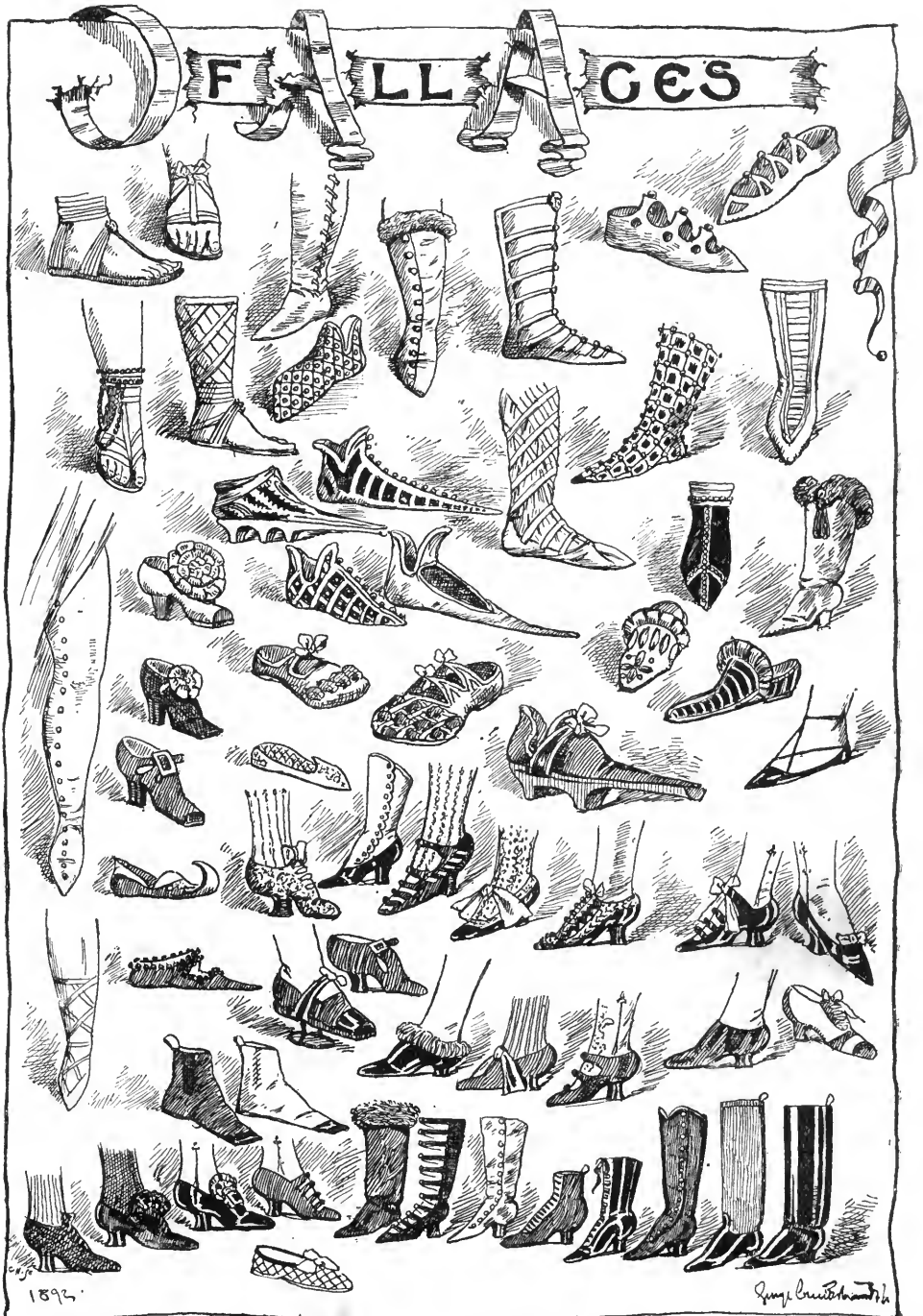


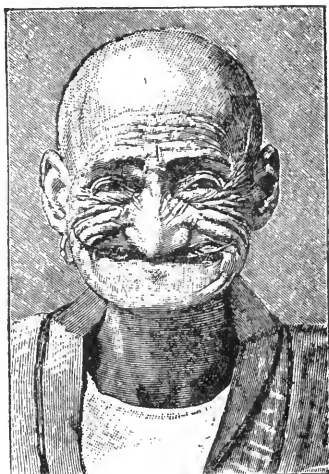
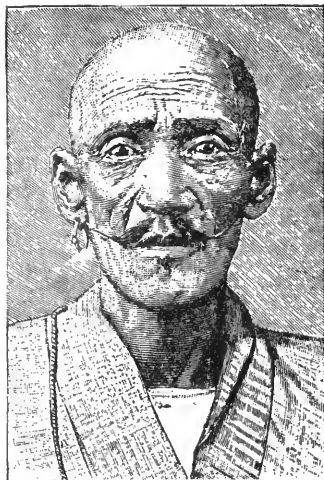
EVERYONE has heard of the magnificent dogs of the St. Bernard monastery. The manner in which they are trained to search for snow-bound travellers has gained for them and the good monks, their teachers, such a world-wide fame that a few words of reference are all that are necessary to introduce the most interesting photograph from real life which we are here able to present. Whenever a snow-storm breaks upon the Alps the monks send forth their dogs in search of travellers, each animal carrying a flask of spirits suspended from its neck. Guided by the wondrous instinct with which they are endowed, and which has been intensified by assiduous and skilful training, they seldom fail in discovering any unfortunate wayfarer who has been overtaken by the tempest, or who has sunk upon the icy ground, worn out by fatigue and hardship, and succumbed to the death-sleep which results from intense cold. When the dog makes such a discovery it raises its voice in a deep and powerful bay, at the same time scraping away the snow from the traveller's body,

even though it be buried under a deep snowdrift, and crouching with its body pressed against the sufferer's breast in order to bring back the natural heat and life. The monks, on hearing the dog's warning cry, immediately set off with aid.

The above picture represents a scene of this kind, exactly as it occurred; it is so vivid that the spectator might almost fancy himself present at the discovery of the body. The sufferer in this case was an Italian peasant who had lost his way among the mountains, and had sunk down without hope. The monks, on hurrying out at the summons of the dog's voice, found the poor fellow lying in the snow, which the faithful animal had partly scratched away. As the sufferer was apparently quite dead, a photograph of the body in his deadly sleep, with the dog still crouching on the breast, was taken on the spot by one of the monks, who had his camera with him. The feet, or, rather, the bottom of the serge gown of another monk may be seen in the background. The sufferer was immediately carried to the monastery, and, it is satisfactory to learn, was by assiduous care and skill at length restored to life.







MORIMOTO.

THE inhabitants of Japan have a pronounced predilection for the grotesque. The most popular amusements are theatrical representations, the great achievements of the "artists" consisting in extraordinary contortions of the limbs and faces. Not only single "artists," but whole groups of them practise these contortions, and the one who can imitate best the grotesquely carved images is sure of a clamorous reception from the audience.

Amongst these "mimics" Morimoto has achieved the highest reputation. This man produces the most astounding effects with his facial contortions, as may

pleasure beams on his countenance, and a satisfaction of the deepest intensity sparkles in his eyes.

The third picture shows Morimoto again as the "god of riches," but this time he is disappointed; he has found no treasure. Shadows of deep sorrow overcast his face; the chin is raised over the tip of the nose, and suppressed malice lurks in the eyes.

But the height of Morimoto's art is reached in the fourth picture. The god Daruma lived in the sixth century. He is of Indian origin, came to Japan to preach Buddhism, he found many adherents, and is to this day the most popular household god. His old

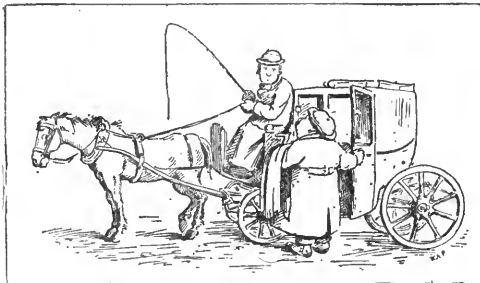


be seen from the pictures given. He can raise his lips and chin above the tip of the nose, and bury his mouth in the folds of his cheeks. The pictures present him, first, in his natural appearance, then as the "god of riches," pleased, and disappointed, and as the "god Daruma."

The "god of riches" he presents in two characters. He carries a sack of gold on his back, stooping under its heavy weight, but still seeking for more treasures. He taps the soil with a hammer, and, if the sounds indicate that he has found gold, a bright expression of

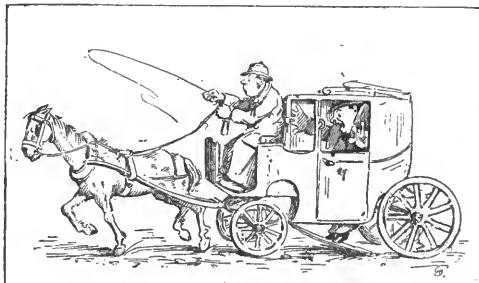
days he passed in the mountains as a recluse. He is generally represented without feet, having "worn them away" in his long and weary wanderings.

If Morimoto represents this mournful idol, he squats on the floor, covered from head to foot in a red cloth. The chin is raised over the tip of the nose, as in the third picture; but the mouth is buried in the severe folds of the cheeks, thus indicating the austere abstemiousness of the recluse, whilst his eyes stare into blank vacancy. Morimoto is a master of his art, who has no equal, even in Japan.



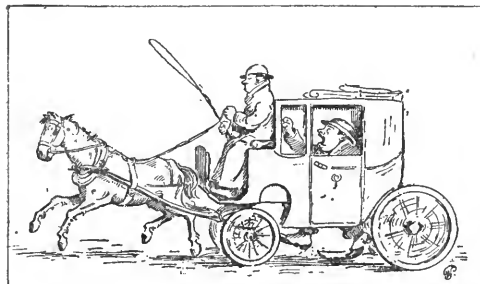
I.

HEAVYWEIGHT TURNED THE SCALE—WITH ULSTER AND TRAVELLING-RUG—AT A TRIFLE OVER EIGHTEEN STONE. BUT CABBY HAD PERFECT FAITH IN HIS HIGHLY RESPECTABLE GROWLER, AND ASSURED MR. H. THAT HE WOULD LOSE NO TIME IN GETTING TO "HEWSTON"!



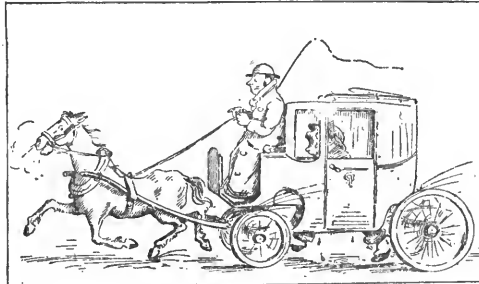
II.

ALAS! THE UNCERTAINTY OF THE BOTTOMS OF GROWLERS. HEAVYWEIGHT SAT DOWN; SO DID THE FLOOR AS SOON AS HIS FEET—AND EIGHTEEN STONE ODD—RESTED ON IT.



III.

IT WAS NOW A CASE OF HORSE VERSUS RUNNER. THE HORSE HAD THE BEST OF IT SO FAR AS WEIGHT WENT. "WOA! WOA!" SHOUTED HEAVYWEIGHT. "ALL RIGHT, SIR," CRIED CABBY; "I'LL GO!"



IV.

AND HE DID. THE LOUDER HEAVYWEIGHT SHOUTED, THE FASTER THE MARE WENT. "IF THIS AINT WORTH ANOTHER BOB!" MURMURED CABBY. THE "FARE" DIDN'T THINK SO.



V.

HEAVYWEIGHT WAS POSITIVELY LOSING FLESH. HE HAD LOST HIS BREATH FIVE MINUTES AGO. THE ROAD CLAIMED HIM. "WHAT'S UP?" CRIED CABBY. "WHY, BLESSED IF THE GENT HASN'T TURNED HISSELF INTO A 'BRAKE'!"



VI.

"BRAKE!" EXCLAIMED CABBY, AS HE VIEWED THE RUINS AND SAW THE REMAINS OF HIS FARE RISE; "BRAKE ISN'T THE WORD. IT'S SMASHED IT IS!" HEAVYWEIGHT'S LANGUAGE WAS STRONGER THAN THE CAB.



MYSTIFICATION.



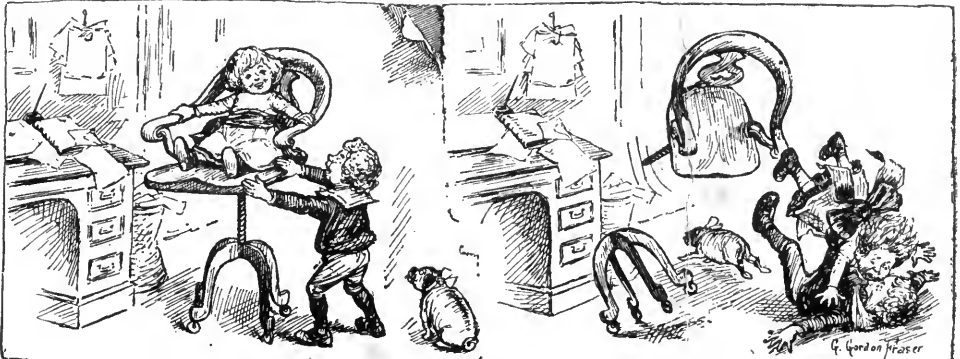
INVESTIGATION.



EXPLANATION.



POLICEMAN: "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"
TRAMP: "GETTING MY HAIR CROPPED, GRATIS!"



THE START.

SUCH A JOLLY RIDE!

THE FINISH.